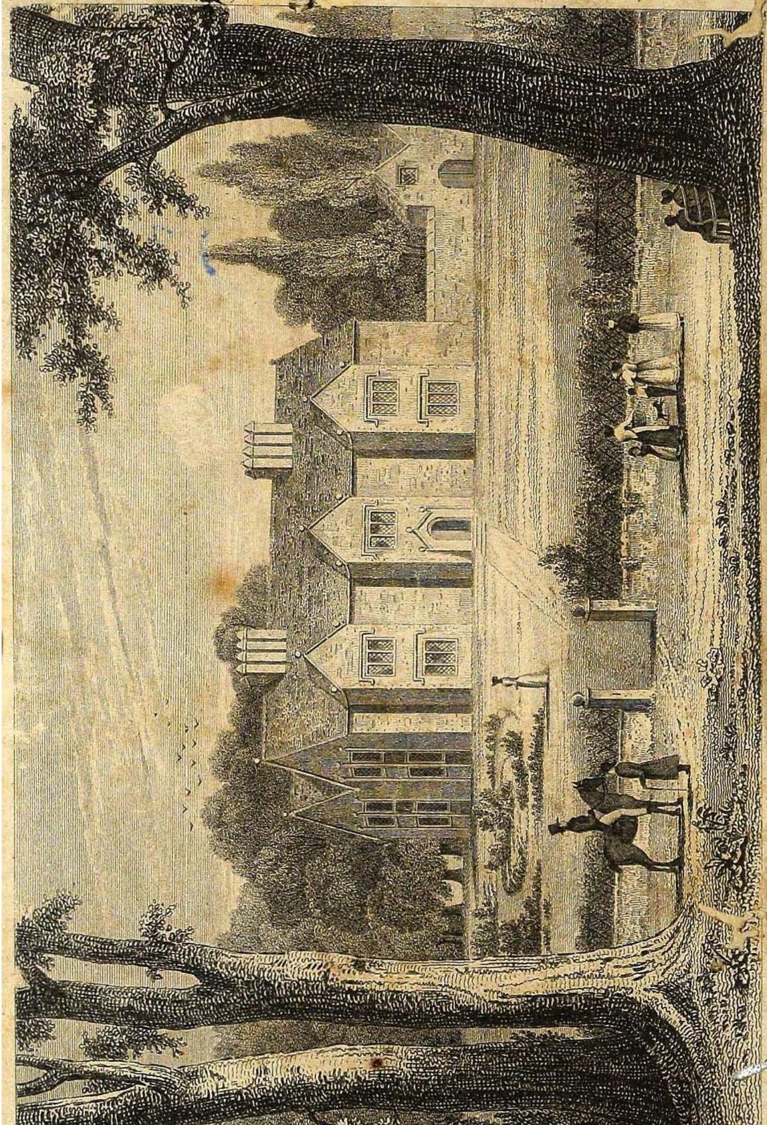

TREMAINE,

1289

OR THE

MAN OF REFINEMENT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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1289

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE,

ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM STURGES BOURNE, M.P.

&c. &c. &c.

Of Testwood Park, Hampshire.

If it should be asked why I have recorded the series of retired scenes, and sometimes abstruse conversations, which compose the following narrative, my answer is a very simple one. In the present state of the world, they may possibly do good, and cannot do harm.

Not that I think the world worse now than it has been for perhaps the last hundred years. The upper and lower classes I should say are certainly not so; I am not so sure of the middle.

The wide spread of that luxury which is consequent on wealth, by extinguishing the modest style of living which once belonged to us, has undermined our independence, and left our virtue defenceless. All would be Statesmen, Philosophers, or people of fashion. All, too, run to

London. The woods and fields are unpeopled; the plain mansions and plain manners of our fathers, deserted and changed; every thing is swallowed up by a devouring dissipation; and the simplicities of life are only to be found in books.

Yet it is the proper blending of its simplicities with its elegancies, the wholesome union of public and private duty, the golden moderation recommended by Horace, [all which you, Sir, understand and practise so well,] that can alone enable us, whether we are politicians or private gentlemen, to act up to the real design of our nature, be happy with dignity, or prosperous (if prosperous) without losing our virtue.

Ambition is indeed a great, and under due regulation, a noble passion; but, for the most part, it is interminable. Few, like you, after shewing how fitted they are for the administration of public affairs, think of retiring from them in time; or if they do retire, they are pursued into their retreat by the spectres of what they have left, and know not how to use the leisure which perhaps they have courted.

Yet ambition is at least as full as ever of falsehood and treachery; of the cajoleries of honest men by confidants in office; of the sacrifice of friends, and the prevalency of upstart influence.

To fly from such evils, is the obvious immediate remedy; but often the remedy is so little understood, as to be worse than the disease. Hence the very

dangerous mistakes about solitude, which are noticed in this work.

Again, there is in the world, a spread of instruction, as well as of luxury; and also, I think, more zeal, more lively attention to duty, in our religious instructors. Yet I question if there is, either in the higher or middle ranks, that regard for the religious, or even the moral feelings and principles of one another, which would check either man or woman, in the choice of friends, or in forming the nearest and dearest of connections.

How sweet is the passion of Love! But I question, as now felt (if indeed it *is* felt, or an indiscriminating luxury have not demanded it a sacrifice to its ravenous selfishness), whether it ever found difficulty from opposing opinions on the points I have mentioned. The truth is, most women, of whatever rank, are, or would be, fine ladies; and a fine lady has, on these points, (thanks to her education!) no opinion at all.

In duller days, now long gone by, we both of us may indeed remember a tale, which was thought pathetic, of a certain Clementina, who really sacrificed her love to her religion. But her religion was not pure; it was founded in superstition: and her firmness was not her own, but supported by the craftiness of priests. And besides, she was not an English fine lady.

Once more, and I have done. With the spread

of luxury, there is a spread of infidelity. I say luxury, because God forbid it should arise from instruction.

The efforts indeed of infidelity have been well met by the exertions of our best and highest rank of instructors; by a Watson, a Paley, a Tomline, and a Porteus; and, last in order, not least in merit, by a Rennel. Yet scepticism has again laid hold of us, and if there are more saints among us than formerly, there are also more infidels; most of all perhaps, persons who never inquire. How should it be otherwise, when all absorbing ambition, or all absorbing pleasure, attended by a dissipation which is nothing less than frantic, consume our youth, and harden their hearts!

With all these convictions, perhaps no apology is necessary for relating a story, which, though it is simple and domestic even (I fear) to tameness, displays, in practical colouring, the evils I have imagined; while at the same time it endeavours to supply an antidote to them. To be sure, this antidote is offered under a dress which may appear extraordinary, and little suited to the gravity of many of the subjects discussed. I can only say, it was the dress in which the subjects were presented to me; and I was not willing to separate them from the narrative, from a feeling that the lighter and more tender parts might enliven or interest the mind, while they would not derogate from the deeper points brought forward for investigation.

How I came by the story itself, is of no consequence.

It remains to explain why I have been ambitious to address this work to you, Sir. Simply, because I believe you agree with me on almost every one of the subjects discussed: for it is my pride, as well as pleasure, to think I may apply to you a sentiment uttered on a very different occasion, to very different persons,—"tibi eadem quæ mihi, bona malaque esse intellexî." In a word, without glancing at your high public character, which might well deem itself above the patronage of a mere private story, no name I might have fixed upon could be more appropriate to a work, the object of which is to recommend good sense, proper moderation, and sound Theology, in opposition to all extremes, whether of ambition, refinement, or dangerous scepticism.

To return to the work itself, if it detach but one man, or one woman, from the headlong career which most are pursuing, and induce them to look for a while into themselves, as God and nature intended them to do, its end will be answered.

I am, Sir,

With unfeigned esteem,

Your very faithful servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE world would be little interested, in knowing how the manuscript of the following pages came into the Editor's hands; for there was neither romance nor sentiment attending it. It was in the most ordinary and every-day manner, that he was called upon to pronounce his opinion, as to the advisableness of giving it to the public, and was afterwards entrusted with the province of preparing it for the press.

This however amounts to a confession that the responsibility of publishing the work belongs to the Editor and not the Author. He thinks it necessary therefore to explain that the manuscript, as it came into his own absolute and unrestricted possession, to do with it as he pleased, came also with the name of the Author studiously concealed.

Whether the Author be dead or alive, what was his situation in life, his politics, his connections, his country, or his habits,—all this can only be distantly

guessed at. The internal evidence, combined with a few other circumstances, induces the belief that he was a person once not unknown to the world.

But this is of small importance; for it was the work itself, not the Author, that influenced the Editor in deciding upon its publication. He is however by no means sanguine of its success, and owns that he does not think it will please the many, if he is not doubtful even of the few.

Whoever expects a novel will be disappointed. Variety and incident are equally wanting: the Editor had almost said interest, but that his own feelings forbade. Yet, what can be expected from mere domestic occurrences and conversations, among three or four individuals, attached to one another, in a remote corner of the kingdom? There is, however, a history of mind, as well as of heart, together with a manner of relating it, which those who like it at all, will not quit. Some of the subjects, too, are of the very first consequence to the reason and the soul of man; and if it should seem strange that they are mixed up with the history of a very sweet passion, and with one or two episodes approaching to downright romance; if poetry and feeling peep out amid the gravest, and, as some may think, the coldest discussions; this only serves to shew that reason and love are not such incompatible things as they have been supposed.

A question has arisen in the Editor's mind, whether the work is one of fiction, or whether it is not a reality. It is at all events very inartificially con-

structed; and this is one reason for supposing it to be not fiction. We do not know which of two is the hero; and if he who gives his name to the work may be supposed to be so, he is full of faults, many of which make him appear weak, and sometimes ridiculous. He is irresolute, splenetic, changeable, and always in extremes; full of prejudice, a spoiled child, an epicure, and a dupe.

What then could possess the Author (if he was really in the regions of fiction, and had a power over facts) to chuse such a man for his hero?

And yet, with all his faults, there is a sense of honour, a loftiness, and a real refinement about Tremaine, which, blended as they are with his disappointments, and allied to a kind nature, make him an object of sincere regard.

The Editor may be perhaps allowed to say a few words of the other principal characters. Of Evelyn then, the pious, the active, the learned, the benevolent, the cheerful, the unaffected friend of truth, who can read without attachment and veneration?

But what shall be said of thee, thou gracious and graceful Georgina? What—but that thou wast among the sweetest of nature's children, alive to all the sensibilities of love, and yet of thy lover the firmest and wisest monitress. If thou too, any more than Tremaine, art not an ideal being, what does he not owe thee?

But is the work then *not* a fiction? Were there ever such persons as Tremaine and his friends? such

conversations as are here related, and such places as Woodington, Evelyn Hall, or St. Jules?

As to all this, the Editor himself (like the reader) can only be allowed to guess; and if his guesses do not mislead him as to the author, the scenes and persons represented may be considered as any thing but imaginary.

One thing seems certain—that if the author was correct in his half jesting, half serious supposition, that he was writing a treatise on moral philosophy, not a novel, his morals and his philosophy were practical, not speculative. His exposure of the mistakes about solitude, when a man is not properly prepared for it, seems, in particular, to be founded on accurate experience.

There is one thing, and one only, which really does puzzle the Editor. He cannot make out whether the author himself sat for either of his two characters, Evelyn or Tremaine; or, if he did, whether he was a father or a lover; a satisfied Christian, or a reclaimed infidel.

TREMAINE,

OR

THE MAN OF REFINEMENT.

CHAP. I.

AN ARRIVAL IN SOLITUDE.

"Oh! Jupiter! how weary are my spirits!"

SHAKSPEARE.

It was the middle of August; the great gates of Belmont were thrown open by the obsequious porter at the lodge; a barouche and four, well appointed, drove in at a gallop, and rapidly neared the hall; the steps of which were lined with servants, and every thing denoted the arrival of a man of consequence, at his seat in the country.

It was Tremaine, a name known in the political world for talents and integrity; in the fashionable, as an ornament of the higher circles; and

in the female, as belonging to a man whom all prudent mothers wished to obtain for their daughters, and many a daughter for herself. He was in truth a person of great polish, refined taste, and high reputation.

He was alone, and alighted from his carriage with a jaded look, and the air of a person little pleased with himself; yet he had come the whole way from London without stop or accident, through a fine country, and in delightful weather.

To the salutations of his servants of the upper class, he replied as if he received their attentions kindly, but was too much self-absorbed to think about them.

At the same time he complained of fatigue, said the roads were execrable, and the weather hot.

Now the roads had been very good, and the weather temperate. His housekeeper, a respectable woman who had lived with his mother, and with whom he usually interchanged a few words of kindness on his arrival at home, lingered behind the rest. "I have no orders for you, Watson," he said, "but that dinner should be served at eight." The housekeeper slowly moved off, wondering, if not hurt, at the reserve of a master, whose affability had always been uniform to his servants, and flattering to herself.

"And how to pass the time till then," continued he to himself, "how to find here what London cannot afford," (and he paced the room in serious

musing); these are questions after all: yes! after all (and he laid stress upon the words), "not easily settled—yet serenity" (throwing up the sash, which opened upon a diversified country) "seems to live in these woods; and equally," (turning to the interior of the apartment) "in these rooms."

The pictures of his grand and great grandfathers, their wives, and a train of uncles and aunts, some in hunting coats, with dogs and fowling-pieces, some in full suits of velvet, some with distaffs, and some with crooks, caught his eye as he said this.

They seemed all to partake of the general quiet. All the little cares and vexations of life were over with them, if indeed they had ever had any, so composed was their air, and so placidly did they appear to look upon their descendant.

"After life's fitful fever, they sleep well," said Tremaine, as he moved slowly along, and contemplated them one after the other. "Without dying, I will endeavour to do so too; and here will be the best chance for it. And yet," continued he, after a pause, and returning to the prospect, "there are not wanting persons who think woods and fields dulness, and a palace in the country a prison."

He paused again, but added, "thank God! I am not of that opinion: on the contrary, it is the world that is dull and uninteresting; or where it is otherwise, only so because it is wrangling, knavish, and false."

The thought did not please. "Here, however," he went on, "I can retire into myself—here keep the designing, the treacherous, and the vulgar, all at an equal distance." At this he threw himself on a sofa, and a profound reverie seemed gradually to subside into a doze of several minutes, so that, in figure at least, though not in placidity, he gave one the idea of that happy prelate, who

——— "Muni d'un déjeûner,
"Dormant d'un léger somme, attendoit le dîner."*

But no! it was not *un léger somme*. He had, in fact, dozed almost the whole way from London; having scarcely opened his eyes to the prospects he had passed through, though the harvest, in all the pride of ripeness, had courted him to cheerfulness.

In truth he had not felt his interest awakened during a single mile of the journey; a fault, perhaps, owing to the necessity he had imposed upon himself of getting to Belmont as fast as the horses could carry him.

He had, indeed, also resolved to find amusement, if he wanted it, in the books which loaded his carriage; but after their titles had all been duly explored, the truth of this history obliges us to confess that they had remained unopened.

He continued on his couch for some minutes, when his valet entered, and asked if he would dress. "No!" was the reply (and a sort of sigh escaped

* Lutrin.

him), "there is nothing here, I apprehend, worth dressing for." The interruption, however, roused him. "I will go," said he, "to the library."

It was a very magnificent room, and had lately received a considerable accession from an expensive new purchase, which had been ranged in the modern taste by a fashionable architect. He was charmed with the effect, and throwing himself into a reading chair of exquisite invention: "I will here," said he, "pass the greatest part of my time; the treasures of science are at my command, and he who has them, has every thing. How flat and unprofitable would seem this same world, which we all of us so strangely court, if man but knew his own nature, and could live up to its dignity. But to do this he must do as I have done, retire from the forwardness of upstart impertinence, or the caprice of those whom we may have most loved and trusted."

A volume of Shaftesbury lying open before him, he looked over its pompous engravings and classical emblems, representations of his Lordship's library, and of his Lordship's self. "He was an elegant man," said Tremaine, turning over the pages, "and a real philosopher; and if he did not discover truth, he at least detected falsehood. I shall delight, like him, to appreciate the value of things, and view the world at a distance; and shall be able to do so more exactly now than when plunged in its tumults. I, too, may not discover

truth; but at least I shall have leisure to make the attempt—I am impatient to begin."

The sight of a distant temple of his own rearing, in a beautiful wood, here caught his eye; it reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the whole prospect was burnished with splendour. He was pleased with the effect, and it gave an additional complacency to his brow as he viewed, from a favourable point, this work of his own taste. "Here," continued he, "Philosophy may really be exercised, and contemplation prune her wings."

"Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, hic nemus."

He went on planning in his own mind, hours of enjoyment, in a place dedicated, as it should seem, to wisdom and happiness; his temple recalled ancient Greece to his mind, and the groves of Academus rose to his view.

"How different," exclaimed he, "from a trifling or slippery world, where all is vulgarity, envy, or ennui."

He then again fell into musing, from which he was lightly disturbed, not by "leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan," but by a servant announcing dinner, a summons for which, with all his philosophy, he secretly craved; so that a minute more found him seated at table.

[library stamp]

CHAP. II.

A DINNER IN SOLITUDE.

"And sauced our broths
"As Juno had been sick, and he her dieter."
SHAKSPEARE.

It was a repast *recherché* in the extreme. Soups, *entremêts*, and grouse, brought hundreds of miles; all served in rich plate; many domestics; and a profusion of light: and all for a single individual! yet his senses were not pleased, and his palate scarcely excited. Every thing was ill-seasoned, and either too much or too little done. In fact, notwithstanding his craving, he had either waited too long, or was not hungry.

In fact too, however strange it may seem, although he had now come sixty miles to be alone, he was almost surprised, and to a cursory observer, might have appeared not pleased, to find exactly what he came for. His dinner forced upon his memory (involuntarily, indeed, but not the less strongly) the companions of his banquets in London; and

the conversation, the interchange of idea, the lively sallies of polite fellowship, were thought of at least, though not (he said) with regret. On the contrary, as he poured out a bumper of Burgundy, he indulged again in a mental soliloquy upon the delight of solitude, and the unfitness of a man to live who could not live alone.

"The world," said he, "is so entirely, even in its banquets, a mere vulgar crowd, that the true play of mind is seldom indulged. How different is the noisy contest for pre-eminence in conversation, the impatience of interruption, the struggle for wit that will not come, from this calm and happy repast! It is in solitary reflection alone that we feel ourselves men; and that is the best feast which least interferes with it. Let others bear the burthen of the world, *I* view it at a distance."

These reflections were diluted with more Burgundy, though neither that, nor any French wine, agreed with his constitution; an inconvenience, however, which he never would allow. For port, and all other Spanish vintages, they were nothing but liquid fire, and therefore unwholesome, and had long been made to yield to this more elegant beverage; to carry off which, it was only necessary to throw in a little coffee; which he now drank in its quintessence, fuming from a silver lamp on the table, while, to prevent improper or too hasty fermentation, he crowned the latter with no inconsiderable quantity of liqueur, the fire of which, he

said, was so subdued that it never annoyed him. This, together with having, without appetite, tasted of almost every dish before him, made him at midnight feel heated and uneasy; and he retired to a bed of down, where, not having subdued his body with any fatigue, he was surprised to find that he could not sleep!

CHAP. III.

THE HISTORY OF A MAN OF REFINEMENT.

> "The Courtier's, Soldier's, Scholar's eye, tongue, sword."
> SHAKSPEARE.

Thus passed the evening of the arrival of Tremaine at his retirement: that retirement which he had so sighed for, amidst many a scene of tumult and vexation in the world where he had taken a lead. It is true, he thought of it most when least successful in any object he might be pursuing, but still his mind dwelt often with genuine pleasure on the charms of tranquillity, and the usefulness, the independence, and even the necessity of frequent seclusion.

Accordingly, at Court, in the Senate, or in the heat and crowd of assemblies, particularly when things went ill, he always consoled himself with the

notions of that happy life, which, in a philosophical retreat, and with unbounded leisure, he was sure of commanding. His friends, indeed, told him (and he was not displeased at the liberty) that he had yet no right to such an indulgence; that the world still wanted him—either to oppose the most corrupt of administrations,* or to become a Minister himself. But in reply he used to say, that he must live for himself as well as for his country; and that it was in the meridian, not in the wane of life, that man could best assert the dignity of retreat. He was fond, on these occasions, of quoting the philosophic Temple, of whom it had been said by Hume, "that he was a man whom philosophy had taught to despise the world, without rendering him unfit for it." He would dwell, too, upon that exclamation of King Charles II. when he found Sir William too restless to give his mind to a great public question, "So, get ye gone to Shene, we shall have no good of you till you have been there."

Sir William Temple's, indeed, was a full mind. Was Tremaine's, then, a vacant one? Certainly not; for his real character must not be inferred from the little traits we have hitherto related of him, but from the history which we shall have occasion to give of his past life, and of that portion of it which followed the scene in which we have just exhibited him.

We have said that Tremaine was in the meridian

* The administration of the time being is always the most corrupt of administrations.

of his age. He had formerly read much, and he had lived a great deal in the world, though chiefly in the highest circles of it; a sort of natural or early acquired fastidiousness having, even as a younger brother, forbidden much mixture with any other.

Being the younger son of a younger brother, he was designed, having much quickness of parts, for a learned profession. There was a considerable family living which might have made him easy in fortune, and accordingly he gave some little time to Divinity. But this pursuit did not prevent the cultivation of those high acquaintance, among whom his own connections threw him, and whose manners and notions were particularly pleasing to his frame of mind. He indeed, at first, loved the court, for the sunshine with which it often dazzles a young bosom: and he thought at one time of pursuing a court life, but soon drew back, from finding that his heart had need of better things. In short, if fashionable society had charms for him, literature and reflexion had more; or at least it was always doubtful to which he was most devoted. This disposition at once to refinement and sensibility, pushed as far as it would go, formed at length a peculiarity in his character which never quitted him; nor was it at all diminished by his being, at the same time, not only peculiarly alive to the charms of female society, but fastidiously nice in his notions of female character. That with much susceptibility, therefore, he was still

a bachelor, though approaching the middle of life, that he should even have seemed to take his leave of the sex, is not at all inconsistent. His fastidiousness, though always allied to integrity and feeling, coloured, indeed, all his pursuits; his earlier conduct scarcely more than his subsequent fate.

Finding, therefore, many of his tastes promoted by the pursuit of the ecclesiastical profession, and none of them thwarted, he listened to the advice given him by his friends, and the advantage held out by the head of his family, in the promise of the living before mentioned.

Let it not be thought, however, that Tremaine was sordid. He had been early imbued with piety, and was always benevolent; and although his predilection for polished manners kept him too often from shewing that disposition in any active mingling of himself with his fellow creatures, he was always alive to their wants, and never failed to relieve them when he could.

Tremaine's first impressions in Divinity delighted him. A great first cause, with all its million of consequences, ramified in endless curiosity;—a deep research into antiquity, tradition, criticism, and even poetry—held possession of his soul for a time. But at length metaphysics came, and what was worse, metaphysical jargon! His mind was appalled, more perhaps through his taste than his understanding; and having left his landmarks, he betook himself to Bolingbroke and Voltaire, in-

stead of proceeding with the Bible. In short, he dabbled with instead of studying "Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate," till, like the devils who had dabbled before him, he

"Found no end, in wandering mazes *lost*."

He embraced, indeed, a kind of Epicurean notion of the Deity, which while it confessed his existence, by denying every thing else, rendered it of little consequence whether he existed or not; and after trying a little, and but a little, to unravel the difficulties in which he had enwrapped himself, and which task the subtlety of his own mind only rendered a more hopeless one, he thought it right to refuse the living, and renounce the church.

Had he been contented with this, he might have been rewarded by the approbation which at least his disinterestedness and principle deserved. But, unfortunately for himself, he was not sufficiently decided against the tenets he had rejected, to render his satisfaction perfect in the sacrifice he had made. An amiable and sincere clergyman, apparently happy in the performance of his duties, always made him doubtful; and he was disposed to seek refuge, at last, in an opinion which he took pains (though here also without success) to render as fixed as he could, that all church ceremonies were useless, and almost all churchmen insincere.

He was indeed too naturally just not to feel un-

easy at this; for he had a disposition, particularly in his youth, to feel

> "All various Nature pressing on the heart."

and he was always happiest when most under that influence.

At the same time, a listless temper, operating upon an over-delicate taste, made him too often reject what, if not rejected, might have made him happy.

Tremaine's unsatisfied mind having induced him to reject the church, he endeavoured to find anchorage in the certainty of the law. That is, for about twelve months he studied its philosophy in the moralists—its antiquities in the historians—and its rewards in the splendour which attends upon the eloquence of counsel, and the honours of the Bench. But he studied them in his lodgings in May Fair, not at the Temple; for except at the only dinner he ate in the Temple Hall, when he *endeavoured* to keep a Term, he never was known to have been in an Inn of Court. He once, indeed, heard the Chancellor from the woolsack in the House of Lords, on a great constitutional question; and he once heard a distinguished popular advocate, in mitigation of the crime of a young woman of high birth, who, sacrificed by her family to a man she could not love, and who did not love her, fell, after a struggle, into the arms of the man who had always possessed her heart.

It was the impression produced by these speeches that sent him to the law; but the bent of character above described soon sent him back again. His over delicate and sickly fancy could not endure law society. The hard sense, indeed, which he there met with sometimes arrested his understanding, but the pedantry in which it was attired absolutely petrified him. Spoiled by his prejudices, if not by sheer finery, he stayed not to discover, as he might have done, the genius, taste, and real elegance of mind which belong to many, who are yet the most learned at the bar. As to their females, having once ventured to one of their assemblies in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, he escaped, after an hour's purgatory, vowing never to see another.

No arguments of his friends could persuade him that happiness of any kind could be found in what he called such a second-rate profession. Though his patrimony was now almost exhausted, he betook himself to arms, and entered the guards. Here at least he was sure of finding honorable feeling, polished manners, and gallantry of spirit. He made a campaign, and obtained distinction; that is, such distinction as a captain of a company could acquire. But from the lateness of his entry into the army, he had the mortification to find himself commanded by persons some years his juniors, some of whom had been his inferiors at school, and none of whom, while he was obliged to obey them, he was willing to acknowledge his superiors.

It is true, his family interest placed him at head-quarters; but it was not there that he was always likely to feel satisfied. He was indeed remarked as a sort of *frondeur*, who was ever commending merit which others did not choose to allow, and advocating the claims of officers who had nothing but their friendlessness to recommend them. Yet he was often forced to confess that even these by no means reached, in personal qualifications, the high notions he had formed of the military character; and some of them at last, abandoning him as their protector, got before him by the lowest arts of flattery and the most vicious complaisance.

This excited new disgusts. The whole constitution of the army, he said, was wrong; it was a mistake to suppose it composed of gentlemen; it neither rewarded nor ennobled its members. In this state of things he came to a downright quarrel with his general (a relation of his own) for sending home one of his staff with the intelligence of a victory, when another had distinguished himself more in the battle. It was in vain the General condescended to point out, that, in order to avoid invidious distinction, a rule had been adopted to send home officers in their turn. He served out the campaign, and at the end of it quitted the army, with some addition to his reputation on the score of gallantry, and not a little on the score of discontent. Thus situated, his mind soured, his hopes crossed, his youth wasted, and his fortune spent,

an employment of some consequence was offered him about the court; but as it was also a political employment, which required its possessor to support the minister, and as the politics of his family had ever led them to opposition, he unhesitatingly declined it, assigning the true reason. This gave him considerabie *éclat*, particularly as he was known to be poor; and it was under these circumstances, that, by the death of an uncle and cousin nearly at the same time, he suddenly found himself master of an immense estate.

Tremaine was now not far from thirty, and his heart beat high at the prospects before him. He resolved to be happy, and if the indulgence of a disposition boundless in generosity, and naturally kind, could confer happiness, he ought to have found it; for it were endless to recount the instances of his active bounty to all who stood in need of it. Many a family rescued from perdition, and many a companion of his less prosperous life, pushed in the world, beyond even hope, by his assistance, bore living and joyful witness to the fidelity of his attachments and the largeness of his heart.

But with all this, he was more spoilt than ever. Though no longer in the heyday of youth, he might yet be called young. All things seemed to court him, yet his temper grew more and more delicate; and as to his natural fastidiousness, never having discovered that, he of course took no pains to correct it.

At the same time, he had formed to himself strange notions (not, indeed, arising from personal vanity, but from feelings less likely to make him happy) of the power of his situation, combined with his acquirements, always to make his mind suffice to itself, without the least dependence upon the world. His fortune, he thought, gave him a right to neglect, if he pleased, all the little employments and occupations of life. To direct, to lead, to bring others to his will, was indeed worthy his wish; but even this, he thought, was not worthy his pains.

CHAP. IV.

THE AMOURETTES OF A MAN OF REFINEMENT.

> "Full many a lady
> "I have eyed with best regards, and many a time
> "The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
> "Brought my too diligent ear: For several virtues
> "Have I liked several women; never any
> "With so full a soul, but some defect in her,
> "Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
> "And put it to the soil."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

WERE the fair, then, neglected by Mr. Tremaine, all this time; or did they neglect him?—Not so on

either side. The sort of reputation he had made, even before his accession to fortune; his manners, figure, and features, in all which there was a certain loftiness; his very *finery* itself (to use the term often applied to it in the world of fashion) had made him a person of no small consideration among the ladies. What must he be now that he was one of the best matches in England? The daughters had courted him before; the mothers courted him now. This, however, he knew, and not only his integrity was disgusted, but his self-love was alarmed. There was nothing he dreaded so much as the chance of not being beloved for his own sake: Alcibiades himself could not have been more scrupulous.*

Yet, as we have said, he was susceptible (and he certainly was so); one would have supposed there had been opportunity of putting this out of doubt, before his hopes were, as he said, marred by his attainment to wealth.

All, however, was marred by himself; for his own nice breeding and habits prevented his inclinations, for the most part, from going beyond a certain point.

His enemies, or rather his enviers (of whom he had not a few) gave an air even of ridicule to some of what they called his amourettes; for they said he was too fine for an amour. It was said

* The allusion seems to be drawn, not from real history, but from Marmontel.—Ed.

too (and in this there was some truth), that in his youth he had conceived a passion for the pretty daughter of the head of the college to which he belonged: that the inclination was even mutual, and that all expected a marriage; but the whole affair was put an end to in a moment, by the unhappy accident of a windy walk up Headington hill. It was not that the fair one's leg was either thick or crooked, for it was even remarkably well shaped; but the scandal went on to say, that a garter, which happened to fall on the occasion, was considerably the worse for wear; certain it is, that the affair was broken off immediately; nor could all the kind and pretty looks, nor the real merit of the lady, afterwards move him!

Another growing passion was reported to have been nipt in the bud, by the fair one being not sufficiently sentimental; a third, by her being too much so; a fourth, by his detecting her in reading Tom Jones; a fifth, by her having eaten her peas with a knife; and scandal added that one of his predilections for a young lady of the very first quality in France, was sickened to death, by her telling him one day, *qu'elle avoit pris médecine!*

Had this sensible, though fastidious heart, never then met with an object which he thought really worthy its attachment? Yes! and the event coloured much of his life. It is, perhaps, a long story, and the reader might possibly be content to escape it; but as it developes much of the character

and heart of this refined, yet romantic man, we must afford a few minutes to its relation.

CHAP. V.

THE AMOUR OF A MAN OF REFINEMENT.

> " By whose directions found'st thou out this place ?"
> " By love, who first did prompt me to inquire."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

It was on a May evening, in the province of Auvergne, in France, that Tremaine found himself on the banks of the little river Allier, which, after watering this beautiful province, falls into the Loire.—It was after his accession to fortune. The sun had just set, and those who have ever known the climate of the countries adjacent to the Loire, are acquainted with the impressions made on the senses by the softest air in the world, tempering the glow of the retreating day. The rippling of the stream, a wooded bank, a thousand flowers, a thousand birds—all seemed to speak to the heart.

Tremaine was alone: he had left his carriage and servants at Limoges, in the Limousin, and in a fit of musing, but not of moping melancholy, and, it may be added, in a fit of exertion not over common with

him, had resolved to explore this part of France on horseback, where, however, the landscapes were much more beautiful than the roads were good. He took with him only a French guide for a servant.

He had dined at the auberge, in the little village of Valence, upon trout which the landlord had caught before his eyes, a few hours before.

His loneliness soothed but did not oppress him, for he had lately been plunged in the very depths of French dissipation, and a solitary walk in such a scene seemed at this moment the most suited to his taste of any thing in the world.

His heart expanded to the touch of nature; but yet there was a void in it.

"Is it not strange," said he to himself as he surveyed the landscape, "that I should always be viewing these scenes by myself, and that at eight and twenty, the loveliest part of the creation should to me still be as nothing?"

He thought over all the fair beings to whom he had ever felt inclined, regretted none of them, and began to think (to him a strange speculation) that in the upper ranks, though there was more elegance of manner, there was less of that real feeling which constitutes the love he sighed to meet with. He seemed even to think there might be more probability of finding it in the middling, perhaps even in the still lower classes of society.

In the humour he was in, he forgot all his fine

prejudices, and at the moment, was so true a man of nature, or rather of romance, that had a mere peasant, with all the necessary endowments to be found in most romances, offered herself to his view, it is not impossible she might have afforded a subject for some new French sentimentalist, and become a second Paysanne Parvenue.

"What signifies it," continued he, "where I meet with the heart I seek? Will not my own rank elevate and illustrate whomsoever I please?"

The murmur of the water had now subsided a few minutes, when from the other side of a hedge of sweet shrubs, which enclosed a small garden, his ear was struck with sounds which in that place absolutely astonished him.

It was the voice of a young female reading Milton in English, with a tone and feeling which, even in England, would have been charming.

Another voice now and then interposing, shewed that the reader was not alone; and the few sentences that passed, proved the persons to be mother and daughter.

The passage which Tremaine last heard, was that so well known, beginning with,

"Sweet is the breath of morn," &c.

The young unknown read it with a tenderness, which did not fail to strike on the heart of the hearer, any more than the observation that followed.

"Oh! my dear mother, what happiness is here described! and how does my heart swell whenever I think of such conjugal tenderness—If ever I have a husband, oh! how I shall love him."

"'Tis well, my dear," replied the mother, "that we are alone: else such a speech, though the most natural in the world, might subject you to ill-natured interpretations. You are so naive, and so young, that people who did not know, might not understand you. But Heaven forbid, my dear Eugenia, that you should not express your feelings before your mother."

"Ah!" replied Eugenia with a sigh, "how can it be wrong to express one's feelings before any one?"

Deeply did these words impress themselves on Mr. Tremaine, and willingly would he have heard more, but while a vague thought struck upon his mind, that here was a pure unsophisticated being, such as his fancy had coveted, he felt himself in the situation of a listener, to which he was too proud to condescend; and, merely with a view to shew that some one was nigh, he began to call aloud in English to a spaniel he had with him.

His voice alarmed the two recluses, who immediately left their seats; yet, struck with curiosity to know how a countryman (for such they judged him) could be so near them in such a part of the world.

The curiosity was at the very least partaken

and no wonder, therefore, as the ladies had to cross the road from the garden to their house, that no designed retreat on either side prevented their meeting.

Tremaine, indeed, seeing them at the little gate which led from the garden, hastened to open it for them, and the politeness of his air, as well as his animated manner, struck both the ladies. But, as they curtsied their thanks, and were retreating to the house, he began to think he should lose them, and, therefore, without ceremony (a thing not at all surprising in France), accosted them in English.

"Is it possible," said he, "that I have the pleasure of seeing two of my countrywomen, and two *such* countrywomen, in a village in Auvergne?"

The air and look of interest with which he uttered this, were not lost upon either lady. The elder, though pleased, regarded it as common gallantry, but it went deep into the very heart of the younger, whose cheek it suffused with blushes.

It was a very lovely cheek, and fancy might revel long before it created its fellow. With a simplicity which seemed to make concealment of any one emotion impossible, there was yet a bashfulness about this young person, which appeared to demand protection and encouragement; and what it demanded was asked in a manner so gentle, and at the same time so frank, that brutality itself might for a while have denied his nature, and wished to have become gentle too, from merely beholding it.

What then must it have been to Tremaine, who was of a taste and feeling peculiarly calculated to be impressed by these qualities in woman, and whose heart, once touched, made him, at that time of his life, give the object of his admiration instant credit for all the virtues.

This, and the air of romance that had been cast over their meeting, made it appear to him as if fate itself had contrived and marked it for a critical epoch in his history.

With his admiration all his faculties were called forth; and as few exceeded him in good breeding, and both mother and daughter were of a character peculiarly alive to it, a very little, and very common conversation, on such topics as the occasion of their meeting and the beauty of the place inspired, made the three parties better acquainted in ten minutes, than the common scenes of the world could have effected in a week.

They entered a little court before the house (which was a sort of moderate château in the old, French style,) full of flowers, *en parterre*, backed by espaliers, and beds of strawberries; and while Tremaine was complimenting them on the agreeableness of their retreat, two very young, sprightly and pretty girls, ran out to greet mamma, telling her that their supper of fruit and cream was ready.

The admiration which these lively children drew from Tremaine won still more upon the elder lady, while his whole manner and language, and parti-

cularly the softness which seemed naturally to accompany every thing he addressed to her, made a deep impression upon the sensitive heart of the younger.

In the conversation, her mother of course took the lead. Indeed, Eugenia said very little, but seemed to defer, with the modesty natural to her, to what fell from her seniors. But though she was silent, it was not an unobserving silence; and the changeful traits of a countenance that absolutely spoke, marked an attention more gratifying perhaps to those who conversed, than if she had joined in the discourse.

The place prompted the subject of retirement, and something was said by Tremaine on the inefficacy of the world to ensure happiness, and the better chances there seemed to be of finding it, by living up to the dignity of nature in such a retreat.

Eugenia's eyes were fixed upon his all the time he was speaking,—fixed as if fascinated, yet seemingly embarrassed. But when he took his leave to go, she broke through her restraint, as if impelled by a superior power, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh! stay, and go on with your beautiful conversation."

Such *naïveté*, in his then humour, touched the very soul of Tremaine. He gazed upon his new acquaintance as if anxious to mark the real character of such a speech, and perceiving nothing but sincerity in a face that appeared to be candour

itself, *his* sparkled in its turn with a pleasure, that more and more impressed in his favour not only Eugenia, but her mother herself.

In short, he thought no more of going; he was in form invited to stay, and he supped that evening in the garden of Mrs. Belson, with her and her children.

CHAP. VI.

THE AMOUR OF A MAN OF REFINEMENT CONTINUED.

"Sweet, good night:
"This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
"May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

SHAKSPEARE.

When Tremaine consented to the invitation of Mrs. Belson, the looks of her daughter seemed to flash with pleasure. The sweetest rose of May never blushed with more sweetness: her bosom heaved with what we should call consciousness, except that we should be really at a loss to say of what she was conscious, unless of present, and surely of innocent enjoyment. Suddenly, however, rising up, she said she would desire her sisters to pick the freshest strawberries for their repast, and would herself go to the dairy for cream.

Tremaine entreated she would not leave them. "Oh!" said she, "I shall be back in an instant; only do not talk much till I return, particularly about England. Do not let him, Mamma."

With this she sprang like a doe across the lawn, and was out of sight in a moment.

"I think," said Tremaine, "I never saw such alacrity of kindness; such apparently genuine feeling; or such delicious *naïveté* in shewing it! Perhaps, too, I might add, if it were not to her mother, I never saw such beauty—certainly such expression."

"She is all she seems," said Mrs. Belson, "but she is particularly animated just now, from meeting a countryman so unexpectedly; and this will, I hope, explain to you the appearance of a frankness of manner, which, in England, could only belong to an old acquaintance."

Then changing her tone, a little, she added, "Indeed, I feel as if I stood in need of the same apology myself, for this sudden invitation to a person of whose existence I knew not a few minutes ago, and with whose very name I am even now unacquainted."

She said this, inquiringly, and Tremaine found it necessary to announce his name, intimating that he was of Northamptonshire, and travelling for amusement, but carefully concealing his situation in the world.

Mrs. Belson, who had heard of his family, found

he was at least a gentleman; and felt that all he had said, looked, or done, bespoke the man of fashion. Her civilities, therefore, were not lessened by the knowledge of his name, which she communicated to Eugenia as soon as she returned.

"What a beautiful name!" said Eugenia, fixing her eyes again upon his.

A very animated conversation now ensued, in which Mrs. Belson shewed both talent and cultivation, and in which, it may be supposed, Tremaine was not deficient. He frequently appealed to his new acquaintance, as if desirous of drawing her out, and though she was too bashful to hazard much of remark, it seemed to him (and it gave him pleasure) that her mind was disposed to be the very echo of his own.

In truth, all the three were animated with a romantic spirit; the ladies, perhaps, even more than the gentleman; and of the ladies, the elder scarcely less than the younger. The only difference between them on this point seemed to be, that the habits of the world had taught Mrs. Belson a little, and but a little wariness, in the expression of feelings, which her daughter was only restrained by modesty from indulging to the utmost.

Be this as it may, the evening was a charming one to Tremaine, and the village clock had struck ten (a late hour in France) before he judged it necessary to take his leave.

Eugenia gave a sigh when he motioned to go;

said it was too soon, and, as the moon shone bright, proposed to her mother to accompany their guest to the end of the lane that led from their house to the auberge.

Mrs. Belson smiled; Tremaine was delighted; and giving each lady an arm, felt more interested than he had for years.

> " Now reigns
> " Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasant light
> " Shadowy, sets off the face of things,—in vain
> " If none regard."

" I have often loved those lines," said Eugenia, on Tremaine's repeating them, as they went out —" they make me *adore* Milton."

" This expression of your feelings delights me," said Tremaine—" may they never be sophisticated by the world!"

" Amen!" said Mrs. Belson.

" They never can," replied Eugenia.

" So many a young lady has said before you, yet, found herself mistaken."

" Impossible! it is impossible my feelings can ever change," and she sighed.

They were now come to the end of their walk, and Tremaine, taking leave, " my dear madam," said he, " how is it possible for me to thank you for, perhaps, the most charming evening I ever spent!"

Eugenia's heart throbbed at the words, and she was not a little pleased at her mother's answering,

with good humoured ease, "by trying whether the morning may not prove as pleasant as the evening. I should be sorry that the first should be also the last day of our acquaintance."

On Tremaine's expressing his intention of profiting by her kindness—Eugenia exclaimed,—

"Oh! then we shall see him again," and she actually clapped her hands with pleasure.

Her mother smiling, said, "'Tis the strangest girl! She knows not how to conceal an emotion!"

"Heaven forbid she should," exclaimed Tremaine, and the parties separated for the night.

CHAP. VII.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

"I pray, Sir, tell me—is it possible
"That love should of a sudden take such hold?"

SHAKSPEARE.

Returned to his inn; it was late before Tremaine could seek his bed, and then not to sleep. He first wandered down to the banks of the river, threw stones into the water, and counted, or attempted to count the fleeces that were passing

rapidly over the disk of the moon, which overhead

> "Sat arbitress, and nearer to the earth
> "Wheeled her pale course."

But it would not have been easy for him to have told himself what he was doing.

In his bed he was more conscious; at least he was aware that he was thinking, and what was the subject of his thoughts; nor, if the reader knows any thing of incipient love, need I tell him what that subject was.

"She is by far the most interesting young creature," said he to himself, "I ever met with. If nature ever yet spoke in person, she is here."

He turned, and turned again in his bed, and attempted to close his eyes, but Eugenia was ever before them.

Who she was, and what she was, were questions he did not fail to ask himself. But it mattered not, he said; it was evident that both mother and daughter were, in mind and manners, far removed from vulgar life, if they might not belong to his own sphere. He went on to hazard a hundred conjectures of another nature. Eugenia seemed all sensibility; had she ever loved, or was her heart virgin? It seemed made for love! But could she love *him*?

It must be owned, he had gone very far indeed when he reached this topic; uot that it was very distinct even to his own mind. It however floated

there, with a thousand other vague thoughts: the only thing certain to his consciousness being, that he had met with a person, who, to the most lovely beauty he had ever seen, appeared to join all that simplicity and truth of nature, which his heart had so long and so fondly coveted.

Eugenia, on her part, was scarcely less, if she was not more restless. She loitered long with her mother, to talk of their extraordinary adventure. Was there ever any thing so elegant, so noble, as their guest! such propriety, yet such softness! so perfect a gentleman! so winningly condescending! so fraught with good taste, and *every virtue!*

"That last is going very far," said her mother, "we must see much more of him before we can judge of that."

"Oh! I'm sure of it," said Eugenia. "What happiness to be his friend! and to be called his friend! How kind to a mere cottage girl! Oh, mother, if he stays here, I shall love him too well—I already prefer him to all the world!"

The next morning brought Tremaine to their gate. His young friend was there already.

"I have been looking for you all the morning," said she, "and am *so* glad."

Tremaine again felt a little amazed; but perceiving a glowing cheek and sparkling eye as she said this, to say nothing of a bosom evidently throbbing, and a form agitated with pleasure, he could only give credence to this flattering appear-

ance, and bless his good fortune for having thrown in his way such a study for his heart, in its present pursuit.

Taking her willing arm in his, he entered the garden, and was led by her in quest of her mother, during which, by giving assent to almost all he said, she fixed in him a notion of her sympathy as well as of her *naïveté*, which it was sweet to encourage.

It is needless to pursue the detail of this part of the narrative. It is sufficient that the day afforded the same delight to all the party, as the preceding evening had done; and that Tremaine passed it, and the day after that, and the next, and the next, with his new friends, in a manner to confirm all his notions of Eugenia's sensibility, as well as his conviction that he alone was the absorbing object of that sensibility.

He gathered, however, contrary to the course of romance, that there was nothing very remarkable, either in Eugenia's situation or history. Mrs. Belson was in fact the widow of a gentleman of merit, but in middle life. She had made herself what she was by the force of her own talent and observation, and had retired to this province, in order the better to conduct the education of her children.

To do Mr. Tremaine justice, this weighed either nothing, or very little with him. He had all his life long sought for a *virgin* heart, and unsophis-

ticated mind ; one which he might be able to attach to his own, for his own sake, without any view to his rank and situation. Without such demonstration, he thought he never could count either upon the actual existence of the feelings themselves, of which he was in search, or the fidelity of the heart which was supposed to possess them. To be sure he would have wished to have found his object in the midst of elegance and splendour ; but, exclusive of his having sought it there in vain (the education of such person, defeating him, he said, at every turn), his being every where known to possess many thousands a year, prevented all possibility of making an experiment on the reality and extent of the affection he wished to prove. He, therefore, as we have before hinted, had for some time past turned from the rich and great, without much immediate plan as to any others, when chance threw this daughter of nature and retirement in his way ; and if Eugenia's mind answered his as a companion, all the rest he imagined was completely out of doubt.

He therefore willingly gave some days to the farther contemplation of this great object ; and his pleasure was complete on finding that, while her heart seemed framed to carry love to its most romantic excess, her mind was of that plastic nature that he might mould it to what he pleased. An amiable yielding to the opinion and wishes of those she loved, was evidently its characteristic.

But as yet he had made no actual experiment on her affections; and, indeed, such was the glow of her *friendship*, as Eugenia called it (and took no pains to conceal it, either from him, her mother, or herself), that no other man would perhaps have thought of making any.

He had represented himself to Mrs. Belson merely as a man of good connexions, and so far he was relieved from the fear that his fortune stood in the way of a free decision, should his own heart prompt him to go on. But he wished still more; and in his romance, his eccentricity, or his refinement, call it what we please, he conceived the strange design of experimenting upon the strength of his young friend's attachment to him, removed from all extraneous influence, even of hope.

Nothing was ever perhaps more difficult, or more unfair; yet he both resolved and contrived to execute it. To inquire into the justice of the attempt never struck him as necessary.

It was in the third week of their acquaintance, that, in hinting more of his history to Mrs. Belson, he gave her to understand that the whole soul of an uncle, on whom was his sole dependance for any thing like fortune, was fixed upon his forming a high matrimonial connexion: he was, therefore, any thing but his own master, as to the disposal of his hand; and though nothing had yet passed in form between himself and the lady, yet his uncle had insisted upon *carte blanche* being left

with him on the subject, before he allowed him to proceed on his travels.

Mrs. Belson received this confidence with evident disappointment, as well as surprise; and changing to a cold seriousness, asked if she might be allowed to communicate the information to Eugenia.

"I can have no wish to withhold it," said Tremaine.

To his great joy, it seemed to make no difference in the feelings of that young lady, or if any, only to release her from the little restraint she had hitherto imposed upon her expressions of admiration and regard for him.

But this did not satisfy her more prudent mamma, who, with no unreasonable caution, expressed so much anxiety at an intercourse, which she said might destroy her daughter's peace, while it never could crown her affection as it deserved, that, as a price almost for permission to remain, Tremaine was forced to beat a parley, and come to terms. It was, therefore, settled, that after a little time he should return to England, and obtain the release of his promise to his uncle, of giving him the disposal of a heart which was no longer his own.

Mrs. Belson was very particular (and can we blame her?) in endeavouring to sift out how far he was in this likely to succeed; but she could learn no more than that he had the best hopes;

failing in which, he would still beg to present himself to Eugenia with such chances as his own very small fortune might afford him. Mrs. Belson balanced some time upon this, as any good mother would, and talked of the proper authority of relations on whom we depend; but Eugenia coming to Tremaine's aid, and declaring that she would rather be his friend, than even the wife of a richer man, she yielded, and Tremaine gave himself up to happiness without alloy.

CHAP. VIII.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

> " Then confess
> " What treason there is mingled with your love!
> " None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
> " Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love!"
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

An incident, however, now occurred, critical to the happiness of our man of refinement.

He could not be so much in the family of Mrs. Belson, nor so pointedly the favourite of that lady and Eugenia, without feeling his interest extend to

her younger sisters. Lavinia, the next in age, though not above thirteen or fourteen, was of peculiar vivacity, and possessed great powers of observation. She often rallied them both upon their *friendship*, laying however an emphasis upon the word, and in the course of it, and, in mere girlish spirits, would sometimes exclaim, "Poor Captain Monson;" and then, as if conscious of having done wrong, would run away, and appear no more for some time.

Tremaine, from the first curious, became in the end alarmed, and at length requested to know of Eugenia what this *espièglerie* meant; who Captain Monson was, and what interest he had in connection with hers?—

Eugenia, with firmness enough, and a sincerity of manner which calmed much of his fear, said it was due to his friendship that he should know.

"He was a ward of my father," said she, "a very few years older than myself; bred up from infancy with me; of great worth; and who once gave me his love."

"And for no return?" asked Tremaine, in an agitation he could not conceal.

"Ah! what can I say?" exclaimed Eugenia; "You do not like me for this confession!"

"I have heard none," answered Tremaine, "and I wait an honest avowal."

"You shall have it," said Eugenia—"I did love him, *to a degree.*"

"To a degree! could you then measure love so exactly? You! so young! so enthusiastic! and so sincere!"

Eugenia did not notice, or perhaps did not understand Tremaine's quibble on her girlish expression of "to a degree," but proceeded:—"I have told my mother, who questioned me on this subject, that my heart is now so full of my friend, that I have forgotten, ah! for ever forgotten, my former childish attachment."

At these words she turned a pair of soft blue eyes, filled with tears, on Tremaine, who, though he felt much penetrated, was also evidently much troubled.

"You are agitated, Miss Belson!"

"Miss Belson! oh, heavens! I have lost your kindness!"

"Not so! But give me leave to ask, did Captain Monson know of this love of your's *to a degree?*"

"He did," said Eugenia, with fresh agitation at the gravity of Tremaine's manner.

"And has any thing lately passed, that your mother questioned you?"

"Alas! Yes! He has succeeded to much property, and is coming here; but it will be of no use."

"And why not?" asked Tremaine, evidently softened, yet with a distance of tone he could not prevent.

"Ah, cruel friend! you know, yet are displeased;" and her agitation became so great, that

MAHARAJA ...

she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed aloud.

My dear Eugenia, said Tremaine, quite brought round, "let us not afflict each other; if you love this young soldier"——

"Oh! I do not! Every thing is broken off, and you have taught me what *alone I can* love; I may not be yours, but never shall I be found the wife of Monson."

"Ah! if it were so!" exclaimed Tremaine, somewhat off his guard; and then bursting from her, he retreated to his inn, where he shut himself up for the rest of the evening.

He passed it in the most cruel state of anxiety; a cup filled with Nepenthe seemed dashed from his lips; the virgin heart which had appeared ready to bless him, was no longer *virgin*. The image of another was, or at least might be mingled with his; and this child of nature was not so much a child, but that she could take exact measure of the affection she bore to different people.

"Well! and why not?" said he, recovering a little from the agony he had been in—"'Tis true her heart is not absolutely maiden, but what heart at seventeen has not been touched by love? And her honesty is at least unimpaired; it has even shone out the more for this questioning, and why am I not to believe myself preferred? A friend, supposed to be tied up by engagement, is preferred to the free and offered lover!"

The thought pleased.

The night brought a strange, though generous resolution. It was strange; because if Monson was coming to address her, one would suppose nothing short of madness could induce Tremaine voluntarily to place himself on such unequal terms with his rival, as would be the effect of his persisting in the representation he had made of his engagement.

It was generous, because he thought it but right that Eugenia should have full play for her heart, and see this lover again, unshackled by pledge or engagement. For his pride was most essentially concerned, that the professions which had blessed him should not be the effect of a momentary enthusiasm, but the result of free choice, and with the objects of choice fairly before her. In short, he did not choose to owe his success to the absence of his rival.

His resolution, however, fell into the opposite extreme, for he decided upon his own absence, which certainly was not demanded even by his own principles. He resolved to quit the field for a time, and leave all free to the exertions of Captain Monson; in which, we are compelled to own, that there was neither common sense, nor, to himself, common justice.

He resolved then to depart, without releasing himself, even with Mrs. Belson, from the self-imposed disadvantage, that he was to be considered

still as a man not free—nor did the altered manner of that lady tend to shake his resolution, though the tears of Eugenia—amounting to a passion of grief—put his firmness to a much severer trial.

CHAP. IX.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

"Was this the idol that you worship so?"

SHAKSPEARE.

Tremaine took the road to Limoges, and had scarcely proceeded a mile, before he met a young man, attended by a servant, riding *à franc étrier*, who by his air and costume was English, and whom he rightly judged to be Monson. He surveyed him with interest, as Monson himself stopped to inquire the road to Valence, which Tremaine politely shewed him, pointing out the very smoke of Mrs. Belson's chimnies on the other side of the valley.

There was an intelligent, soldier-like air about this young man, but nothing which in Tremaine's thoughts ought to excite his fear, with even all the aid which he had so strangely afforded him against

himself. "It will be curious, however," said he, "if I have shewn my rival the very road which he may be taking to ruin me."

From Limoges, where he joined his suite, after above two months' absence, he wrote to Mrs. Belson and Eugenia, announcing his safe arrival, and in express terms asking leave to correspond with his youthful friend.

He received answers from both. Eugenia's was sufficiently characteristic, and partly satisfied him; for it made no mention whatever of Monson, and spoke tenderly of himself. It was remarkable, however, that she made no mention of his request to correspond with her.

Mrs. Belson's letter was more collected, and certainly more cool. She said she had allowed Eugenia to answer him, but earnestly hoped it would be the last letter he might receive from her.

"The more I think," said she, "of your want of freedom, and your duty to your relative, the more I regret our late intimacy. Had you been free, you know how agreeable you were to us; but because we have sinned, do not let us sin on. I have every reason to think Mr. Monson's regard for my daughter is not merely undiminished, but increased; his attentions are most close, and though I am no worldly mother, you must not be surprised, that I endeavour to bring my daughter's mind to a state different from that in which you

left it. As it is, she thinks she is sure; she still doats upon her friend."

"*Thinks she is sure! still* doats!" exclaimed Tremaine, as he smiled in bitterness at this letter. "No worldly mother! Excuse me, good madam, if I distrust your account of *that* point!"

Upon this he again wrote to Eugenia, and, in evident agitation, requested to take his answer only from herself.

To his mortification, it was a fortnight before he received a reply, and then, such a one as filled him with the most cruel suspicions. The younger, as well as the elder lady, had now begun to see all the impropriety of their former conduct.

"Still are you too dear to me," said Eugenia; "but as to the correspondence, your engagement would present too many impediments to the free course of my heart, to allow of my acceding to it."

Tremaine nearly cursed the whole sex when he read this letter. He turned pale, and like Posthumus to Iachimo, could only say, with a sigh,

"I'll not believe it."

Then recollecting the angelic ingenuousness of the countenance that had charmed him, and all those professions so sweet to his soul,

"No!" said he, striking his forehead, "I'll not believe it. She is not herself. It is her mother has done this."

With this consoling thought, he sallied into the

town, to examine a present he had ordered for Eugenia, as rich as fancy and money could make it; and finding it finished, dispatched it with a letter to her, which was purposely calculated to bring things to a decision.

In this letter he scrupled not to tell her his fears, that his predictions had been already accomplished, and that Monson had succeeded in his object. His whole style depicted a bosom torn with the most affecting anxieties.

An answer was received as soon as time would permit, but not from Eugenia. She was too much affected, her mother said, to write to him; but Mrs. Belson transmitted to him a note she had written to herself, as the best account she could give of her mind.

In this note, after referring to his beautiful present, which she should ever keep, she said, in remembrance of a man whom she never would deny she had fondly loved, she owned that Captain Monson's attentions were not disagreeable to her. "Who," said she, "can see his merit, and feel his constancy, and not be alive to them?"

The letter dropped from Tremaine's hand when he read this declaration. He trembled from head to foot; his lips quivered, and a pang seized his heart, which agitated it almost to death.

"Dupe, and fool!" exclaimed he, on recovering a little, "ever to trust the simplicity of nature! It

makes me sick! *My* Eugenia! Monson's Eugenia! any body's Eugenia!"

The impression sunk deep, and lasted long; for he found he had dearly and honourably loved this child of romance. To have been so played with, so duped by baby sweetness, even though she might have amused and duped herself at the same time, was a blow which he could not easily forget. But that with the apparent openness of heaven, with such a charming ingenuousness of temper, she should be so deliberately false in her love, cut him to the heart.

Too proud to reproach her, however, and indeed too much ashamed of himself to enter on the subject at all, he in the end contented himself with simply enclosing her own letter, in a blank cover, and immediately left the Limousin.

The sequel of this adventure is no longer connected with Tremaine's history; but the reader may still like to know what became of the speculation to which our hero felt he had been sacrificed: I will therefore relate it as he learned it from Monson himself.

Returning over the Pyrenees from the tour of Spain, and stopping at Pau to view the birth-place of Henri Quatre, he observed within the precincts of the castle an English gentleman, seemingly on the same errand as himself, whom he presently found to be Monson. Though they had met but

for a minute in the rencontre that has been mentioned in Auvergne, their interest about each other had been so great, that upon this second meeting they could not help giving signs of mutual recognition. At first they were formal; but this wearing off, they passed the evening together at the inn, *en vrais compatriotes;* during which, Mrs. Belson and her daughter being naturally made the subject of conversation, Tremaine was astonished to learn that Monson, who had come to France for the express purpose of seeking his early love, had himself broken off with her, upon discovering what had passed between her and Tremaine.

"My heart," said Monson, "was shocked at the sudden transfer of her affections, not merely from me to you, but from you to me; and though I attributed much to her mother, and believed that her inconstancies to us both proceeded more from a temporary ebullition of romance than a want of principle or sordid design, yet, feeling this was not a character that could make me happy, I gave up my pursuit, and left her, in sorrow for her weakness, but with my affection quite cured."

Tremaine could not help admiring his new acquaintance for the delicacy as well as firmness of his character; and when they separated, set it to his own heart as an example which it needed, in recovering itself from the wound it had received. For though forced to withdraw all regard from

Eugenia, the affection he had given her had been so pure, so founded in what he thought her unsophisticated nature, that it was long, and not till after all esteem for her had ceased, that his heart finally parted with her image.

CHAP. X.

TRAVELLING.

> " I rather would entreat thy company,
> " To view the wonders of the world abroad,
> " Than living dully, sluggardized at home,
> " Wear out your youth in shapeless idleness."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

The immediate effect of this adventure was to throw Tremaine back upon high and polished life, with an increased favour towards it, produced by the dissappointment his hopes had just received amidst the simplicities of a humbler station.

Hence, when some one had praised the flowers of the valley, he was heard to say:

" Give *me* the diamonds of the court; they are quite as pure, and a thousand times more brilliant: the flowers, too, will fade, and are then even offensive; the purity of the diamond lasts for ever!"

Is it not strange, that, with all his powers, attainments, and habits of philosophizing, he had not till now perceived that simplicity is the growth of no particular soil, and attached to no particular rank! that it depends upon character alone; and that although the chances are against it in a court, the obscurity of the remotest village will not exempt its inhabitants, either from disingenuousness, weakness, or falsehood?

Cured of love, and particularly of village love, he now commenced what he had long meditated, and partly had begun, the tour of Europe; and he betook himself with vigour to the study of the men, manners, and institutions, the arts, policy, and resources of foreign countries.

Still, however, whatever his pursuit—whether in morals, politics, or arts, his dear romance never abandoned him; and of all the hours that he passed away from his native land, those which were occupied in floating in airy visions on the Rhine, or Lake Leman, were those which he most seemed to enjoy.

In the end, however, the courts of Europe, and all its princes, its eminent men and celebrated women, became known to him; though, with regard to the latter, while he bowed to the super-eminent genius, and revelled in the brilliant eloquence of a Staël, he personally preferred the unpretending sense, the genuine humour, the amiable and beneficent practical virtues of an Edgeworth.

Indeed every thing masculine, even though it were her sense, he held to be a derogation from the female character.

"We would forgive you," he has been known to say to the daughter of Necker, "being so much wiser than ourselves; but with such wisdom, we cannot forgive your petticoats."

As it was, however, the study of men, not women, which now engaged Tremaine's attention, it signified little under what appearance the feminine character was clothed.

His politeness in female society never abandoned him, but his heart no longer expanded to female worth, and by degrees the avidity with which politics and war were followed all over the continent communicated itself to him, and his correspondence with his political friends at home was pursued with an energy not inconsiderable.

This threw him, on his return to England, into party; and, as he was in parliament, into opposition; for, besides that his connexions were most of them on that side, the minister, whether it was that he knew not Tremaine's value, or despaired of fixing him, or that he trusted too much to his own popularity, did not take sufficient pains to acquire his support.

Tremaine, indeed, forbade all possibility of even making the attempt; for he was at pains to have it believed that he stood by himself, owned fealty o no one, and would take it as an affront to be

solicited into party. It so happened, however, that he thought this independence could only be shewn, by invariably voting, and frequently speaking with his vote, against every measure, good, bad, or indifferent, which the government brought forward.

The minister, a man of spirit and talents,* attacked him for this with a ridicule he could not forgive, and this drove him into the arms of opposition, as many a man had been driven before him, contrary to his original intention. In short, he fancied himself a patriot, and, that he was associated with patriots; and with a profession, in which he believed himself sincere, that he would never be found in the ranks of an undiscriminating opposition, and that measures, not men, were always the object to which he looked, he yet ran breast high into every measure, not only of opposition, but of faction itself.

The opposition, indeed, held out terms to him which could not be refused; for they not only practised upon his proneness to think things wrong, but upon his equally strong proneness to believe that he was born to set them right.

He caught at this, and in a little time was admitted into their councils. But though his station, his attainments, and his integrity, entitled him to a place in those councils, in other respects

* From the dates I presume Mr. Percival is the minister alluded to.—Ed.

he soon found himself less qualified than he had supposed.

Some of the leaders played double; others went farther than he intended to go with them; and some entered the opposition merely to enhance their price with the government.

As he was sincere in his wish to act up to his principle, he complied with the demands of his party to give them his voice as well as his vote; and for this in many things he was excellently qualified, for he had a very noble air, and a manner not either less interesting or ess commanding from its being tinged with melancholy. His voice was both sweet and sonorous, hisl anguage polished, and his taste classical: perhaps it was too much so; for he sometimes failed from the mere circumstance of being too anxious *not* to do so.

He was in fact too easily disgusted with himself, as well as with others; and was frequently not a little piqued at seeing a coarse, and even a vulgar orator, succeed in arresting the attention of the house, in consequence of the total indifference he felt as to whether he succeeded or not. It was under these circumstances, in connexion with others of a similar nature, which need not be particularized, that Tremaine had long meditated a retreat from public life. We will not, however, say that this measure would have been so soon adopted as it was, but for some peculiar mortifica-

tions and disappointments, both to his feelings and his principles, which his ill fate had destined him still to undergo.

It has been said indeed, by some, that about this time he suffered new disappointments in another "affair of the heart;" by others that *he* was the disappointer, and that he had used a young lady of rank—what is called ill. Of this, perhaps, more hereafter. As to the fact, it is certain that though his heart was a sufferer, and a cruel one, it was in a manner and with a party far different from what is usually understood when an affair of the *heart* is mentioned; for the disappointment was with one of his own sex, and politics and friendship, not love, sustained the wound.

In a word, one of the leaders of his party, a man not only of the highest rank and attainments, but of a nature seemingly, and perhaps really so, amiable and sincere, that to enjoy his confidence, and be distinguished by his friendship, was the pride and honour of Tremaine's life; this man failed him.

It was in one of those negociations for an arrangement of the government, which the highest power in the state fondly thought might reconcile all jarring interests, and heal the wounds of his distracted country, that a blow was given to Tremaine's best feelings, which finally sickened and disgusted him with public life. What is worse, it turned even his private friendship into bitterness,

and made him renounce his confidence in man, as before he had renounced it in woman. And this renunciation he even nursed himself into the opinion would last for ever.

And yet, so great had been his love for the man, that he almost shed tears on discovering (as he did, within a week of professions which went to the bottom of Tremaine's heart), that he had misrepresented him to the Regent, undervalued his weight and services, and coolly appropriated to an upstart flatterer that which he had actually promised to the independent Tremaine.

Let not the reader misunderstand. These were not sordid feelings. Tremaine's grief was not occasioned by the loss of a prospect of office, the emoluments of which were as nothing to him. But his heart loved the man who had deceived him; and it sighed to think that it was a friend who had done this. Had he been the victim of a common place character (as indeed he was of the intrigue of a subaltern time-serving parasite), he could have laughed at the paltry excuses that were made in answer to his just remonstrances on this ill treatment. But, as we have observed, he had loved the injurer, for many real virtues, for long-tried honour in the world, and long-tried friendship towards himself, and when he found that even such a man had failed and forgotten him, it went to his very heart. At first, he thought he had fallen into some error concerning him, or at best, that he was merely

capricious, and, being open and confiding himself, he sought explanations, which he thought would instantly restore things to their old level. But he was shocked to find that the man he had so loved took refuge from his advances in coldness, and the few explanatious he condescended to make were of a nature so frivolous, so bordering, indeed, upon equivocation, that something very like indignation and haughty reproach on Tremaine's part marked their separation. The feeling was not diminished by seeing this person fall immediately under the government of the upstart above mentioned, who had wound about his naturally honourable mind, by a train of the most obsequious flattery, to which, it need not be observed, Tremaine neither would nor could condescend.

The result was, that he almost pitied while he renounced him; and though, we repeat, he might have been disposed to laugh at a person less richly endowed than the one in question, when he reflected on *who* had deceived him, he wept to think that Atticus was he.

In the end, the negociation for power which produced this separation failed, and the deceiving parties were themselves disappointed; but Tremaine never forgot their treatment, and from that hour, as has been said, to effect a retreat from a world, in which he seemed to have been betrayed both by man and woman, became his favourite wish.

CHAP. XI.

HE RESOLVES TO RETIRE.

" This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
" I better brook than flourishing peopled towns."

SHAKSPEARE.

Tremaine's wish for retirement was not a little fostered by the course of his former reading, and, as far as he could understand himself, by the inclination of his taste.

He had been bred a scholar: Homer, Horace, Virgil, and Theocritus were familiar to him; and in the closet of the student of divinity, and of law, and even in the tent of the soldier, they had soothed and flattered, at least, his imagination.

Horace, in particular, had always been a congenial favourite, especially as, besides being a poet, he also gave himself to politics, and associated with public men: and many an alarm to Tremaine's pride had been assuaged, and many a fit of virtuous indignation encouraged, by the Sabine Field, and the

" *Oh! Rus, quando ego te aspiciam!*"

But the " Tusculanum Fundum " of Cicero, and the magnificent Laurentinum of Pliny (both of whom,

at times, were retired statesmen as well as philosophers), charmed his imagination still more than "Leucretilis" or the "Tiburni Lacus;" and as his habits had become expensive, not to say voluptuous, in the extreme of modern elegance, he resolved upon combining the mental philosophy of Horace, with the personal magnificence of the Roman consuls.

He pitched, therefore, upon Belmont as his retreat; and with this view enlarged and decorated it at considerable expense, as more romantic and picturesque in situation, and fitter therefore for his purpose, than the more ancient and respectable, but less elegant mansion, in a more distant county, which had always been the seat of his fathers.

There have not been wanting persons who said that it was to this distance in the latter, rather than to the natural beauty of the former, that the choice was owing; for Yorkshire was too far removed from the scenes of politics, after which he still hankered, and to which he thought it possible he might still be forced to return: this, however, is what was said by others.

Be this as it may, he announced Belmont as the seat of his retirement from a world he was resolved to abandon; and felt no diminution of his resolution, in planning, at an enormous cost, the elegant scene of his future studies, future independence, and future happiness.

It was here he resolved, in his favourite phrase, to view the world at a distance, and act up to the

dignity of a patriot, free from the tumults and vexations of patriotism. As to the softer passions, he had entirely done with them.

With these prospective pleasures, duties, and occupations, Tremaine gave a farewell dinner to a large yet select company of his friends, in which professors of politics, professors of *belles-lettres*, and professors of good breeding were pleasantly mixed; the *savoir vivre* shone out on this occasion with a splendour seldom equalled, and it was observed that the master of the feast was never less listless or splenetic, and never seemingly in such good humour with the world, as while thus in the act of taking leave of it, perhaps for ever.

Two days after, he arrived at Belmont.

CHAP. XII.

THE FIRST MORNING OF RETIREMENT.

"Omitting the sweet benefit of Time."

SHAKSPEARE.

We left him on a sleepless and feverish pillow, which he thought was peculiarly unfortunate, as it might defeat the purposed commencement of his happiness the next day.

Not that early rising had been one of his habits, particularly after his accession to fortune.

The morning, therefore, after his arrival at Belmont, found the sun up, and the business of the house begun, several hours before he was stirring. Dressing, too, always employed him long. Not that he was, or ever had been, *devoted* to dress, though remarkable for the fashion and elegance of his appearance; but he had acquired the habit, since he took to public or rather opposition business (that is, since he left off all business), of lounging in an undress, with even more indolence than was usual to him, from the secret feeling that, when drest, he had no immediate or specific employment. So that many intervals in his dressing were passed in a sort of reverie; and this he took for an abstraction of thought, although so little was any particular point pursued, much less any conclusion settled, that to say he *what* thought would not have been always easy.

"But a thinking man," he used to say, "could never be bound by the rules of ordinary occupations;" and, above all, regularity of meals was an object of his contempt. Yet they are the usual divisions by which time is distributed through the day; a distribution which has always proved convenient to both public and private business, and even to pleasure. But his fortune, and a great train of domestics, gave him, he thought, the command of hours.

His breakfast, therefore, was generally uncertain, except that it was generally later than that of the rest of the world.

This threw every thing else behind hand. But as he had nothing but what he forced himself to do, it was of little consequence, he conceived, to himself, and still less to others, at what time it was done. If, indeed, by chance or necessity, he rose earlier than usual, he confessed that the early morning was a fine thing; but a rule upon it defeated the freedom, and therefore the happiness of man, particularly of philosophic man; and he was often known to wonder at the general, but what he called the unreal cheerfulness of many of his inferiors, who had ready-made rules for the employment of their time, and were forced to rise, eat, and sleep as others commanded. If there was a command in the case, he said, he knew no difference as to whether it was imposed by one's-self or by others.

At the moment we speak of, after sleeping little, he arose late, and complained of indisposition.

This was always a reason for lying long; but this did not cause the indisposition to go off. A medical friend had assured him, indeed, that his system was wrong, and that in these cases, if he rose early, and tasted the morning air, it would do him more good than all the drugs in the world. In vain!—His imagination told him this was beautiful in poetry, but, like most of the simple pleasures, it was only there that it was beautiful.

Hence it was unusually late when he appeared at breakfast, where his valet informed him that his steward had been in waiting all the morning, to take his orders, and give in his accounts.

These accounts were of considerable magnitude, and the steward attended at the very moment by his express order, sent before he left town; one of his resolutions being, by a prompt and decisive exertion, to put an end to a complicated business which by a large arrear had fallen into difficulties, and which in London, he said, he had neither time nor patience to unravel.

His valet also informed him that his principal bailiff, who presided over a farm of a thousand acres, which he had taken into his own hands, waited, at the same time, to make report and take directions.

"It's very vexatious," said he, "that I'm always indisposed when these men come. I've no head for figures just now, nor can I understand farm reports, without being an eye witness.—"

Wilson, the steward, was therefore appointed the next day, and, Nutting, the bailiff, was ordered to wait, till his master should know whether he could ride or not.

The bailiff, it is true, ventured to propose a remonstrance, or rather petition, that the inspection might be deferred, as it would take some hours, and he was to meet a grazier by appointment, at Northampton, who was ready to contract for some

cattle, which it had hitherto been difficult to dispose of, and which were now there for sale. But Monsieur Dupuis refused to take any such message from a man whom he considered and often called *un tas de fumier*, in the same spirit as he bestowed upon Wilson the epithet of *cue de plomb*. He indeed indignantly told Nutting, that his master could not wait the time of a grazier. The cattle, therefore, were not sold, and the bailiff remained in attendance.

The elegance of Tremaine's breakfast did not tempt him to eat; but this he laid upon his feverish night, without much inquiry how he came by it. He said, however, he would read it off, and enjoy himself immediately in that learned retirement, for which in London he had so long sighed.

He therefore proceeded to the library.—

CHAP. XIII.

LEISURE.

"For the time I study virtue, and that part of philosophy
"Will I apply that treats of happiness."

SHAKSPEARE.

Arrived in the library, Tremaine feasted his eyes with the sight of all the admirable contrivan-

ces of desk, cushion, &c., by which men who profess reading endeavour to court themselves into a liking for what they profess. He had done this for some time, and given much praise to his upholsterer, as well as his bookseller, before he recollected that he had made a small omission, in not having settled any particular subject to which he might give his mind. But as he was in no very good humour with the world, moral philosophy was his ostensible aim; and the ancient philosophers, in splendid editions, all lying before him, with a sensation of some pleasure he opened a Laertius.

"It is delightful," said he, "to pursue the varieties in which these men displayed their wisdom; to contemplate and unravel with them the nature of man!" He turned over the pages for some time, and read *something* of several very contending systems: but though occupied, and therefore comparatively happy, he hurried over rather than examined the tenets that were explained; found fault, as he had done an hundred times, with all that was said of virtue or developed of nature, by Pythagoras or Plato, or Epicurus; thought Aristotle not sufficiently precise, and ended as he had often done before, in the satisfaction of scepticism. His conclusion was not pleasant, although he had taken such pains to come to it. Arcesilaus, and Carneades, and Cicero, said he, closing the book, were certainly right, and the

only true thing on earth is, that there is no such thing as truth. At the same time, it did not escape him that he had not quite consumed three hours in coming to this conclusion, and that the systems which he then condemned remained exactly in the same state of superficial examination in which he had left them many a time before, promising his own mind to return to them when he had more leisure. In particular, it did not escape him that all the modern theories, founded on a more exact knowledge of nature, and a more clear revelation of all that is held sacred by man, had been entirely, and almost purposely avoided. His eye grew a little bilious as he thought of this, and glanced cursorily over the volumes of Boyle, Butler, Sherlock, and Clark, which were ranged in their places on his ample shelves. "I have not time at present," said he, "to push this subject, but I shall have full leisure for it, while in this happy retreat —leisure? (continued he, looking at a Milton that lay open before him;) yes! 'retired leisure'

"That in trim gardens takes his pleasure."

This room is, after all, too dark, and the weather is close—give me sweet poetry and a garden—these are at least more certain in their impressions. I will pass the rest of the morning in the alcove!" At these words he left the house by a private way with a Milton under his arm, meaning, as he said, not merely to read, but to study the greater poem of that author once more; a

thing he had not done for fifteen years. His finger, however, remained at the passage in the Penseroso, which had involuntarily, as it were, caused his last sensation. It was therefore by no means unnatural, before he underwent the task of taxing his imagination in heaven or hell, to rest a little in the sweet fields of familiar description, which first brought the author to his mind. In a word, he had read over the Penseroso, and part of the Allegro, when he found, though his faculties of vision read, his thoughts wandered, and instead of the tale of the shepherd, the song of the lark, and Thestyllis and Phillis, both his eye and his ear were in the House of Commons.

"Strange!" said he, "that what once could please, even to rapture, should not please again! Whence is it, that in London, surrounded by a vexatious crowd, I sighed for such a retreat as this, where I might suspect no man's sincerity, and study nature in her most pleasing attire; and here, where I have her, and can compare the delightful original with the copy, that the banquet should fail. Alas! how has every banquet failed me through life!" His brow clouded, he left the alcove, and striking into a covered walk, seemed lost in no pleasing meditation; when he beheld at the end of it several of his servants in noisy mirth, from sheer and absolute want of employment. "The boors!" said he, "they and their amusement are fitted for one another; and very fit it is

they should not know more happiness than is their present lot." He did not, however, interrupt their occupations, but turned to a gate which led to some fields.

They were pleasant fields, and in the full joy of the harvest; but on the same principle he avoided these also, observing to himself, that what belonged to the mere animal man was not at all what he had come to seek. Yet the cheerfulness they presented in the troops of labourers of both sexes, many of whom sang as they loaded the wains with the subsistence of the coming year, might have unbent a mind less sensitive than his.

At one time, indeed, he had nearly entered one of the fields (no great condescension in its master, one would think!) when he turned off, murmuring something of "riot, and ill-managed merriment, stirred up among loose, unlettered hinds," and justified his want of interest in this simple scene, by asking himself why he had made these lawns, these private glades, if, after all, he was to pace the rough uneven fields?

> "The dull swain" (said he),
> "Treads on them daily with his clouten shoon!—"

Thus wandered, and thus seemed lost, Tremaine, in a paradise of his own creating.

His eye now moved to the lofty scite of Belmont, and at first he was pleased with its grandeur; but observing that its white buildings glared too much in the sun, which was not suffi-

ciently softened by the extensive, but young plantations which immediately surrounded it; "It would have been better, perhaps," said he, "if I had built lower down in the old wood."

That thought was not pleasant either, for thousands had been spent in enlarging a seat originally small, and where the family, as was said, had never regularly lived.

The soil on the summit was of sand, and bore nothing but pines; and some naked rock upon which pines refused to grow, gave it thus early a very bleak and exposed appearance.

What it would be in the winter, Tremaine did not like to ask himself.

"If I had gone to Yorkshire!" said he, with the air of a man who thinks he has made a false step!—

The ample and venerable seat he had abandoned, ancient indeed, but where every thing was in character, every thing sheltered, a rich soil, and oaks of two hundred years, all came before him.

He did not much like to pursue the train! nevertheless it haunted him.

The village where he had passed much of his youth, its old church, and above all several old families that attended it, who had always been linked with his; these unaccountably thronged on his fancy. He recollected the hilarity, at least, if not the happiness of those days, and some honest faces met his mind's eye, to which, though he had not thought

of them for many a year, he had always, when he did think of them, annexed the ideas of friendship towards his family and himself.

"How small is my acquaintance in this county!" observed he, looking at the horizon, and casting his eye over a paling which he had now reached.

The loneliness of an extended and sandy plain, which Belmont on one side overlooked, particularly struck him, for the roads led to places with whose very names he was not familiar.

"Yet, what if it is small," he continued, turning up into a dark walk, "how weak and ignoble is man if he cannot suffice to himself! The people I am thinking of in Yorkshire may be all in reality boors, who have never been out of their own fat country, and know nothing of the world: it is certain our ideas of all things change, and why not these?"

At this time, a servant, who had sought him, announced a visitor in Mr. Melcombe, a gentleman of moderate estate, who had scarcely ever been out of the neighbourhood, and who lived only a few miles off.

"Is it possible," said Tremaine, "that I am to be plagued already with the natives?"

He would have excused himself; but the servant told him he had said he was at home, and Mr. Melcombe was at that instant searching for him.

"Ill-bred enough," said Tremaine, peevishly.

Mr. Melcombe was one of those characters which are still to be found among the gentry of this country, and which prevailed formerly much more than at present. He was born to a competent estate, on which he lived, and on which his ancestors, to a remote degree, had lived before him. His father cultivated almost the whole of it himself, and he exactly followed the steps of his father.

Tremaine, who knew merely that he was a neighbouring Squire, trembled when he observed him on the lawn. A single breasted riding coat, narrow brim and high crown to his hat; very long breeches with plentiful strings, and very short boots with plentiful straps, designated, beyond mistake, this first visitor of the refined Tremaine. It need scarcely be said how ill suited such a pair as this were to each other; and after a not very long colloquy, which, however, seemed any thing but short to both, they separated, each impressed with no very favourable opinion of the other.

"Good Heavens!" said Tremaine, as he shut his library door after the disappearance of his self-invited guest, "is *this* my nearest neighbour, and to be one of my companions?"

"A queer fellow this, for all his fine house," said Melcombe, as he trotted home; "however, don't let us judge too hastily; they say he is an honest man."

And so he was, and so was Melcombe. Which had the advantage in other respects, is a problem I must leave the reader to solve.

CHAP. XIV.

OCCUPATION.

" My library, a dukedom large enough!"

SHAKSPEARE.

Tremaine, now alone, and the full master of the rest of his time, was yet forced to debate how to dispose of it.

" The train of reflection," said he, " once broken, it is not always so easy to recover one's thoughts;" and he walked up and down the room in vexation.

What the reflections were into which this inroad had been committed, he did not ask himself; and though it wanted full three hours to dinner, although Nutting still waited, and he was actually at a loss how to employ the interval, he declared that Melcombe had utterly ruined his whole day.

The farm inspection was therefore postponed, and the bailiff dismissed. The rest of the day, or rather daylight, was spent in planning a different arrangement of his books, to which he resolved to apply with redoubled ardour as soon as that arrangement should be completed.

With this to invigorate expectation, the evening again fixed him at table, from which, though alone, he did not rise till midnight.

During the morning, his eagerness to take full possession of his independence, together with his recent arrival, had made him indifferent to the contents of his post; an indifference which I know not whether he properly characterized in calling it philosophic. Certain it is, that his coffee now received additional zest from being accompanied by the newspapers, which he perused with more than usual interest; particularly some well written invectives against the minister, and the hopes held out of a truly patriotic (that is, of a *new*) administration.

Whether these ideas floated before him from the mere uncontrollable nature of the fancy, or that he voluntarily encouraged them, or that the lateness of his banquet had again heated him, certain it was that, at his rising the next day he again complained of having passed the night on a sleepless pillow.

The next day, however, and two days afterwards, were entirely devoted to the new classification of his library, in which several servants were employed under his directions; and, whether from his own eagerness, or the want of sense they shewed in not comprehending him, or from some cause which he did not himself understand, he was betrayed into a frequent loss of temper, for

which he was by no means the happier, and of which he was himself heartily ashamed.

During the arrangement of the library, we may suppose that reading was not the use which he made of his books. Yet of prospective reading he thought so much, particularly as great and interesting subjects were classed in a sort of *order raisonné* under his hands, that no amusement, and even no duty, could tempt him from the urgent employment. His farm and his accounts were alike neglected; his grounds were looked at from the windows, and his horses exercised by the grooms.

And was he happy?—Yes, by comparison he was, for he was interested; and though his temper seemed unaccountably tried in the trifling difficulties he encountered, from incompatible subjects and discordant sizes in the objects of his labours, still the day passed rapidly off, and over the evening libation, (for the libation was repeated) and particularly over the evening Gazettes, (a variety of which, on all sides of the question, it was observed, he collated with great exactness), he congratulated himself upon the full enjoyment of his purpose, of viewing the world at a distance.

A fortnight had now seen him at Belmont, but, with the exception of Mr. Melcombe, had seen nobody else; for since the inroad of that gentleman, his orders were, to be generally denied.

Nevertheless he condescended to a daily inspection of a visiting book, which, being so lately arrived, he had directed to be kept. The entries indeed were few, but (as he observed) this was more fortunate for his wishes than he could have hoped, particularly as it saved much trouble in returning visits.

In all this he was to himself sincere; and in the last remark, correctly so; for not only fastidiousness, but indolence, increased; for which latter it must be owned, as time passed on, there was but too much opportunity.

His library had now been for some time arranged, and his visits to it were reasonably regular. He had all the air of a philosopher, and frequently remained *en robe de chambre* for a whole morning.

Study, however, did not so entirely absorb his hours, as to confine either his thoughts or his person the whole time. There were frequent intervals of sauntering both within doors and without; but as sauntering has no precise or satisfactory object, it distracted, instead of assisting his meditation; and while it failed to relieve his mind, gave no exercise to his body. His horses, indeed, were regularly brought to the door, but the least cloud was sure to send them back again; and at length the trouble of pulling on his boots growing formidable, they were altogether laid aside.

Meantime this want of activity induced no relaxation in the feast at night, for the sun was long

set before he ever suffered himself to listen to the natural call of appetite, however loudly it might have expressed itself before. This proceeded partly from town custom, (arising, indeed, out of very different circumstances in a town life;) partly from a notion that a long delay produced an accession to what all think an indication of health, a good appetite. Yet he was surprised and disappointed in the effect, though, from prejudice for a theory, he knew not the cause. Certain it was, that from long fasting, and the richness of his viands, his stomach grew weaker and weaker, and he was threatened with fever and bile, which, to his own great astonishment, seemed to cloud his understanding.

We may suppose that this total abstraction from every thing but his books, was at least crowned with the acquisition of the philosophic knowledge he sought, and that his inquiries were profound, his discoveries certain. But truth lay deeper than he imagined; or, Proteus-like, she put on various shapes, and when he thought, as he sometimes did, that he was on the point of binding her captive, she was sure always to elude, and tempt him, under a new form, into a new pursuit.

Perhaps he embarrassed himself with too great a variety of subjects. He had planned (for he was fertile in plans) a comparison of the whole philosophy of the ancients with modern theology, in which latter, as we have hinted, his tenets were by no means happy. Natural and moral evil forced

him to natural philosophy, which he had formerly neglected, because Boyle, he said, prosed. Some of the divines, too (for it was necessary to examine divines), sent him to the fathers, and to ecclesiastical history, the uncertainties and discredits cast upon some parts of which he, with his usual felicity, extended to all.

He endeavoured for a time to take refuge in Bolingbroke and Shaftesbury, in Bayle and Voltaire; but though they easily helped him to pull down, there was something within him that prevented his building up, at least on such foundations as they were able to lay. In short, all was doubt and uncertainty; and as to doubt is not always to be happy, the subject gradually became distasteful; and yet he was ashamed to relinquish it altogether,—which would have looked like defeat; and was mortified and displeased with himself to find that, with all his pains, he could not make out what others assured him in their theories they understood perfectly well.

In the wanderings, too, which he found himself frequently obliged to make, he often discovered that he was in the midst of the world again; for Bolingbroke and Swift took him by the half hour at a time, into the vortex of Queen Ann's reign; and the life of Walpole, and a collection of party tracts, were at least as frequently open before him, as Plato or Tully, Leibnitz or Locke. Shakspeare too, and still oftener Ariosto,—as more suited in

method (or rather the want of it) to his roving taste,—were the objects of his desultory visits. But his mind became fatigued, without being filled; and this, added to the humours of increasing indolence, generally left him, at the close of the day, ill in health and peevish in temper.

At length he shut up his library altogether; but only, as he had sometimes said before, for a time, meaning to return to it with redoubled application, after he had given the necessary attention to some affairs which had long called for his inspection, and would be put off no longer. These were, his farm, and a lawsuit connected with it.

CHAP. XV.

THE CHARMS OF AGRICULTURE.

" And now hath he land, and beeves."——

SHAKSPEARE.

The farm we have alluded to in the last chapter was one which Tremaine had taken into his own hands, at a time when, contemplating his retreat, he thought it right to anticipate all the profitable and useful employments, in which a great country gentleman ought to be occupied. By profitable,

we do not mean that he thought he was to enrich himself. It was the duty, he said, of all great land-holders to improve the soil, for the sake of the country of which they form so much more ostensible and important a part, than the overgrown monied interest, for which latter he felt no veneration. Accordingly, that the estate he proposed to cultivate consisted of a bad, and almost untameable soil, gave him little concern. The Marquis de Turbilly, *Sur le Défrichement des Terres*, was for a time his favourite reading, together with Chateauneuf, Tull, Arthur Young, and every one of those authors besides, who have repeated one another for the last thirty years; till in a few months, without having ever known a country life, except where it

"Lives in description and looks green in song,"

he arranged in idea a whole plan of rural industry; and as the great Lord Townshend had, after a life of great political consequence, the good fortune to be almost the father of the new husbandry, by his improvements in Norfolk, so he intended to follow his example, and emulate his fame, in Northamptonshire.

It did not escape him, either, that Mr. Pitt, after he had laid down his power, had also directed his strong mind to agriculture in his retreat.

Let no one, however, at least no one who is not more obstinate of purpose than our hero, count

upon pursuing long what has been inconsiderately resolved.

Tremaine's was to be the Norfolk husbandry and that alone—but Northamptonshire was not Norfolk. In vain his bailiff assured him that his drills, his horse-hoes, and his scarifiers would be useless, and his system fail. The bailiff was thought a bigot, and another appointed, who succeeded no better, and who even joined the inferior farm servants in a mutiny against the course that was prescribed. A thrashing machine had been built to go by water, where little water was to be had. A stream was turned to remedy the defect, and it was remedied, but at the expense of a lawsuit in which Mr. Tremaine was cast. He laid the blame, first upon his counsel, and then upon his agent. The first said they could not proceed for want of instructions; the last that he could not procure instructions, for want of leisure in his master.

His mind now began to ruminate more than ever upon the scenes he had quitted, and a comparison of what he had exchanged with what he had embraced: and he has since very frankly owned, that the disappointments of the country would have probably sent him back to the disappointments of the town, if he had not, precisely at that moment, received a very flattering letter from one of the heads of his party, opening to him the scheme of operations they intended to adopt against the minister during the next session, and inviting him to

come up and share in the anticipated success. The letter flattered him into good humour; the defeat in the lawsuit was forgotten; and after a very complacent meditation, of a whole day's continuance, he sat down to a long and eloquent ebullition, (in every word of which he thought himself sincere) upon the impossibility of the world's satisfying a mind like his; upon the charms of his retirement, which, he said, were never-fading, and the little probability there was, with a disposition so fixed, that he should be able to give that assistance to the cause, which his friends in their partiality thought him capable of affording. He concluded with assuring his friend, that if he would come to visit him he would find him

> " *Tacitum Sylvas inter reptare salubres*
> " *Curantem quicquid dignum sapiente bono qu'est.*"

For a few days after this, Tremaine was in glory;—the glory of having demonstrated the strength of his principles, and of having given the most incontestible proofs of the philosophic temper of his mind, by refusing to return to the world. He went back, therefore, awhile to his library, lived with the good Duke and Jaques, in the forest of Ardennes, and felicitated himself upon being one of those

> " Who, hid in desert inaccessible,
> " Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
> " Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time."

He also passed some hours with his favourite, and proposed model, Sir William Temple, whose phi-

losophy, and whose gardening he really wished, and flattered himself that he was born to imitate.

But the magic soon dissolved. His party friend did not answer his letter; yet the greatest activity prevailed in politics, and a partial coalition was talked of, to be included in which he had forfeited all pretension. It was evident he was not thought of, and he practically felt, that though "the world forgetting" might appear a very soothing sentiment to some minds, the same minds might not always be equally soothed by the reflection, that they were

"By the world forgot."*

* The same line, says the author of the life of Young, which contains "Oblitusque meorum" contains also "Obliviscendus et illis." He who retires from the world, will find himself, in reality, deserted as fast, if not faster, by the world. The public is not to be treated as the vain coxcomb treats his mistress—to be threatened with desertion, in order to increase fondness.

Herbert Croft's Life of Young, in Johnson's Lives of the Poets.

CHAP. XVI.

ENNUI.

"I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth,
"foregone all custom of exercises."

SHAKSPEARE.

TREMAINE's listlessness, not to say peevishness, now increased. To return to serious study was impossible, and the hours were too long to be filled by light and wandering reading, which, as a principal occupation, he found could scarcely amuse, much less give substantial satisfaction. The time hung equally heavy, under the desultory and unimportant employments with which less sensible, or less ardent minds can fill up the longest day. He once or twice, before the season closed, ventured upon shooting. He had the best dogs, but they knew and would obey nobody but the gamekeeper; and as they gave him, therefore, no sort of interest, their sagacity and courage afforded him little pleasure. He had the best gun: but as it had scarcely been used, it presented no associations, and he surveyed it as a mere tube of metal, which could inflict death at a distance. It had no tale to tell of well hunted fields, of game manfully

pursued and skilfully brought down. He took it up, and laid it aside with indifference.

As to fishing !—he had rods, nets, and harpoons, without number ; and what was more, he had read with delight in Walton's Angler. But he knew nothing of the art, or of the nature of the prey he was to seek ; and when he did make two or three attempts to interest himself in the sport, he found that his thoughts were more in London, or at best with a book, than with his float. He therefore soon took leave of angling, not without wondering at his father's taste and disposition, which could be charmed and satisfied by so monotonous a pursuit.

Gardening, however, promised to furnish a rich fund of occupation. It was the appropriate amusement, nay, often the support of a true philosopher. There was nothing on which his fancy had ever fixed with truer pleasure. Besides, he knew all that had been ever said upon it by any body. Bacon, and Cowley, and Temple, and Lord Orford ; the count, the chevalier, and the prior,* and the old Corycian of Virgil, were often quoted, and as often envied, whenever this natural and delightful art occurred to his imagination. Yet, in reality, of a garden Tremaine had no other idea than as a place to walk in, furnished with a terrace always ready for his steps, and full of sweet sights and sweet smells. But to watch, to assist, or even to under-

* See the *Spectacle de la Nature.*

stand the process of nature; to class roots and plants, to divide bulbs or gather seeds, to graft or to prune, never occurred to him, except as the *troubles* attendant on gardening. Botany was too finical for his full mind; and even Sir William Temple's pride in his peaches could never induce his attention to fruit trees. All this, he said, was more properly the province of servants, who were paid for it, and who must necessarily understand it better; it was the mechanical part, and he left it to mechanics. The consequence was, that he often lounged from walk to walk, with a glazed and unobserving eye; and as every thing about him arose from the labours of others, he surveyed it with that total want of interest which usually attends other men's labour.

The weather always affected him. In his present state he was more than ever obnoxious to its vicissitudes: there was nothing about which he was more minutely anxious. But to extract from that anxiety an employment, not unworthy the best philosophy, never entered his contemplation. He had glasses of all kinds, but to examine what they told was always beneath him; he had a horror of little things, and left them to little minds. He kept them, therefore, to supply conversation to those who could talk of nothing else; or for a gardener, or farmer, whose exclusive province they were; and though he boasted himself both the one and the other, the seeming in consistency never struck him.

It is to be recollected, that one of the motives for his retiring was to render himself useful, and obtain influence in his county. This, if not a view to personal weight with his neighbours, of course placed him in the commission. To this he at first obliged himself to give some attention. But though Burn and Williams, and the statutes, were always at hand, and were even sometimes consulted in a large and appropriate apartment, which he called the justice room, their minutiæ discouraged, and their forms teased, by requiring more of his attention than he had ever thought necessary. His mind was always upon other things, his clerk lived too far off, and he not only blundered, but had he been ever so correct, correctness in such trifling points could confer no honour, and therefore no satisfaction. Melcombe beat him out of the field in the estimation of the neighbourhood; and as to joining in a petty sessions, and dining with little squires at a country inn, it filled him with horror. He was therefore reduced, in his magisterial capacity, to the making of orders for the relief of the poor, to investigate whose concerns he acknowledged himself, and truly, wholly unfit.

Once, and once only, he drove in his coach and four to the general quarter sessions, where he found many of his inferiors who eclipsed him, and much noisy jollity which disgusted him. He did not repeat the visit.

And now behold Tremaine, with all the advan-

tages of fortune, education, and birth—with various talents, and an inquiring, and in many instances a powerful mind—with a generous heart, a high sense of honour, and in the vigour of his age! Who shall say that he was not, that he could not be happy? Who point out the trifles upon which his unhappiness depended? Yet they were easily unravelled. An unbending, perhaps a too sensitive temper, had been originally left to itself, without any efforts being made to correct it; and a warm imagination had mistaken the ebullitions of fancy for the real and vivid impressions of natural disposition. He had indeed seen something almost like adversity; but it is not always true, that adversity corrects:—too often it confirms our errors; and Tremaine, falling suddenly upon prosperity without having profited by experience, basked in it, until he grew more and more sophisticated, and lost whatever ideas he had once possessed of the *simplicity* of nature.

The only certainty he now felt was, that he was uneasy; and though he told himself he loved retirement, and disliked the world as much as ever, it was evident that his life was irksome, and he wished to be relieved. Luckily, at this time he began to be ill. A slow feverishness hung constantly upon him, and by degrees tended to jaundice all things to his natural vision, as his mistakes about himself had already misrepresented them to his mental. He felt that something must be done.

CHAP. XVII.

HE FLIES.

" Good Sir, I do in friendship counsel you
" To leave this place."

SHAKSPEARE.

It was now that soft season,

" When descending showers
" Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers,
" When opening buds salute the welcome day,
" And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray."

In more homely language, it was spring; and the spring is generally the signal for happiness. The birds, the animals, the lovely vegetation of the earth, obey with spontaneous gladness the pleasing call. But the spring brought no charms to Tremaine. Nine months had, in fact, languished on, without conferring upon him nine hours of that pure enjoyment which he had so confidently promised himself; and though the first principle of philosophy (so valuable that it is supposed to have required an oracle for its revelation) is to "Know thyself," yet that he and solitude were not formed for each other was a discovery still hid from him.

And yet he had frequently to observe people as solitary as himself, who seemed happy, although they had no books to engage them, no trains of thought to pursue. His shepherd passed whole days on the hills without languor or complaint, and without being ill; and the village cobler, in a stall near his gate, was so cheerful, that Tremaine not unfrequently stopt to observe him. There were moments, even, when, if he would have allowed it, he could have envied his lot.

The cobler, it is true, was engaged at his trade; and moreover had a blackbird in a cage for his constant, and every passing traveller for his temporary, companion. But to find solace from such puerile or vulgar occupation, as whistling with a wretched bird, or gossipping with people one does not know, was beneath a man of any education.

How long he would have continued to force nature in a way of life which it was evident he did not understand, is very doubtful; but luckily, as has been said, he was now seriously ill, and his illness obliged him to have recourse to a physician. Luckily, also, the physician was a very sensible man, and his friend as well as his physician. This gentleman soon found that his disease did not so much depend upon medicine as a change of scene, or rather of life; and he was adroit enough to enforce his opinion without discovering it to his patient. In a word, having called upon Tremaine one morning, he found him in his closet, with at least

half a score letters in the same hand unopened before him; and having observed upon the quantity of business he must have, to occasion so large a receipt of paper by one post, he was astonished to find from his patient (who very frankly avowed it) that it was not the arrival of a single day, but the accumulation of as many posts as there were letters. Expressing surprise at their being unopened, it was increased by being told, that as they were all from his steward in the north, he had given way (engaged, he said, by other things) to an unwillingness to be broken in upon so frequently by such affairs, and had therefore reserved them for a rainy day, when one trouble might suffice for them all.

It needed not the sagacity of his adviser to see at once that indolence was at the bottom of his patient's complaints; and according to the great maxim of his science, *Causa remota tollitur effectus*, he advised his instant perusal of every one of his letters. In vain the patient pleaded that he was too ill, the plea was not allowed; the letters were read, and, to his dismay, he discovered that from his delay in answering the first two or three packets, some affairs of serious consequence to his estates in Yorkshire were growing worse and worse, so as to require his almost immediate presence.

The friendly and disinterested Dr. Asgill seized upon this decisive moment to enforce what he had

sometimes before suggested in vain; and having now the plea of necessary business, and his pride no longer affected by his departure from solitude, it was determined that within three days Tremaine should leave the spot chosen for his happiness, and visit, for a time at least, the seat where his ancestors had been happy.

Accordingly, his barouche and four post-horses conveyed the feverish recluse to the scenes of his youth—those happy scenes, and that happy time,

> " When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
> " And the heart promised what the fancy drew."

To say that he was not struck, if not exhilarated by the busy and cheerful images which a journey through a flourishing and beautiful country in the month of May furnished, would be to suppose him more jaundiced than he really was. How he came to be jaundiced at all was what surprised and puzzled him; and his friendly physician, though his knowledge of the world as well as of his art made him very well understand it, was restrained by that knowledge from too openly explaining it.

It was evening when he arrived at Woodington Hall, that ancient mansion where his father was born, and where he himself had passed his infancy. It would wrong him to say his pulse did not beat somewhat quicker as he beheld its crenelated towers and high chimnies, the latter in themselves containing materials for a moderate modern house. They rose loftily, amid still more lofty trees, now

fresh clothed, and the lattices of many an ample window of the mansion played in the horizontal sun.

Several workmen preparing to return home filled the great court, and saluted him as he drove up to the porch; and in some among them he thought he recognized, under their grey hairs, features he had known in his youth. "I will make acquaintance with these good people," said he, "*to-morrow.*"

He had not for a long time felt so much himself, certainly no hour at Belmont had given him half the satisfaction; and though the dread of the labours that awaited him, in the business he came upon, hung like a weight over him during the evening, he passed it with an alertness in visiting the gardens without, and the chambers within, to which he had long been a stranger.

CHAP. XVII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

"Horatio, or I do forget myself!
"The same, my Lord, and your poor servant ever."
SHAKSPEARE.

In the morning a letter was brought him by a servant on horseback, who said it came from a neighbouring clergyman, Dr. Evelyn. It gave him joy of his arrival, and announced the intention of the writer to visit him, whenever his illness, of which he had heard, would permit.

This Dr. Evelyn was a reverend divine, who was both the rector and squire of the neighbouring parish, and between whose family and Tremaine's had subsisted a friendship of at least a century. He was a few years Tremaine's senior, but not so much so as to have prevented their being almost playmates in earlier days: and as the doctor had been a great favourite at Woodington, and almost constantly there, there had been a sort of unequal alliance between them, in which the elder, perceiving and appreciating much merit in the younger, had afforded protection, which the younger repaid with deference.

During Tremaine's professional studies, this intimacy had been farther cultivated by correspondence; but his avocations confining him to London, and Evelyn having travelled some years abroad, by degrees it dropped, as many a correspondence has dropped before, without any diminution of esteem on either side.

Tremaine's later life, however, had been so totally different from Evelyn's, that he might be almost said to have forgotten him, except when any particular circumstance brought him to his memory, when he always thought of him with pleasure and esteem.

Evelyn had been a second son, and was bred a scholar, and (by choice) a churchman. He had a critical mind and acute powers of reasoning, which fixed his faith where his heart most wished it. They also, it was said, made him not indisposed to that collision with another man's understanding, known by the name of argument; in which, though always persevering, and sometimes dogmatical, he was not unfrequently playful, and never uncivil. To say truth, he loved arguing, though only as he loved exercise, which he always held was as necessary for the health of the mind as of the body.

Evelyn's temper, naturally cheerful, had become more so from the choice he had made of a profession. The family living, which he enjoyed, had been a fortune sufficient for his wishes, when

its competency was increased by his succeeding also to the family estate. This was about two thousand pounds a-year, and came to him by the death of his elder brother. Before this, he had married a woman of a character congenial to his own, whom he tenderly loved. Her death had been a severe, but not an irretrievable blow to his happiness. Submission first, and travelling afterwards, by which he distracted his melancholy, and cultivated a high natural taste, completed his restoration; and an only daughter, as she grew up, filled (without displacing her, if I may use the expression) the room in his heart which had been occupied by her mother.

He was forty-five years of age, and though he had seen much of the world, and kept the best company both at home and abroad, he cheerfully returned to the functions of a parish priest, only varied by residing in the hall of his ancestors, in which he maintained a useful life, with the plainest simplicity of manners.

It may be supposed that the greeting of such a man was not displeasing to Tremaine; but exclusive of his wish to see his old friend, he was excited also by a little curiosity. Whenever he had heard of Evelyn, although glad of his welfare, he generally blamed his choice of life. To throw away his talents on the church, he thought was at best a mistake; and to immure himself in a rectory, or a country hall, instead of leading in

the first ranks of society, was at least as bad. And as Tremaine had now had experience of the inefficacy of even a brilliant solitude to confer happiness, he was eager, without knowing it, to detect and criticise the error of his friend.

"Poor man!" said he, "he seeks me, and well he may, to relieve his desert life, tied down as he must be to mere mechanical occupations, which must deprive him of all the leisure necessary for elegant retirement."

He wrote a kind answer to his letter, and fixed the next day for seeing him.

The meeting was unaffectedly pleasing to both, though without the rapture which characterises youth. Evelyn's countenance was lighted up with a sincere but tempered satisfaction; Tremaine's unbent more, because it had more to unbend.

His friend, indeed, was struck with a sort of saturnine turn of feature which had not originally belonged to the face he had formerly known, and which with great concern he atrributed to his illness.

The rosy health, the good natured intelligence, the well-regulated happiness that appeared in Evelyn, could not fail to strike Tremaine, who, had he not known his age, would have thought him several years younger than he was. "This man has not been buried in a desert, nor has he wanted enjoyment," said Tremaine to himself.

After the first salutations, Evelyn, lamenting the

cause that brought his friend into the county, lamented still more, that he had ever abandoned it; "and to tell you the truth, my good friend," said he, "I do not think your retreat from the world has done much for you."

"I have been ill," said Tremaine, "which none of us can help, otherwise I should have reaped from it all the advantages I had expected, after a stormy life; though I fear I cannot say that retirement has done as much for me as it seems to have done for you."

"For *me*," replied Evelyn, "I assure you I never retired!"

"I thought you had been a recluse like myself, only of a longer standing," pursued Tremaine, "and my only fear for you was, the sad destruction of your time, occasioned by the irksome and unsatisfying duties which your living obliged you to perform."

"Those duties are my best friends," said Evelyn, "for they are not only very much to my taste, which one's business does not always happen to be, but they give the real value and zest, I believe, to all my less serious employments."

Tremaine expressed, as politely as he could, a kind of incredulous assent to these assertions of Evelyn, who continued—

"When you favour me with a visit at Evelyn Hall, which I hope you will soon be able to do, I

trust you will find nothing there that is either irksome or unsatisfactory."

They now fell on other matters. Evelyn inquired, and Tremaine recounted the particulars of his Northamptonshire retirement, the business that had forced him from it, and the steps necessary to be taken; by which it appeared to Evelyn that, from sheer indolence alone, Tremaine was about to lose immense advantages from an inclosure, that was pending in parliament, to an amazing extent. He allowed that he had been to blame; but laid it upon his illness; and Evelyn perceiving that he did not like to be catechised, did not push the inquiry. The meeting ended in offers of service from Evelyn, which, from influence in his neighbourhood, he was very capable of affording; and in a promise of Tremaine, to return the visit as soon as possible, at Evelyn's mansion.

Left to himself, Tremaine could not disguise the advantage which his friend seemed to have over him (although seven or eight years older) in the buoyancy and spring of his mind, and even in activity of body. "He has never known care," he whispered to himself, "and having been able to lower his view of life in a manner I did not expect from him, he has had nothing to do but to vegetate; and, like other vegetables, he flourishes in a wholesome soil. Yet, there must be a great falling off somewhere, which I shall soon dis-

cover. With his mind, I could not have expected it."

Upon consideration, however, Tremaine taxed himself with injustice, recollecting that his friend had not only experienced care, but the greatest grief; while he himself had scarcely ever known a real misfortune.

The rest of the day was given to business, very irksome to the person concerned, who lamented the loss of hours consumed in perusing old parchments, wills, deeds, and arbitrations, and listening to his steward on a variety of interests. Yet, such is the force of habit, that when left a little to himself in the evening, and during part of the two next days, the liberty he had panted for was not relished.

Whatever we may think, liberty and leisure must be wholly without disturbance of mind or body, to be enjoyed as they ought; and the few hours that were thus left to Tremaine, were wasted within doors at Woodington, almost as much as they had been at Belmont.

Yet, Woodington had been the seat of his youth—the seat where his ancestors had been born, and trained to manhood; a manhood they had not disgraced. There were associations about this, which in other times would have made his heart swell; but he repressed the feeling, if he now had it—observing to himself, that these were mere prejudices, and as such unworthy a wise man to

indulge. Hence the fine woods and beautiful farms, which had struck him on the evening of his arrival, and the old battlements that were "bosomed high" among them, he now surveyed, or did his utmost to survey, with indifference.

He had been at Woodington some four or five days before he returned (for I cannot say he did not think of returning) Evelyn's visit. Yet the mansion of his friend was not above two miles off, and was clearly visible on a hill opposite to his own windows. He felt a little reproached by every look he cast upon it; and though he laid the blame as usual upon the state of his health, yet even that being confessedly better, he at length, attended by a groom, set out for Evelyn Hall. He soon crossed the river that divided the two houses, and was there so quickly as to feel additional reproach for not having been there before.

CHAP. XVIII.

AN OLD HALL.

"You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich."
SHAKSPEARE.

"Lord! who would live turmoiled in a court,
"And may enjoy such pleasant walks as these!
"This small inheritance my father left me,
"Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy."
SHAKSPEARE.

EVELYN Hall was not one of those houses seated in the recesses of a park, where a solitude is to be traversed before you approach its inhabitants. It rose (many people of *taste* said, too suddenly) in the very village from which itself and its possessors had derived their names ever since the Conquest. Cottages lay scattered in all directions, with every one its little forecourt or garden, filled with sweet herbs, and interspersed with hollyocks, poppies, and all the common cottage flowers. But, among these, let it be recollected, is the rose. How benignant indeed seems the Creator, in thus rendering this sweet flower at once the most beautiful ornament of nature, and the cheapest and

easiest of cultivation. I never see a rose at a cottage door, but I think it designed by Heaven itself, as the poor man's regale. "*Sua si bona norint.*"

Tremaine himself might have been alive to the air of gay comfort it gave to these humble dwellings; nor was the gaiety diminished by groups of healthy children that played at the doors, under the care (the only one that seemed left them) of several old men, who were consoling their age by basking in the sun.

Tremaine tried to be pleased, and sighed to think the time was gone by when such sights and sounds used to give him pleasure.

The house was very little changed from what it had been when Tremaine had known it, except that a high dead wall which had buried the front in gloom, had been thrown down, for a lighter fence, which let in the eye to the whole length of the building. This was only separated from the road by a large broad green court, blazing with flowering shrubs on each side, themselves overtopped by some very lofty timber.

At right angles to the line of the dwelling, quite in defiance of all rules of taste, approached the road, skirted on each side by a double row of elms, which formed a favourite walk of the villagers; while a bench or two, placed there on purpose by the good-natured Evelyn, afforded the alternative of repose.

And often was it enjoyed, not only by the inhabitants, but by many a wayfaring pilgrim or traveller; and often has a pedlar with his pack, or an old soldier, or soldier's family passing to their homes, been seen resting from their pilgrimage in that pleasant shade.

This was reproached to Evelyn by people of taste, as an eye-sore, and as letting improper persons intrude upon his privacy. Perhaps it did so; but to this he would reply, by asking how many minutes in the day his sovereignty was invaded? to which he would add, "many or few, God help them, they are welcome."

The house itself was of old brick, bordered with stone. It affected no sort of architecture, consisting, in fact, of nothing but three similar divisions, each rising into a pediment crowned by a ball of stone, with a projecting broad window or bartizan in each, making deep recesses in the rooms which they lighted. On the right was a bowling green, where many a match had been played, famous in the village annals; on the left a grove of oaks, peopled by rooks, coeval with the family, but which every person of judgment who visited Evelyn condemned as by far too near to the house. The walks were out of all rule; for though there were no figures in yew, nor nine thousand flower-pots in rows, of Reine Marguerites,* yet there

* In the garden of M. de Biron at Paris, consisting of fourteen acres, every walk is buttoned on each side by lines of flower-pots,

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was a regular return of the same flowers, (as many said, far too common ones), such as walls, and provence roses, convolvolus, and sweet william, which sadly offended the eyes, if not the noses, of botanists of taste.

Somehow or another, Evelyn could never bring himself to cure these faults; nay, it has been asserted, we know not how truly, that he was actually once detected conspiring with his gardener to restore the shape of an old peacock, in which a very large yew tree had once been said to flourish; and the story ran that he was only defeated in his purpose by the want of skill in the other conspirator.

But lest the sombre taste of Queen Elizabeth should convict the family of dulness, a gayer ancestor, in the time of King Charles, had rebuilt the back-front, after a design of the more modern Inigo Jones. In this, some white pilasters of Grecian composition relieved and lighted the pile, whose original red had long been softened into grey.

Such was the family-house of Evelyn; who, with the exception of the time he had passed abroad, and occasional visits and tours, to which he was not averse, had resided there from the time he came into its possession, a period of full twenty years.

which succeed in their seasons. When I saw it there were nine thousand Asters, or Reine Marguerites.—*Lord Orford on Modern Gardening.*

It was nearly that time since Tremaine had beheld it, and in the temper he was in, it did not please. He was full of Vitruvius, Italy, and Belmont; the proximity of the village offended, the church was much too near, and the noise of a blacksmith's hammer, returning at regular intervals, was not so far off, but that every stroke clinked upon his ear.

Yet how differently may we be affected! It is certain that I have often sauntered at Evelyn's gate, when there was no other sound that broke in upon the stillness, but the rhythm of this very hammer, and I have thought it music!

At length Tremaine betook himself to the bell at the gate, which not being answered immediately, he had leisure still more to criticise the situation of his friend's mansion. This he pronounced within himself to be dull, and wondered that a man of his known taste could have been content to dwell so long in the very midst of clowns. There was an air of rust about him, said Tremaine to himself, when he called upon me; and how should it be otherwise? Then recollecting the appearance of happy cheerfulness which Evelyn had exhibited a few days before, he set it down to the mere effect of a sudden meeting with a man he respected, after so long an absence.

"It is impossible a man like Evelyn can be happy in such a place," thought he.

A servant in a plain brown livery now presented

himself, and apologized with old fashioned civility for having kept him so long waiting.

The other man, he said, was out on a message, and *he* had been assisting his master in making a new walk.

He must be very much reduced for amusement, thought Tremaine; then, ordering the man to announce him, he entered the house.

The inside of it corresponded with the exterior. Old wainscots, old floors, and an old staircase; large fire-places, little regularity and much convenience. The hall was like all old halls, perhaps too large for the rest of the house; yet it threw an air of spaciousness, if not of grandeur, about it, which it would not have been so well without.

Its only ornament was the back and breast plate, in which a Sir John Evelyn had sallied forth to join Prince Rupert, previous to the battle of Marston Moor! The furniture, however, of the other apartments, which was comparatively modern, shewed that comfort, though without splendour, had been thoroughly studied. Some very good paintings by the old masters, added to family pictures, coloured glass, and other ornamental, though old fashioned appendages, gave a glow and cheerfulness to every part of the mansion, which dissipated all notion of gloom.

A door from the hall into a garden room, shewed books, towards which Tremaine mechanically directed his steps. A grand piano-forte, a harp,

and a violoncello, with many music books; some fine drawings in gilt frames (one of them a perfect delineation of Woodington), and a pretty large collection of belles-lettres, religion, and moral philosophy, to say nothing of Richardson's and all the best modern novels, demonstrated that this was at least not the most neglected room in the house. A silk work-bag and lace veil, shewed also that the inhabitants were not confined to the rougher sex.

CHAP. XIX.

A PARSON, AND A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

" Pardon me I pray you,
" I thought that all things had been savage here.
. . . .
" The fairest hand I ever touch'd, oh! beauty!
" 'Till now, I never knew thee."

SHAKSPEARE.

All further examination was precluded by the approach of Dr. Evelyn himself, and a lady whom he presented to Tremaine as his daughter Georgina.

Jaundiced as he was, the lovely, the dazzling freshness, of this young person, and the beams of a countenance in which modesty and ingenuous-

ness seemed to rival one another, could not fail to strike Tremaine with more than common pleasure. There was a natural grace in her manner, so evidently superior to that which is, or can be taught, that prepared to criticise, nay, even to find fault, he was in spite of himself, enchanted.

When introduced, she gave him her hand by her father's command, and though perfectly self-possessed, for a moment it called a blush into her cheek which the most skilful painter would in vain have attempted to delineate. The hand too which she gave, as he did not fail to observe, was of exquisite mould, and he was a great admirer of a beautiful hand. Small, taper, white, and of velvet softness, it combined with an airy foot, and a general fineness of limb, to produce that lovely symmetry always so powerful in its effects, and so infinitely more fascinating to a mind of taste than the most perfect beauty without it.

In truth, there was something in this young creature's whole appearance not easily to be described. There was a pensiveness in her arched and pencilled brow which instantly filled the heart of the beholder with interest of the most serious kind; but then again, all seriousness was lost in the fascinations of a smile, which lighted every thing into joy. Her cheek was dimpled, and gave a play to her countenance such as none else, in Tremaine's opinion, had ever exhibited. It was the lightning play so beautifully described by

Petrarch in the "*lampeggio del angelico riso*," of Laura.

Tremaine was, in fact, peculiarly struck; so much so, that with all his *usage du monde*, he seemed lost, till at length he stammered out a sort of compliment to Evelyn upon his having such a companion in his solitude; which must, he said, for ever have prevented time from hanging heavy.

"Why aye," said Evelyn, "a daughter is a good thing enough to help an old bachelor to keep house, scold the maids, and carve at table. It is a pity that I have not the gout, that she might complete her perfections by setting cushions and folding flannel. In other respects too," he added, smiling, "the lady is well enough, at least, she tells me so herself."

At these words, such *riant* looks were interchanged by the father and daughter, that Tremaine almost experienced a feeling of envy, though he knew not to what it pointed.

"I imagine," said he, at last, looking round upon a Guarini which lay open on the table, "that Miss Evelyn is made for other things than to scold maids, and settle cushions."

"That is a town compliment," said Evelyn, "and I must request," added he, smiling, "that you will not begin your visit to Evelyn, by turning the head of its parson's daughter."

"If you knew how I hate the town," replied

Tremaine, "you would not accuse me of affecting any thing belonging to it."

"Surely that involves a too general a censure," said Evelyn, "and if you are serious (which I hope you are not), I must express my concern at a disgust which I should apprehend, in one like you, must certainly be unsound, or at least premature.

"So far from it," returned Tremaine, "that few things could, I believe, make me relish the world again; and if you had your leisure all to yourself, I know not the man whose life I could envy so much as yours."

"Thank God, and my girl," said Evelyn, looking at her with affection, "it has not been unhappy."

"You should have added, your own disposition, Papa," subjoined Miss Evelyn.

"Be that as it may," continued Evelyn, addressing Tremaine, "I assure you if I were to complain of any thing in my life, it should not be that I had not my leisure all to myself: that is a demon whose slave I have no inclination to be."

"You astonish me," said Tremaine, "not wish for leisure! the prime, the only sweetener of life! the only desideratum of a wise man!"

"I am afraid I am not wise enough to be of that opinion," replied Evelyn, "for to let you into a secret, I have long thought I should not know what to do with it."

"With your attainments?" asked Tremaine.

"Yes! and more too, if I had them," said Evelyn; "and if I did not preach, marry and christen, besides poking myself into all the quarrels of the neighbourhood, to say nothing of raising cabbages, and growing barley; and if Georgy there did not, as I said, scold the maids and make butter,—what should we do, my little girl?"

"We should *conjuguer le verbe*," answered Miss Evelyn.

"Right, continued her father, "and be as badly off as the poor prince, who with all his high rank was miserable, from having nothing to do."

Tremaine looked his wonder, and expressed it too, that persons apparently so formed for all the refinements which leisure alone could produce, should so mistake and calumniate its blessings; but as for the prince, and conjugating the *verbe*, he owned himself ignorant of the allusion.

"Shew him the passage, my dear," said Dr. Evelyn; upon which his daughter took down a volume of Thiebaut's Souvenirs, and with some timidity, but the farthest in the world from *mauvaise honte*, and shewing only how much her first object was to please her father, read as follows.

"Que faites-vous à Potzdam? demandai-je un jour au prince Guillaume."

"Monsieur," me répondit-il, "nous passons notre vie à conjuguer tous le même verbe; oui, monsieur, nous faisons tous une conjugaison, et toujours la même; Je m'ennuie, tu t'ennuies, il

s'ennuie, nous nous ennuyons, vous vous ennuyez, ils s'ennuient; je m'eunuyois, je m'ennuierai, &c. &c.; enfin, monsieur, la conjugaison toute entière; voilà notre unique occupation."

Though Tremaine felt the pleasantry of the quotation, he denied that it could apply. "You would not have me believe," said he, "that what was above a mere unlettered prince, is too much for the well-stored minds of those with whom I am conversing."—

"Thanking you for the compliment," said Evelyn, "I know not that the prince was unlettered."—

"He was a prince," answered Tremaine, with something like spleen.

"But surely not unlearned," said Evelyn. "If the command of the best instructors that learning can supply, can insure the communication of knowledge, princes ought to be, and therefore may be, knowing."

"You forget," observed Tremaine, "that if the instructors are even well selected, they will not always enforce instructions; but they never *can* be well selected."

"And why not?" asked Evelyn.

"Because it is a world where intrigue and bad ministers carry every thing: it is not every prince that can have the good fortune of being instructed by a La Harpe."

"You are too quick for me," said Evelyn,

"otherwise I should contest your bad ministers; but you I believe are a Whig, and it is long since Whigs have been in office!"

Tremaine smiled at the intended inference, but with some bitterness; and Evelyn proceeded, "I, who am neither Whig nor Tory, am at least content with our own men; and as for La Harpe, supposing the merit you seem to give him, I would rather have named a Markham,* or a Jackson,† to prove not only that good instruction for princes was not confined to Russia, but that our own princes

* Dr. Markham, the late Archbishop of York, so venerable, so learned, so liberal, and so kind!—It is difficult to name the memory that is so much and so fondly cherished, by the friends, young and old, who survive him.

† Dr. Cyril Jackson, the late Dean of Christ Church, a man not more formed for the college, than for the court, the state, and the world. The latter he shuns, only (as it is said, and as we hope,) that he may yet be still more its benefactor. A man who was supposed to be most ambitious, but proved himself to be so, only by soaring above ambition. His uncommon powers in directing his college, are acknowledged by the first characters in the state, who may owe it in some measure to him, that they are what they are. His refusal of all dignities, and his retreat from the world, in a green old age, have puzzled many: it is for himself to unravel it; but as it is said the discovery will be posthumous, it is to be hoped it will not be soon. Of these two men, he who writes may say, as Johnson once said of one of his early benefactors, "I honoured them, and they endured me." Such were the persons of whose abilities and virtues as preceptor and sub preceptor, the two eldest of our princes had the advantage: which to their honour they acknowledge with amiable gratitude to this day.

With this note of the author, the editor did not dare to meddle; although aware how different it would have been made, had it been written after, instead of before the death of the person to whom it relates.

had enjoyed that advantage in even a still greater degree. You will, however, my good friend, I think allow, that there is spirit enough in the Prince of Brunswick's description, to shew that he knew his disease well."

"Then why did he not cure himself?" asked Tremaine.

"I suppose because at his years, he was too much upon the pursuit of pleasure, to think of making business."—

"Of making business!"

"Why yes! for with all our pride, our attainments, and our philosophy, I observe the animal too much preponderates. We kick against duty, and if force is not put upon us by others, it must be by ourselves. We in fact are too prone to be idle, and idleness, as my daughter's morality master here says, is "the root of all evil."—

"Pray may I ask," said Tremaine, "who is the happy person you speak of as Miss Evelyn's morality master?"

"The writing master of the village," returned Evelyn. Georgina smiled, and her father, with some humour, taking up a set of writing copies, designed for the village school, presented the words to Tremaine in handsome copperplate.

"Is not this rather childish?" said the latter almost picqued.

"Perhaps so," answered Evelyn, "but are we not all children?"—

"Not exactly, I hope."

"Well! I will not be so uncivil as to say so of a grave legislator; but reverend doctor as I am, I confess myself to be one, in most things but innocence."

"Waving what the discussion of that sentiment might lead to," said Tremaine, "you surely do not hold that any force upon us is necessary to prevent our being idle!"

"I never was more serious in my life," answered the Doctor, "for though growing an old fellow, I remember at school, I never was so tired as on a whole holiday, unless I undertook some long excursion, and that was the same thing as making business. Left to myself to lie under the trees, and read about it in Virgil and Horace, the whole day long, I found what was so charming in description, was in practice, the most insupportable thing in the world."

Tremaine here observed, with some peevishness, that it was not merely to read, or even to understand the poets, that would give the delicacy of imagination necessary to feel them: that some men were made for business, others for contemplation, and that every one, of course, understood himself best.

"Not quite of course, I'm afraid," said Evelyn, "at least I remember making what I hoped were very pretty verses, and which even gained me a prize at Oxford, upon the simplicity of the pastoral life, and the pleasures of viewing the world at a

distance: which I never should have done had I not been sincere in every feeling I described."—

"Your inference," said Tremaine.

"Why that I thought I understood myself; though I found afterwards I did no such thing."

"You have then been unhappy in your retirement?" cried Tremaine, with more placidity.

"Unhappy!" exclaimed Georgina, looking round her.

"Unhappy!" echoed her father, "not in the least, but perhaps I *should* have been so, if I had not found employment, in other words *made* business for myself."

"May I ask how and what?" said Tremaine, rather impatient of the subject.

"You may, and welcome," answered Evelyn, "though to ask a parson what his business is, is no great compliment to himself or his profession. And were I to name *the Bible*, I might say every thing.—But that would be to elude, rather than answer my good friend's question. Without, however, affecting too much, I may safely tell you, that that holy book, and its concomitants, do, in fact, form much of the business part of my life; by which I mean, the hours, more or less, which I pass in my study, and which for the most part are employed in teaching myself, what I am appointed to teach to others."

"And you never find for example, that to make a sermon may be irksome?" interrupted Tremaine.

"That I will not positively say," answered Evelyn, "but give me leave to ask, what *business* is not sometimes so? and if it were always pleasing, how would it be business?"

"You confess then," said Tremaine, "though you are master to do or to let it alone, you sometimes find it a constraint!"—

"I do," returned Evelyn, "and it is my point that I should do so; for it is this very constraint that makes me feel I am kept in order; which I set out with observing that we all ought to be."

"But *cui bono?*" exclaimed Tremaine.

"My own," said Evelyn, "for this constraint is not difficult to be borne, and it has the advantage, after it is over, not only of making every thing else appear pleasure, but making me think I have earned it."

"You rate the soul of a man of genius and knowledge but low," said Tremaine.

"I speak only of my own," answered his friend, "for I am persuaded my mind can no more enjoy its amusements, without the foundation of some duty performed, (which, pray observe is the same thing as business) than the body can relish its dinner, without having gained an appetite by some sort of fatigue."

"By what I learn then," added Tremaine, "you are still studying theology, although long a doctor in the science?"

"And a very good study too," returned Evelyn;

"I wish all doctors would do the same; for it will last the longest life. I affect not, however, to say I am so absorbed in it, as to preclude other studies in the way also of *business*."

"Might I know them?"

"Certainly, though you will blush for me, when I tell you they are warrants, and acts of parliament."

"Barbarous!" said Tremaine.

"But very useful," replied Evelyn.

Tremaine now looking about him with seeming impatience, the Doctor changed the conversation.

"It is a little strange, my dear sir," said he, "that in the first moments of your visit, we should fall into an argument on the duties of life, and that I should neglect one of the first of them, hospitality: will you not take refreshment? you seem more tired than you ought to be."

Georgina instantly rang the bell, and ordered dried fruits and cold meat, with an alacrity that shewed her pleasure in seconding the least hint of her father. Tremaine was struck with it, and some compliments passed between them which led to a conversation, in which the charms of music, prompted by the instruments, and the beauties of Guarini, prompted by the book on the table, were discussed.

The volume was open at that passage on the Spring, which has been so often admired, and which Tremaine read,

"O! Primavera, gioventu dell'anno,
Bella madre di fiori,
D'erbe novelle, e di novelli amori,
Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di delle mie gioje."

"By his reading it with so much feeling," said Evelyn to Georgina, "I hope Mr. Tremaine likes that passage as well as we do."

"It was always a favourite with me," replied he, "nor do I know which to like best, the sentiments, or the delicacy of the diction."

"I love all descriptions of the Spring," said Georgina.

"I hope you will long continue to do so," observed her companion, "but your love will certainly wear out."

"I do not think that possible," answered Georgina.

Tremaine shook his head; a smile, and then something like a sigh, escaped him. Evelyn fixed his eyes upon him, as if endeavouring to make him out.

"I am sorry, my friend," said he, "to hear you say this."

"How can it be otherwise," returned his guest, "than that an experienced man should feel differently from youth?"

"In knowledge of the world, I grant ye," said Evelyn, "and when we are really old and blunted

in the feelings of nature—but that is not the case yet with *me*, much less with you. I no longer, indeed, think of some goddess of a mistress, when I stand under a tree and listen to the nightingale; but the notes themselves, and the stillness and freshness of evening can lull me as much as ever."

"It is mere imagination," said Tremaine.

"And pray, what is it in a youth?" asked Evelyn.

"Reality," answered his guest.—"And who is to judge?—"

"The heart."

"Agreed, for it is the heart tells me I can still feel."

"I thought," said Tremaine, drily, "you had been absorbed in the bible and acts of parliament!"

"As for the one," replied the rector, "I know not the heart that would not be mended by it; but, neither in the one nor the other am I *absorbed*. I just take enough of both, to fit myself the better to enjoy what we are talking of, whether in such passages as this of Guarini, or the realities which he only describes; these flowers, this sun, and all the glories of the spring; and, pardon me, if I suspect my good friend, that it is the having quaffed too largely, of what ought only to be sipped, that has made you lose your relish for it."

Tremaine assured him he was wrong, and that it was only the disappointments which attended all the promises of the spring, that had induced him to make the observation.

"It is true," said Georgina, "there are disappointments in *some* of the promises of spring, but surely not in *all*: and as I take care not to raise my expectations too high, what the spring does not perform, cannot make me love her the less for what she does. Besides, it is the very variety of the seasons that makes them please most; were primroses never to fade, I should grow tired of them: and if there were no fears or labour in a garden, it would lose much of its pleasure when fears have passed away, and labour has succeeded."

Tremaine's looks became clouded. He found that a volume had been spoken in these few words, and that, however simple, nay, trite the sentiment, it had gone the whole length of his own case, in accounting for the little pleasure he had found in his garden, after his high expectations from it. He seized his hat, looked at his watch, and was preparing to take his leave, when Evelyn asked him how the business of the inclosure went on. He made a wry face, and observed, that there were so many jarring interests to reconcile, so much selfishness to contend with, that he despaired of surmounting the difficulties of his case.

"That illness has been unfortunate," said Evelyn, with a scrutinizing eye, "in more ways than one."

"Extremely so," returned Tremaine, "for in this instance, if it had not prevented me from attending to letters of business, I should not now

have to get over the legal forms, upon which illiberal people hold me at arm's length. One man in particular, though only a yeoman, refuses all accommodation, for no reason, I believe, but that he may say he does not care for the Squire."

"A good, sturdy, English reason, observed Evelyn; and yet, if you mean farmer Ryecroft, of Velvet Mead, he is, though rough, not without good nature."

"You know him," said Tremaine.

"He is one of the best of my parishioners," returned the doctor, "comes punctually to church, and pays every man his own."

"He did not pay me," rejoined Tremaine, "for being merely thrown out on a point of form, I looked upon what I wanted as my own."

"He, perhaps, thought otherwise," said Evelyn; "and though he might be wrong, chose to exert his birth-right of thinking for himself. At any rate, you possibly claimed a due, instead of asking a favour."

"I know not how that was," said Tremaine, "I left it all to my lawyer."

"My good friend," answered Evelyn, kindly, "*why* did you leave it all to your lawyer? Forgive me, when I ask what could have hindered your doing it yourself?—Velvet Mead is I know, within one of your nearest manors, and a pleasant ride to boot: your health, as well as your purse, might have been served by it."

Tremaine very frankly confest that he had more than once thought of it, but being engaged in his library, he had put it off, and at length deputed his agent.

"Why, if indeed, the business that engaged you was so pressing,"—said Evelyn, inquiringly.

"I own it was not," returned Tremaine.

"May I ask what it was?"

"A pamphlet on the Catholic question," said Tremaine.

"Very good; but which you had probably studied in town, when that question came on."

"I own," returned his friend, "it was because I had not studied it then, that I thought I would do so now."

"Now, that you have seceded from parliament?" said Evelyn.—

The observation did not please.

"Have you courage enough," continued the doctor, not seeming to mind his little embarrassment, "to go forthwith to Velvet Mead, and let me accompany you; and if you will but unbend a little, I think we shall succeed?"

"I'm afraid I'm too angry with the man," said Tremaine, "and at any rate cannot fawn."

"Fawning is out of the question," observed his friend, "and as you have slighted, perhaps you have no right to be angry with him."

"I will do what you please," said Tremaine,

MAHARAJA SER...

"but not now; to-morrow or next day will do, at present, I really have not time."

"Forgive me, my dear Sir, and set it not down to impertinence, if I ask what demands you have upon this same time, to prevent a thing so pressing?"

Tremaine, recollecting himself, found that if he that instant returned home, he should not know what to do with himself. He felt confused, and shewed his confusion; till at length he said, "you have a strange way with you; at my years still to assert your old ascendancy over me, is not what I expected. I am not used to be tutored, and have a great mind to resist, like farmer Ryecroft himself, if only to shew I *can* resist. However, I will do as you please."

A frank and gracious manner in saying this, so as peculiarly to strike Georgina, who had sat a silent listener till now, did not prevent her from lighting up at this concession to her father's activity.

"It will do you both a great deal of good to ride," said she.—

"And you Miss Evelyn?"

"Oh! Papa seldom rides without me; but, perhaps upon business like this I may be *de trop*."

"If you are," said her father, "we'll send you to take a lesson from old Mrs. Ryecroft, on the best mode of rearing spring turkeys. You know how you failed there."

"Miss Evelyn rear turkeys!" exclaimed Tremaine.

"No! she does *not* rear them," answered the doctor, "to the very great disappointment of my palate; and I do not like her to be inferior to Mrs. Ryecroft."

Tremaine could not help expressing something like surprise at this; which the doctor perceiving, added,—

"She is a country girl, and therefore ought to know country business. But if I were ever so rich, I know not a thing more amusing, I had almost said interesting, than a *basse cour*."

Tremaine hinted his opinion that, it was beneath the notice of the wise, the well educated aud the elegant.

"The wise in their own conceit," answered Evelyn; "or I would rather say the fashionable, the fastidious, and the vacant. But even the Cardinal de Retz was amused with pigeons, when separated from the world, and I need not tell you all the fine things that Addison was able to say on a hen and chickens."

"I would read them in Addison," said Tremaine, "but not plague myself with what, after all, a higler's wife would understand better."

"I don't know that," said the doctor, "if we were not idle; but the study of nature, in whatever shape, must always please, if only as a study; and in this instance the utility is so palpable, that it adds to the interest. For my own part, I know nothing more interesting than the sights and sounds

that surround a well-ordered moderate mansion in the country, where the family are not so spoilt by refinement as to be indifferent to the associations which they inspire. Thus the cackling of that hen from my farm-yard, not only is pleasing as a sound, but more so for telling me she has just laid me an egg, which being fond of, I think of my riches, not in money, but in kind, and am thankful. *You* can have all things for money; and this, like Fortunatus's wishing cap, by banishing the little interests attending their production, banishes at the same time their power of giving pleasure."

"You would turn Miss Evelyn then into a poulterer," said Tremaine laughing.

"No more than I would turn myself into a wine-cooper, because I keep the keys of my cellar; or the most accomplished Countess I know, into a cook, because she once a day inspects her kitchen."

"But what does Miss Evelyn say to it herself?"

"Why, that if I were to lose my poultry-yard," replied Georgina, "I should lose one of my greatest pleasures. I look upon my hens and chickens as my subjects; delight in feeding them, and deal out favour and reward to those who serve me best, that is, lay most eggs; a basket of which, clean, and milk-white, is to me, one of the most elegant, as well the nicest of Nature's productions."

"And yet the girl makes a very good courtesy, reads Guarini, and plays the harp," said Evelyn.

The horses coming to the door, saved Tremaine a reply. They mounted, and proceeded through a very pretty country to Velvet Mead House.

CHAP. XX.

AN ENGLISH YEOMAN.

"Where is your yeoman? Is it a lusty
Yeoman? Will'a stand to't?"——

SHAKSPEARE.

It was a large stone mansion, which had been an old manorial residence, and consequently was more spacious than necessary for a man who lived by arming his estate with his own hands. This inconvenience, bearable in itself, was rendered more so from its owner having applied one or two of the rooms to the purposes of a granary.

In the hall stood a sack of flour; what had been the great-eating room was converted into an excellent kitchen, in which bright pewter, and burnished brass, were resplendent; and a smaller room was consecrated to the care of the farmer's saddle, silver-bitted bridle, and Mrs. Ryecroft's well stuffed pad, flounced with green serge.

A parlour on one side the hall, constituted the only dwelling-room, where eating, conversation,

and work were alternately carried on. A door led from it to a green walk, flanking the kitchen garden, at the end of which was an arbour of honeysuckle.

It was after dinner when the visitors arrived, and in this arbour, at his afternoon's pipe, the Farmer was seated.

At the sight of his Rector he rose up, as well as sixteen stone would permit, and pulled off his hat with a civility, which was evidently sincere; hoped he and Miss were as well as they looked, and staring rather at Tremaine, and afterwards at Evelyn, seemed to inquire who he was.

"I have brought my friend and neighbour, Mr. Tremaine, to see you," said Dr. Evelyn.

The farmer instantly put on his hat, and sat down again, saying coldly, as he returned to his pipe, "I am glad to see you, Sir." At this he gave a whiff or two, with rather more energy than usual, but perceiving it annoyed the young lady, he immediately knocked out the ashes, observing that he should be sorry to incommode Miss.

"She is an old friend," said her father.

"Aye!" returned he, "I have known her sin that high, and my mistress be as fond of her as I."

During all this, he took not the least notice of Tremaine; who was evidently annoyed. Thinking, however, it was incumbent upon him to be civil, he observed upon the pleasant situation and goodness of his house.

"Why this house you see," said Ryecroft, "was bought by my father of your grandfather, before you was born: and many's the time both he and I have been up at the Hall, and were always welcome; but I don't know how it is, you don't live among us, Squire."

Tremaine protested it was not from want of inclination, but that he had been so occupied by attending Parliament, that he never yet had had time.

"And what hand did you make of it in Parliament?" asked Ryecroft.

This was a short question, which evidently gave no pleasure.

"I mean," he continued, before there was time for reply, "which side did you take?"

"Oh! as to that," answered Tremaine, with a little contempt, "I suppose I am right, for I was for the country."

"So we are all, I hope," said Ryecroft.

"I mean," explained the Squire, "that I was of *your* side; for I was always against the Government."

"Then you was not o' my side, and with submission, you could not have been always right," answered Ryecroft.

Tremaine bit his lip, and for a time it was a hit; for it was in vain that he thought of explaining the nature of a *systematic* opposition, which made every question the same: such a boor, he supposed, could not understand it.

Thinking from his silence that he had hit harder than he had, Ryecroft went on. "To tell you the truth, Squire Tremaine, I am not one of them that thinks Government always in the wrong; though I pay a mort of taxes too; but I'm for George against all his enemies, whether at home or abroad; whether they be French or English."

"This is too silly," said Tremaine, in a low voice to Evelyn, and then in a louder tone continued, "Why, my good man, do you suppose I'm an enemy to the King, because I oppose bad ministers?"

"How do I know they are bad?" returned Ryecroft roughly, "others might be worse!"

"My fate is decided I see," said Tremaine again to Evelyn, and looking after the horses, added, "we shall be late home, and gain nothing here."

"Hear the farmer out," replied the doctor; "I assure you he speaks the sense of most of this parish."

"And of the next too," added Ryecroft, rubbing his hands; (for he liked a dish of politics as well as any of his betters, and read two evening papers regularly in the week). He then begged them not to be in a hurry, and asked if they would stay where they were, or adjourn to the parlour.

"Oh here by all means," said Tremaine.

"But I must fetch you some ale," he continued, "and though it may be a bold word, I'll venture to say it's as good as Woodington can shew, for its life."

Tremaine assured him he never drank ale.

"So much the worse for you, perhaps," rejoined the farmer; "for excuse my freedom," (looking at him,) "you don't look well, not half so ruddy as your father, and perhaps it is them sour wines that disagrees with you."

Tremaine bowed, and wished himself at home, at Belmont, at the devil, or any where but where he was; but Evelyn, sitting down, and Georgina saying she would go and find Mrs. Ryecroft, he had nothing left but to sit down too.

The farmer being forbidden by his rector to fetch any ale, would not however lose his politics.

"Squire Tremaine," he continued, "but I hope (looking at Evelyn,) "I'm not making too bold."

"I'll answer for it," said Evelyn.

Tremaine again bowed.

"Well then," he went on, "with your leave, Squire Tremaine, I would wish to know what you thought of them Nottingham people?"

"Why that they were poor, misled, and starving," replied Tremaine, "much oppressed, and therefore to be pitied."

"I grant you to be pitied," rejoined the farmer, "because we pity them that deserve to be hanged; but did you think them justifiable? how did you vote?"

"I'm glad that I am not with one of my constituents;" said Tremaine; "in truth, my good friend, I did not vote at all; though I do not know

the particular question upon which you are catechising me."

"I mean," replied the farmer, "the question to make it a hanging matter to force them oaths as they did, down our throats. I shall never forget their catching me as I was coming from Nottingham, and with pistols and horsewhips, obliged me, God forgive me, to swear I would never reveal any thing about them, even though they committed murder: and we know that they did commit a many murders in those parts. Now the ministry did very right, in my mind, to make this hanging, without stopping for much of a debate; and yet some of the patriots, as you gentlemen calls yourselves and one another, said it was wrong to be in a hurry, and that there ought to have been more arguing about it. Arguing indeed! when our throats might all be cut in the meantime. The upshot is, excuse my boldness, that if you voted against this, or did not vote at all, which is as bad, why you and I don't agree, Squire, that's all; I hope no offence."

Tremaine assured him he was not offended—that every one had a right to his opinion.

"Why that's right," said Ryecroft, "only I was a saying, that this was the sort of thing that made me never trust a man the more, for saying he was for the country, only because he was against the government; as you did just now."

Evelyn smiled. In fact the farmer had got upon his favourite topic; his adventure with the oath-

makers, which he always said had nearly cost him his life; and as he had a horror of assassination, he was not easily silenced. Strange, however, as it may seem, the reproaches he had cast upon Tremaine, put him into better humour with that gentleman; for rough as he was, he respected all his superiors, provided they did not attempt to carry things by force; observing, there must always be proper subordination,—a governor and a governed —a master and a servant—and what was not the least favourite part of the classification, a husband and wife. All had rights too, he said, although in the two latter classes he was not very liberal in allowing them.

Be that as it may, at bottom he respected Tremaine as a gentleman, and his superior, as his fathers before him, (who had all been Tories, from the days of King William,) had been in the habit of doing towards Tremaine's family; and he began to feel that he had used his English liberty of speech with sufficient freedom.

As Tremaine's contempt too did not shew itself, he took his silence for proof of his own victory, and insensibly, in the true English style, grew better friends with him, as one he had vanquished. With these feelings he exclaimed,

"Squire Tremaine, I hope you will excuse my being so downright, but you know us English think we have a right to speak upon politics; and you yourself say I have a right to my own opinion,

which is very true, and shews that your having been so long over the sea, has not spoilt you. Now I confess the truth, I thought it had, and when you sent to me by a whipper snapper of a lawyer, who I can't abide, to get my consent to the inclosure, which you did not choose to ask for yourself, why d'ye see, I refused him plump."

"I know you did," said Tremaine, surprised at what might be coming.

"Why then you see too, I'll make up for it now, although you and I can never set our horses together about the nation, I see that."

"What am I to understand by this?" asked Tremaine.

"Why that our worthy rector there, Squire Evelyn, asked me two days ago to give consent, and I said I would think of it, for I really am sorry ever to refuse what he thinks right—he preaches too good sermons for that"—

"Thank you, thank you," said the doctor, "for I perceive that you have now thought better of it, and will gratify Mr. Tremaine as a good neighbour ought to do."

"That is the short and the long of it," replied Ryecroft, "so now you must taste my ale, and I'll get it in a trice."

At this he, with tolerable alertness, moved into the house, and returned with a foaming pitcher, of which the two friends, not able to resist him, having taken each a glass, they took leave of him

by shaking hands, a ceremony which he offered, and which Tremaine could not refuse.

"You see he is not so bad as you thought," said the doctor, after they had rode a little way.

"I find I am more obliged to you than to him," replied his companion coldly. "That you should have influence over him, I can conceive; but I must own the price you pay for it, does not make me envy you."

Evelyn, perceiving what he meant, assured him that coarse as he seemed, there was an honesty, and even a kindness about Ryecroft, that might do honour to a much higher polish; that the poor had not a better friend, and that in the several relations, of neighbour, father, and husband, (where not opposed) no one had more worth. "Why then should I not cultivate (if a few minutes in the week can be called cultivating) the good will of such a man, merely because he is unpolished? Even in an interested point of view you see it benefits. The proofs of his being a good neighbour have been not a few, and if you knew the power of a bad one over one's comfort (for which I need only send you into the next village, where the parson, the squire, and farmer, seem to live only to plague one another) you would find that as we cannot get rid of humanity, the best way is, by bearing with it, to make it sit as lightly as possible."

CHAP. XXI.

AN EVENING AT HOME.—ARGUMENTS—EARLY RISING.

"Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
"Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?"

SHAKSPEARE.

"Who's there!"———
"My Lord, 'tis I; the early village cock
"Hath thrice done salutation to the morn."

SHAKSPEARE.

TREMAINE passed a melancholy evening, which he, as usual, would not allow to be melancholy. He had refused his friends pressing invitation to dine at Evelyn Hall, without being able to assign any reason for it even to himslf, except that he was an invalid, and loved his home. When there, however, he sought in vain for the objects of that "love," of which he talked. His ride, and the collision of mind into which he had entered, gave him for a moment, an elasticity to which he had long been a stranger, but it was only for a moment.

His dinner hour was still eight, and he really

felt exhausted; and yet he still continued in the mistake, fatal to his health, of not relaxing the rule of a fashionable town life.

It was five when he got home, and there were three heavy hours to be waded through; he had no employment, and what was worse could make none. He took up a pamphlet indeed, but finding that he was thinking of the conversations and scenes of the morning, in which he did not like to own to himself how much his friend had the advantage of him, he gaped, and laid it down. He then wandered into the gardens, and beheld the sun approaching the west in all his splendour. There he found a delightful concert of birds, and shrubs and flowers were all pushing into notice, in the most pleasing array of opening buds. But he beheld them as a mere picture, as if their colours had been the work of man.

Here, however, for want of being able to settle himself to any other employment, he loitered away the intermediate hours till dinner; after which,

> "Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair,"

he indulged, until bedtime, in sundry wise reflections (for such he *thought* them, though he *felt* them to be neither pleasant nor profitable) on the manner in which he had hitherto passed his time in Yorkshire. At all events, he determined to pass the next day differently; and for this purpose ordered his steward to be in attendance, that he

might at once wind up the business which had brought him from Belmont.

The next day, however, before his steward could gain admittance, brought his two friends early to see him, and the sound of their horses feet surprised him before he had well done breakfast.

Tremaine's morning mirror had shewn him the face of a man who had past a restless night; and if the contrast between his own, and the awakened countenance of Evelyn struck him forcibly, much more was he impressed with the rosy animation, the buoyant, yet modest manner; the laughing, yet sensible eyes of Georgina.

"This is very good of you," said he, setting chairs.

"I fear we interrupt you," said Evelyn, "for I saw my old friend Jenkins, with a bag full of papers, and a pile of parchments, waiting for you as we came in."

"And do you think I am not glad to have such a business broken in upon, by such an interruption?" replied he, bowing to Georgina.

"More gallant than prudent, perhaps," rejoined his neighbour. "And if we put off business, even if it can be done another time, business may put *us* off when that other time comes. You know my creed in that respect. In truth we did some good business yesterday, and we wished to tempt you to a little more to day, especially as Georgina tells me she is sure riding is good for you."

"She is very kind," replied Tremaine, "to think of me as an invalid whom she can cure. I wish either of you would teach me the art of a good constitution. Though we don't agree in many of our maxims, there, at least, you have the advantage of me."

"What time do you rise?" said Evelyn, looking inquiringly at the breakfast table.

"I suppose not so early as you; but I am no system-monger, and it is not because I am ill, that I am late; I rise when it suits me."

He said this with the air of a man not quite sure of his point, but resolved to think himself right.

"And it suits you to rise at eleven," said Evelyn drily.

"Perhaps," added Georgina, interposing, "Mr. Tremaine is more ill than usual to day."

"I will not avail myself of that plea, good natured as it may seem," answered he. "As I am a whig in philosophy, as well as politics, I am an enemy to all force upon one's actions. I am therefore perhaps what those, whose *duty* it is to be up with the sun, would call a sluggard: but it is not *my* duty. Were there a necessity for it, I could leave my bed as soon as any one. When I have sometimes hunted, I was on horseback with the first; and when with the armies, as early as the men I commanded!"

"And why not now?" asked Evelyn.

"Precisely because there is *no* necessity for it;

and my rule, if I have one, is to have no rule at all. If I had any method, except *not* to be methodical, I should die of ennui."

"Should die!" exclaimed Evelyn, smiling.

"I know what that smile, and that emphasis, would infer," continued Tremaine, "and by the corresponding smile of my fair friend there, who has been taught so well to think, as her father thinks for her."—

"Indeed I always think for myself, Mr. Tremaine," said Georgina.

"I see, by that corresponding smile," pursued he, "that I am by both of you convicted of being as good as dead already. To resuscitate, you will tell me to rise with the lark,

"Who, singing, startles the dull night."

"It would be good for you if you did," observed Evelyn.

"Oh! no doubt! and you will give me too a sort of Claude picture of the rising sun; or talk with Milton of the morn,

"Her rosy steps i'the eastern clime advancing,
"Strewing the earth with orient pearl;"

and perhaps, (but I hope not), you'll end with the cant of Thompson,

"Falsely luxurious, will not man awake!"—

"We should do well in doing so," observed Evelyn, "for there is a great deal of truth, as well as beauty, in the passage."

"Truth, for a farmer, or a mechanic," said Tremaine, "but as I am neither one nor the other, you will permit me to do as it lists me."

"I am sure *I* will," answered Evelyn, "if indigestion will also—but I fear that will not be so complaisant."

"I shall not let you abuse Thompson's authority," said Miss Evelyn.

"And yet on this point his authority is good for nothing," remarked Tremaine, "for he was fond of the morning, only in his rhapsodies; his real happiness was to doze it away in bed."

"So much the worse for him," rejoined Miss Evelyn, "and I'm sure if it were necessary to be a farmer, or mechanic, in order to enjoy the morning, it would have been better, even for him to have been one;—and perhaps,"—added she hesitatingly——

"For *me* too?" said Tremaine.

"You have made me out," said Georgina, blushing, in the fear that she had gone farther than good breeding warranted.

"She is quite right," observed her father, "for I am seriously alarmed for your way of life. To say nothing of mind, there are no hours so precious to health as those of the morning; and if you were less of a whig in your philosophy, and would submit to a little force, to make you rise early, you would not be thus pale, and ill at ease."

CHAP. XXII.

MORE ARGUMENT—METHOD—AND NECESSARY OCCUPATIONS.

"So many hours must I tend my flock;
"So many hours must I take my rest;
"So many hours must I contemplate;
"So many hours must I sport myself."

SHAKSPEARE.

"AND whence, and what could be the force?" asked Tremaine.

"Why that's the difficulty," said Evelyn, "as you have in addition to your system, the misfortune to be so independent in situation."

"Pray observe, that I have no system," interrupted Tremaine.

"And pray observe that I wish you had," repeated his friend; "or if not, at least such a pursuit as you could systematically follow."

"Odious!" cried Tremaine.

"Useful!" retorted the doctor, "useful to interest, to health, to the spirits, the happiness, the very life-blood of man!"

"You speak *ex cathedra*," said Tremaine, "and almost persuade me to become a machine. It is certainly true that you seem in robust health, and I may one day be glad to learn how you contrive to dispose of your time, with so many irksome demands upon it as you *chuse* to encourage, and yet preserve that air of health and contentment, which seems to animate you. It is the destruction of my hours by impertinent fools formerly, and tasteless business now, that takes from me my leisure, to which the indisposition that wears me is certainly owing."

"If I have what you would give me," answered Evelyn, "it is owing to that very division of time which I recommend, and which you reprobate. The leisure I possess enables me to make what allotments of it I please; and by giving every hour its appropriate duty, I am enabled not only to perform it, but perform it with pleasure."

"You astonish me," replied Tremaine, "is it possible that with so much genius, feeling, and imagination, as you certainly used to possess, you can call it pleasure to reduce yourself to a mere machine?"

"Even so," returned Evelyn, "and in doing this I know not that I am acting otherwise than in the very scope and design of my nature."

"Impossible, impossible," retorted Tremaine, and with an energy that seemed to confer a momentary pleasure upon him, he broke out with

"The Poet's eye, in a fine phrenzy rolling,
"Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
"And while imagination bodies forth
"The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
"Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
"A local habitation and a name."

"Very beautiful," said Georgina, pleased with his whole look, manner, and feeling.

"But the application," added her father.

"It is easy," replied Tremaine. "For do you conceive that a mind thus rolling in phrenzy, thus brilliant in fancy, thus enthusiastic in feeling, can possibly be tied down to rules and hours, like a piece of brute earth, or to speak more appropriately, like monotonous clockwork?"

"Luckily for mankind," said Evelyn, "we are not all of us poets."

"But we might be," returned Tremaine, interrupting him, "and should, if it were not for those vile trammels, in which most of us are unhappily condemned to live."

"Doubting your unhappily," replied Evelyn, "I particularly doubt it as derived from what you call trammels,—for I was going on to observe that it is from those very trammels that all that is called *order*, arises; and the happiness of order in society, I suppose I need not point out to a legislator like you."

"It will do very well for tinkers and tailors," said Tremaine, with vivacity, "for tradesmen, and

secretaries, and lawyers. They must do their work, answer their letters, and attend their causes; but we are talking of men of leisure, and, pray observe, men of imagination."

"It is to these I direct my remark," said Evelyn, "and as a professor of idleness, I would presume to lay it down, *ex cathedrâ* (if you please), that an order of time, established for the various occupations of even men of leisure, would make them probably wiser, and certainly happier than they generally are."

"What says Miss Evelyn?" asked Tremaine.

"Oh! you know papa thinks for me," answered Georgina, "so you need not ask. But even in Paradise, in the passages you alluded to just now, our first parents were forced to divide their time *properly* (for I am afraid it would shock you to say *systematically*), in order to perform the *business* which, even to *them*, was committed by Heaven."

"Such a moralist as you would go far to convert me," said Tremaine, while her father nodded his approbation; "but can you seriously and sincerely say, (barring the beauty of the description,) that this address of Adam to his *helpmate*, (for so, indeed, we may here call her,) does not exhibit a very constrained and homely life? To be always digging a garden, cleaning walks, or watering plants! Confess this is but a vulgar sort of paradise after all, utterly subversive of the sprightly graces, the sparkling companionship of modern life, and more

worthy a market gardener and his dame, than the prince and princess of the world."

He said this with an energy so animated, an air so graceful, and a voice so impressive, that Georgina could not help being struck. She laughed, however, and was about to reply, when her father interrupted her by saying,

"We have wandered from the point, good folks, which is, not what is the *best* occupation, but whether *some* occupation is not essential."

"Thought is occupation," observed Tremaine.

"I grant you, and a very delightful one; but were we all mere thinkers, what would become of the world?"

"As far as the world is concerned, it has nothing to do with our argument," said Tremaine, pushing it closely. "The question is, must there be force to produce occupation?"

"To make it useful there must," persisted Evelyn, "for we are such idle rogues by nature, that if there is not, we are in danger, either of that disease you mentioned just now, or of something worse: hence gambling, and over-drinking, and what is as bad, over-eating; hence making love to other men's wives, gossipping, cockfighting, patriotism, and radical reform!"

Tremaine, rather amused with the doctor's classification, here took up Paley's Philosophy, which he had been looking at,—"One divine against another," said he.

"By all means," cried Evelyn; "I knew the author well, and respected him much; and such was his own activity, that if you can cite him for you, it must be as the devil cites holy writ."

Tremaine read the contrast between the man accustomed to a crowd, and him who had learned to live alone.

"Solitude comes to the one clothed with melancholy; to the other it brings liberty and quiet. You will see the one fretful and restless, at a loss how to dispose of his time, till the hour come round that he can forget himself in bed: the other, easy and satisfied, taking up his book or his pipe as soon as he finds himself alone; ready to admit any little amusement that casts up, or to turn his hands and attention to the first business that presents itself, or content without either, to sit still and let his trains of thought glide indolently through his brain, without much use perhaps, or pleasure, but without hankering after any thing better, and without irritation."*

"There is here no force," said Tremaine, "yet the man is happy."

"I remember the picture well," said Evelyn, "and could envy the subject of it; but among men, where is that subject to be found? Observe I do not use the word generically, for among women I really believe it frequently exists. I have

* Moral Philosophy, vol. I. p 38.

often, indeed, envied a peaceful widow, or a contented maiden aunt, provided she is completely past hope, living on a competent annuity, sitting all day in a window full of flower-pots, looking at passengers, mending stockings, and talking to her cat; these are real comforts. But there is one unfortunate defect in the case you have supposed, or rather Paley for you, as to the trains of thought gliding indolently through the brain."

"What is that?" asked Tremaine.

"Only, where is the thought to come from?" said Evelyn.

"Reflection, remembrance," answered Tremaine

"Work of day past, or morrow's next return,"

"Your supposition implies all I contend for," said the doctor; "activity, business, occupation, I care not whether of body or mind. Even my old maid, whom I fancied just now, must be employed; usefully if possible, if not she takes to scandal, and becomes the wickedest animal in the world."

"But suppose her at work, as you *did* fancy her just now," said Georgina.

"I have allowed she may be happy," answered Evelyn, "but then her happiness is bought at a pretty high price; neither more nor less than forgetting the world, or at least being indifferent to it. Its hopes and enjoyments, as well as its cares, must all be contracted within the walls that inclose these favoured beings. If that can be

effected, I am not sure that they are not happier, or at least freer from care, than those who are still running in the race. But observe, the race must be over, or never have been engaged in."

"But are they never to stir out?" asked Georgina.

"Oh! yes, to church, or their garden, consisting of a few marygolds and poppies; and as they see from their window every thing that passes, they may be said to view the world at a distance."

Tremaine did not much like the picture, and contended that it was a real philosopher, and a male, that Paley had in view, when he wrote the passage.

"My dear Sir," said Evelyn, "it was evident my departed friend, if he thought of a man, thought of him only as a fellow of a college, and not a very young or a very busy one. One, I'll answer for it, who had no pupils, and scarcely a sermon upon his hands; one in whom nature had done with her resentments, and I may add with her attachments; certainly with her ambition. You see the author himself says that the thoughts of such men are 'without much use, perhaps, or pleasure;'" and at any rate, ten to one but the nothings even of such lives as these are all performed by order and rule."

"Why should there be order and rule for nothing?" said Tremaine with some emphasis.

"Precisely for the reason I give, that we are so

listless, left to ourselves, that we should endeavour to escape from even this nothing, if we did not submit to force. Depend upon it this college professor of happiness and leisure would never be the man he is even represented, were he not summoned by a regular bell to prayers in his chapel, and dinner in his hall. The one prevents his lying a bed too long; the other divides his day before he has got tired of it. If he makes allotments of his time, *and adheres to them*, he is probably happy; but he must make these allotments, and enforce them upon his practice, or time will get the better of him. I once knew a good natured, useless, but happy idler of this sort: he had literally nothing to do in his college, yet time seemed more valuable to him than to the principal tutor; every half hour had its appropriate occupation. He was my study, from the 'general cheerfulness and equality of his temper: for I could not make out how a man who had so few objects, so few desires, and therefore, seemingly, so few interests, could manage to pass through every day of the year so very well content."

"And did you discover the secret?" asked Tremaine.

"I did. He was a man of the most exact precision in the nothings he performed. Precisely at half-past six, if in summer, if not awake of himself, he was waked by his alarum bell."

"Good!"

"Precisely at seven he was shaved, dressed, and at prayers. Precisely at twelve he walked to St. John's Garden, with no other ostensible object than to set his watch: the walk, however, did him good. Precisely at three he dined, and at six was at his tea in Darlington's Coffee House. If of a Monday, he was at the music room precisely at the proper hour, and precisely in the same place; about three benches to the right of the orchestra. If not of a Monday, he could not sleep till he had taken a given number of turns in Addison's walk, amounting to a mile; and precisely at half-past ten, he was *forgetting himself* in bed.

"Could this be happiness?" said Tremaine impatiently.

"It was negative happiness I grant you;" replied Evelyn, "but on the whole he was happy; and he was at least innocent. He knew not much of what is called the pleasures, but neither had he the cares of the world. He was by no means without sense, and he had competent learning; but with a view to our point, I am convinced it was the rules he had imposed upon himself, as to the division of his time, that kept him the quiet undisturbed being, whom many a man of a higher cast might sometimes have envied."

"He had evidently no mind," observed Tremaine.

"Perhaps not much, but those who have more might take a lesson from him. Were I a prisoner,

or in country quarters, with no pursuit from study or otherwise, I would mark out every half hour for its employment, though it were to pick straws, or play with a spider, like the Duke of Lauzun. But Heaven forefend that I should have this redundancy of leisure, except as a relief, now and then, from real toil.

"And yet this leisure, which you so much dread, this sweet *otium*, is the best gift for which we pray the Gods. At least so sings Horace, in his famous Ode; and he knew men as well as you or I."*

"Yes! but his suppliant was an active merchant, and '*Prensus in Ægæo*,' before he prayed. For while his ship gave her sails to the breeze, and was likely to fill his coffers, he never thought of *otium*.

"You would destroy the great sweetener of life," said Tremaine.

"Believe me not;" pursued Evelyn, "I would only make it still more sweet."

"By what?"

"By being *earned*."

"Earned?"

"Yes! this I take to be the great secret of human conduct."

"The lounger, who was envied by his friend the barrister, toiling down to the courts, goes to the bottom of this subject in three words. 'You are

* Otium Divos prensus in Ægæo.

happy,' said his friend; 'you have no term.' 'Alas! yes!' answered the lounger, 'but I have no vacation.'"

"I remember when my theory first arose upon this subject: but perhaps I fatigue you."

"Quite the contrary," said Tremaine, with good breeding; "I may not agree, but I love to hear you."

Georgina looked pleased.

"'Twas in an old chateau in Languedoc," said Evelyn, "where I passed a month with a middle aged man, who thought he was tired of the world."

"And was he not so?" asked Tremaine.

"You shall hear.—We moralized every day at dinner over a motto in large golden letters, above the great fire-place, placed there in the time of Louis XIII. 'Thou shalt eat the bread of the sweat of thy brow.'"

"Quaint enough," said Tremaine.

"Sound and true," continued Evelyn; "and had my friend, the owner of the chateau, observed it, he would perhaps now be alive."

"How did he die?" asked Tremaine.

"Why he was over-run with indolence, from having a large fortune," answered Evelyn.

Tremaine did not like the answer, and Evelyn continued.

"He did not *make* business, and from sheer

want of something to do (being too good for vicious pursuits), he took to eating, without earning it by fatigue; he languished all day for his dinner, with no pretence for it but having eaten his breakfast; a thousand amiable qualities, and even talents, were lost in this crapulence; and he died at forty of no disease but indigestion."

"At forty!" exclaimed Tremaine; "but pray why did he retire?"

"Somebody got before him in the army," replied Evelyn.

Tremaine reddened more and more.

"He grew disgusted," continued his friend, "and thought that by disgust, he had *earned* a right to retire. He said he was fond of books, and would educate his daughters. But they grew too troublesome, as daughters generally do, (looking at Georgina); so they were sent *au couvent*, and he died."

"And yet I suppose he read and thought," observed Tremaine.

"Not much of either; his reading was too light, and as for his thoughts, I suppose they 'glided indolently through his brain,' like your college man of leisure.'

"What would you have had him do?" said Tremaine, with a little spleen.

"Dig in his garden,' retorted Evelyn, "and then think, or read as lightly as he pleased."

"Mere useless, and therefore thankless labour," persisted Tremaine, "when a gardener would do it so much better."

"You forget Diocletian's cabbages," answered Evelyn.

"Every one has his favourite pursuit," observed Tremaine.

"Agreed! but will you, my dear friend, tell me yours?"

"The liberal arts and sciences," said Tremaine.

"Admirable! you can then never be unhappy, never be listless: and I should almost say, with natural good health, never unwell."

Tremaine felt himself pressed, and replied with some quickness, "I hope I am above a hobby-horse."

"Perhaps it would be better if you were not."

"What? reduce me to old Shandy, or his brother Toby?"

"Who so happy?" said Evelyn.

"Even they had no force upon them," retorted Tremaine.

"That was because they were so fond of their hobbies, and rode so well," rejoined Evelyn. "It is only where there is no decided cast of the mind, that I would have it make one. Once made and cultivated, whether from duty or taste, and every little change is pleasing, for every amusement is *earned*. The very right to chuse one's hobby, in

other words the right to leisure, or, as you would say, to *retire,* should be *earned.* If Diocletian had not earned his cabbages and his buildings at Salona, he would not have refused Maximian's advice to resume the throne."

"Yet Maximian, at least," answered Tremaine, "wished to resume, and so did Charles the Fifth."

"Neither of them had hobbies," said Evelyn; "and what is more, neither of them were really tired of empire, though they thought so. Say what we please, my dear Sir, of viewing the world at a distance, we are born in it and for it, and it is only under temporary disgusts, or with some object that is to make us more fit for it, such as study or economy—or at worst, when we are almost worn out, and really want rest,—that to retire can be pleasing. The mind is so active, that it must have work; and if no other is offered, will prey upon itself."

CHAP. XXIII.

THE RETIREMENT OF PUBLIC MEN.

" Thou dost miscall retire—I do not fly."

SHAKSPEARE.

Tremaine felt cruelly the force of all these observations; but recollecting himself, he said,

" I'm afraid you did not like Mr. Fox."

" I liked Mr. Pitt's politics better," observed " Evelyn; but to say I did not like a man whose uncommon force of mind, added to the most amiable temper and cultivated taste, made him the admiration and delight of his friends, would imply a want of candour to which I cannot plead guilty. But why do you mention him ? "

" He *retired*," said Tremaine.

" I doubt it," interrupted Evelyn.

" And yet he was perfectly happy ! "

" From the account of him I believe so," observed Evelyn; " but it was because I also think he did *not* retire, that I believe it."

" You surely forget St. Anne's Hill ?"

" Not at all; but St. Anne's Hill was but twenty

miles from town, and a debate called him whenever his party pleased. In short, he retired like our favourite Horace Walpole, who was always moralising on the world, but never out of it, and who *made himself business* at Strawberry Hill."*

"You forget," said Tremaine, "Mr. Fox's novels and geraniums."

"And you," replied Evelyn, "his great pursuit in Greek. Now a great pursuit is business; he therefore earned his novels and geraniums. *Quid erat demonstrandum.*"

"Very methodical," cried Tremaine.

"I am a man of method you know," replied his friend, "but as to Mr. Fox, you forgot, too, he had a partner in retirement. In truth, however, this retirement was only temporary; a mere fit of disgust, because people would not take his advice. This in a less great man would have been called sulking. No! he did not *retire*, and he died in harness after all."

"You surely mistake," said Tremaine. "His

* Note by the Editor:—One would suppose (but the date of the publication disproves it), that Evelyn had already seen those delightful letters to Mr. Montague, in one of which Lord Orford says, "Oh! with what joy could I bid adieu to loving and hating! to crowds, public places, great dinners, visits, and above all to the House of Commons! But pray mind, when *I* retire, it shall be only to London and Strawberry Hill."—Query: If the author had ever seen the splenetic effusions of malignity, presumption, and bad writing lately published under the name of Memoirs, would he have made Evelyn call him "our favourite Horace Walpole?"

country recalled him, and it was against his will."

"I do not know that!" persisted Evelyn; "at least his philosophy was soon and hastily laid aside, and at any rate the expectation, the hope of that recal, might feed him in solitude.—No, no! you must on every account bring some other example than that of Mr. Fox."

"The late Dean of Christ Church," said Tremaine.

"*Nemo nisi post mortem beatus*," returned Evelyn; "the Dean still lives, and if you think he lives without rule or method, that he does not impose force upon his time, and not only makes business, but engage in the very trammels of it, you are very much mistaken. By the bye," added the doctor, as if suddenly recollecting something, and looking at his watch, "the mention of 'business' reminds me that it is time I should tell you *our* business here so early."

"Why, if it is at all pressing, I think it is time," replied Tremaine; "but pray what is it?"

"Neither more nor less than to get you to ride over to B——, to meet your brother magistrates in their quarter sessions assembled."

Tremaine seemed electrified, and uttered an exclamation amounting almost to a shriek; such as we may have witnessed in a well-graced actor of Lord Ogleby, when Sterling asks him if he meant to marry his sister Heidelberg."

"My brother magistrates! quarter sessions!" cried he, shrinking as he spoke, "what can possibly make you think of such a thing?"

"I cry your mercy," answered Evelyn, "I thought you had been in the commission?"

"Why, yes!"

"And do you not mean to act? Have you not acted in Northamptonshire?"

"In some few instances I have."

"Why then, my friend, is it so wonderful that I should think an acting magistrate should do an act of magistracy? Do not, I beseech you, be affronted if I suppose, that what you have promised the world to do, you will not do by halves; and therefore I ask you again, to come away with me to the adjourned sessions for the West Riding of the county of York."

It was in vain that Tremaine protested he was not well enough. Miss Evelyn said it would make him better; Jenkins, too, waited with accounts and plans;—but *that* he himself was glad to put off, though Evelyn opposed it, till he heard that it really did not press for any particular day; and he allowed the excuse the rather, because his wish was to make Tremaine acquainted with his colleagues in the commission, many of whom were concerned in, and all might assist or retard the inclosure.

"You use me like a child," said Tremaine, ringing for his horses.

They were soon mounted; the day was fresh, Georgina looked charmingly, and for a time the Man of Refinement forgot his spleen.

CHAP. XXIV.

DELIGHTS AND DISGUSTS.

" I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
" Can lesser hide his hate or love than he."

SHAKSPEARE.

" Thou hast appointed Justices of the Peace,
" To call poor men before them, about matters
" They are not able to answer."

SHAKSPEARE.

The pensiveness of Tremaine's character was always inclined to unbend in the company of women, particularly of gentlewomen.

With all his loftiness, and even his disappointments, as he called them, as to human nature, the sex had a credit with him of which he had not yet been able to deprive them. There was hence a sort of natural gallantry, a softness in his manner to women, which his fastidiousness in other respects only made the more agreeable.

To be sure, nothing could be so easily forfeited where not deserved by the object; and as gentleness and feminine dignity were what he adored when he found them, so a look, or a word, much

more a gesture, that denoted their opposites, froze him, or warned him, according to the case, into indifference or indignation. Where this, however, was not disclosed, his disposition was, as I have said, to give them credit for those sweet proprieties, which, added to their soft natures, give them a right to demand of the most rugged of us, kindness, protection, and attentive respect.

Of all these was Tremaine's manner made up whenever a woman was concerned, provided only she had not forfeited her claim to them by any conduct of her own.

To see Georgina, was to call into its full life this disposition and manner of Tremaine. It had long indeed been latent, but was not dead; and its very suspension made it burst forth with an animation, which only marked it the more in the mind of her to whom it was now directed.

The whole character and appearance of his present companion denoted that modest openness, which, added to grace and real beauty, is so irresistible to the heart of man. Frankness was the predominating feature of her character; but frankness so tempered by dignity, without effort, that every thing seemed to spring from nature herself, —nature in her sweetest and chastest attire!

Such a character never failed to interest and command Tremaine's attention; it became a study with him wherever he found it, till frequent failures and disappointments, some of which have

been related, made his mind collapse, and for a long time closed his heart.

Totally unconscious that she was the object of his critical observation, uninformed even of his history, except that she had heard from her father much of his worth, as well as of his disgusts, Miss Evelyn acted towards him as she did towards her father himself, the only difference being a little more ceremony in her manner to him. In other respects she was perfectly unconstrained, and joined freely in conversation, or lost herself in silent pleasure, as subjects arose, or the beautiful scenery of Tremaine's park prompted.

Being very fond of riding, and managing her horse with uncommon grace, she challenged him with her father to canter up a long hollow bottom of elastic turf, and gave the word to stop, when an avenue of venerable elms called, as she said, for a slower and more contemplative pace.

Yet all was gentle, though sportive; nothing obstrusive, nothing not modest, and whenever the gentlemen talked, her attention to the conversation could only be equalled by the evident intelligence with which she gave it.

Tremaine, on his part, exerted himself, and the exertion alone gave him spirit and power. He had a rich fund of quotation, which pleased Georgina's taste; and whenever she was pleased, she was at no pains to conceal her pleasure. Could this fail to call up corresponding feelings in Tremaine?

No! his eyes and fine features, his whole carriage and manner seemed recreated; and what the most brilliant females of London and Paris had for years been unable to effect, was once again produced, in a few minutes, by a simple country girl.

He was in fact at his ease, very animated, and in danger of becoming enthusiastic, when he checked himself by thinking of much of the past. Insensibly he dropt behind, leaving Evelyn to engross his daughter; and having now left the beautiful precincts of Woodington and Evelyn Hall, and come to the high road, his new and so pleasing study, as well as his more moody recollections of the past, were all lost in the severe annoyance of the dust and heat, to say nothing of the familiarity of the numerous passengers.

Unfortunately, the passengers made no account of him or his refinement; they did not even know him: which he would have thought lucky, had it not given occasion to many stops and introductions, which Evelyn assured him were absolutely necessary.

All this soon called him back to himself; that is, *that* self, which time and the chances of the world had made him.

The horrors of the sessions, which Georgina had forced him to forget, were now all before him, and he lost in their contemplation, the whole train of those refined ideas, which the solitude of his beautiful park and the grace of his lovely companion had given him.

And in truth, the scene was not one to inspire a man of refinement, or any one else of delicate nerves, with pleasure. To one of retired habits, even though not under the influence of any particular disgust, it might have brought the reverse. Yet there was a sort of bustling jollity in it, which some might even have called gaiety, and which, by many at least, might have been thought not unamusing. Those, in particular, fond of contemplating human character in its different shapes, perhaps in its coarser varieties, might here have found abundant food for their speculations.

We will not precisely say, with a late eminent chief magistrate, that the Court of King's Bench is the place where the world may be most advantageously studied; but it is at least certain, that in the admirable ordeal of an English court of justice, and the various scenes connected with it, is to be found a touchstone for the being called Man, of which few can resist the power. Of all the exhibitions of him, perhaps there is none so calculated to shew him as he is,—whether in his windings and turnings, or his straight-forward capacity—his vices, virtues, or abilities—his little or great vanities, as the witness box. The confessional chair of the catholic church is nothing to it.

Proceeding all to this field of display, the road was covered with the various actors that were to take part in the scene.

The sessions, indeed, promised to be uncommonly

crowded, and our travellers past, or were past by, all descriptions of his majesty's subjects. Some went to do, some to be undone ; some to demand, some to suffer justice. Magistrates on horseback, or in their old post-chaises, which, except on such occasions, or to church when it rained, slumbered the rest of the year in their peaceful coach-houses. Churchwardens carrying books of rates, discussing, on a round trot, the merits and chances of the various appeals against them, and perhaps still more, the charms of the dinner that was to reward their fatigues at the parish expence.

Overseers conducting paupers, who had presumed to marry in settlements not their own ; and constables gibing with damsels who, without being married at all, had presumed to forestal the consequences of that happy state.

Some of these (the damsels) were entangling themselves with a very embarrassing subject, called perjury ; in other words, the profit or loss to their souls or bodies, which might attend certain disagreeable things called oaths.

Many were the attornies, in smug brown bobs, or Brutus crops, and trowsers of Russia duck, as their ages, and grave or dandy habits decided. Their clerks with saddlebags, in which there was often more papers than linen ; and young counsel in their gigs, with portmanteaus, in which there was much more linen than papers.

Oh ! for the pen of Yorick or Fielding, that

might describe the various emotions and passions, the lines, the shades, and the contortions of countenance, which shewed themselves in the motley groupe that entered the town at the same time with Evelyn and his companions.

A physiognomist might have had excellent practice, in unmasking hearts, which, generally locked up, were in this critical time surprised into a little honesty, not indeed as to their actions, but the discovery of their thoughts, spite of all laudable endeavours to conceal them.

Here might be seen an unfortunate churl, determined on indulging the blackness of his revenge, and excusing it to God and himself under the name of justice: another, balancing whether it were best to marry, or pay more than he could afford, or go to prison: a third, revolving the chances of being allowed an extravagant bill of costs; a fourth, in agitation whether a footpath, of which he had robbed the public, in order to make his own place more "melancholy and gentlemanlike," would be taken from him by the bench: a fifth, in fear and trembling whether, if he swore the peace against his helpmate, as he meditated, the protection he might gain would be a greater good, than the increased ill-humour he must suffer for it would be an evil.

One gentleman who passed them, well mounted, and who had his eye on a neighbouring borough, was evidently meditating a speech: another, who

saluted Tremaine, on being introduced, so low that he almost fell from his horse, was engaged at the time he came up, in solving the difficult point, whether my lord, the chairman, would bow to him before justice B—— his neighbour, or whether Sir Marmaduke Crabtree, another neighbour, would bow to him at all.

Amongst all these was Tremaine condemned to mix, as soon as he got into the high road; and the horror of scenes still worse that were yet to come, was not relieved by this specimen of their precursors.

In this situation, his wonder was at its height in beholding his friend, and even his friend's daughter not only not disturbed, but mingling with cheerfulness in the scene, and replying to numerous, and sometimes very homely greetings; with invariable good humour. This, and the dust and heat, made him more saturnine than ever: he found himself not well; he wished he had not been in the commission; wished he had not come; wished for even Jenkins and his parchments, rather than be where he was.

Miss Evelyn pitied, yet could not help rallying him.

"Is it possible," said he, "that your father can be pleased, and you not destroyed, by such scenes?"

"I do not know that he is pleased," replied Georgina, "but he is occupied, and thinks it his duty; and I believe it does good, which is saying every thing."—

"And you?" said Tremaine, inquiringly.

"Oh! I cannot be ill where my father is well; and besides, we enjoy home the more on our return."

"But this vile business is to last, I find, for two days at least; and really (with submission) I cannot help wondering at your father for bringing you: it can be neither fit for you, nor suitable to your taste, to be plunged into such a crowd."

"We don't mind it at the races," said Miss Evelyn.

"But to live at an inn, in the same room almost with savages!"—

"I am at a relation's in the town," she replied; "but to tell the truth, whether it is that, like my sex, I love gadding, or that I'm glad to see my father so occupied and so useful, even if I were not so well lodged, I should be sorry to be left behind."

Tremaine brooded, and sighed. He wondered that there could be such a difference in tempers and habits, but could not help reflecting upon the happiness of Evelyn, in having such a sweetener of life, in such a daughter.

CHAP. XXV.

THE COURT.

"Though we are justices, doctors, and
"Churchmen."—

SHAKSPEARE.

Though the court began late, being the first day, there was a very full attendance, and Tremaine underwent the ordeal of an hundred introductions, ninety-nine of which, at the very least, he thought unnecessary: but having put himself into Evelyn's hands, he submitted in very despair. Having retired to an obscure part of the court, he was annoyed by the chairman, who, in more fashionable scenes in town, was his old acquaintance, and who summoned him to take a place close at his side; a station to which his fortune and family-consequence in the county gave him every right.

Lord Bellenden, who thus presided, was a nobleman of great personal respectability, remarkably mild in his manners, and distinguished for integrity and good sense.

He had a great portion of what Tremaine called misplaced industry; dedicating himself, in truth, to

the interests of the riding of which he was lord-lieutenant, and understanding and administering the business of his useful and important office, even in its minutiæ, with ease to himself and satisfaction to all. He found his reward in the respect of his neighbours, and a content of mind which asserted itself in a very benignant countenance, and a plain but hearty mode of address.

Called upon, in the face of the whole court, to the most conspicuous part of it, Tremaine was forced, in self defence, to condescend to survey his neighbours, or, as he was shocked to hear them called, his brother magistrates, and colleagues in office. Nor could he help being struck with the contrast to one another, which many of them exhibited. The plain manners and appearance of the elder squires, gave some notion of the simple patriarchal character, which might still belong, if he pleased, to the English country gentleman. Not so their sons, who thought the year misspent if they did not pass a considerable part of it in London, where they actually figured with dandy reputation, and were so engaged by the charms of the toilette, that the old hereditary charms of the stable were in a fair way of being forgotten.

As all of these latter were purblind, their glasses, directed towards the ladies, gave them too constant occupation to attend to the business of the court; and by degrees, most of them glided off to parties at billiards, or a trotting match made the day be-

fore, leaving the cases before them to the care of the chairman, a few of the clergy, and a retired lawyer or two, now become magistrates.

And here, reader, shall we, or not, lament the total loss amongst us of that famed character, the old English country squire? Let no fine gentleman, or man of refinement, (whether in mere manners or politics, or even in literature) bless himself at our Gothic question, or suppose such a character beneath the moralist's or critic's notice. Though it seems to belong to the mere class of the "*Fruges consumere nati*," with all its apparent insignificance, its important littlenesses, and even its coarseness and tyranny, it has contrived (or it has been contrived for it,) to engage our dearest interest Such always is the interest which we take in things that are interwoven with our childhood, and it is in childhood that we most devour those seducing pages, in which not only the stronger lineaments of this character, but a thousand lights and shades, have charmed us almost without knowing it, and left a being dear to our fancy, though no longer visible in the world.

Genius has in fact consecrated it to fame, and painted it in never-dying colours; genius both delicate and strong! For it has been thought worthy the most amiable touches of Addison, and the sharpest chisel of Fielding.* But ah! these

* Note by the Editor:—He might have added Richardson, and surely (*Felix ter et amplius*), the painter of Sir Edward Waverly, and the inhabitants of Osbaldiston Hall.

sleep in their graves; and could they revive, they would look in vain for those traits in the English life and manners, which in Sir Roger, the Tory fox-hunter, and the better understood, because less delicate Western, enabled them to fix and fascinate the taste and fancy of every age and every disposition.

None of these were here; and even in the elder squires, there was an air of knowledge of the world, and of London manners, that destroyed all notion of that rustic simplicity, which, from one end of the island to the other, can now only be read of as a thing past and gone.

If there was any stamp of originality, any sharp protuberances of appearance, not rubbed down into general fineness by a general admixing with the world, it was in some of the clerical magistrates, who came full of importance, evidently not familiar with them, arrayed in full suits of rusty black, and high-topped boots carefully tied over the knee, with garters of green ferret or wash leather. Their uncouthness, and the oppression of their formal civilities to all their neighbours, shewed that, except upon such occasions, they scarcely ever quitted their parishes.

Tremaine, though his fortune and family were well known and respected, felt himself isolated in a place in which, however irksome to his fastidiousness, he could not help perceiving that the most useful business was carried on, where good

order was eminently cultivated, and justice, on the whole, thoroughly distributed.

Evelyn, too, had begged him to lay aside his refinement, and bear with whatever might occur, at least, till he had appreciated it on a fair trial; and he insensibly became less fretful within himself. He also did not fail to remark the deference which all ranks (including even the counsel at the bar) paid to every thing that fell from the lips of Evelyn.

In one or two cases, however, which came from his own immediate neighbourhood, where character was concerned, he found himself appealed to by his brother magistrates, and he felt obliged, though ashamed, to confess his utter ignorance on the subject. He could only excuse himself on the score of his absence from the country; while Dr. Evelyn made up for his want of information, and detailed all that was desired, which his daily activity fully enabled him to do.

Great questions arose upon a gaol, an infirmary, and a county bridge. As possessing almost the greatest property of any man in the court, Tremaine was here particularly addressed. But he had scarcely heard of them. His friend, however, took, or rather was called to take a leading part; and though there was much opposition to many of his suggestions, they were almost all carried by a considerable majority.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SUMMONS TO DINNER.

"Though we are justices, doctors, and
"Churchmen."—

SHAKSPEARE.

From the court the Bench adjourned to dinner; and reader, if thou hast ever had the good fortune to feast thyself in the great room of a great inn in a county town, enlarged by three or four rooms being thrown into one, for the purpose of giving ample space to "their worships," thou wilt figure to thyself the glories of the George, in its triumph over the Fountain.

These two great powers had struggled for pre-eminence for half-a-century; and each with alternate and temporary success. Many, indeed, had been the painful discussions held by the nobility, gentry, and reverend clergy of this far-famed county, as to the respective merits of these powerful rivals; though it was generally observed, that, according as Whiggism or Toryism prevailed in the riding, the feasting was held to be best at the one or the other.

A few honest pilgrims, indeed, there were, who were of neither of these parties, but above them both. They were your philosophers in politics, in other words, your levellers; who, in their love for equal rights and radical reform, thought that the aristocracy of inns ought to be opposed, like all other aristocracies, and that the meanest pot-house in the borough ought to be supported as well as they. They therefore poisoned themselves at the Rose, the Catherine Wheel, and at the Blue Posts, from pure love of their country, rather than favour those who had the impudence to insult the rights of man, by holding their houses out as inns for gentlemen, and supplying their customers with the best of every thing.

Be it understood however, that these inferior places found no supporters among the company which I have introduced to the reader; who, though they were radically divided as to the above-mentioned superior powers, united in resolving, that one or the other should be the happy seat of refreshment for the tired magistrates of the riding, in quarter sessions assembled.

It is not necessary to say more on this subject, important as it is, nor to tell the reader how it happened, that the George at present had got the upper hand.

It is sufficient that it cost one doctor of laws, three masters of arts, and two baronets, two years painful and persevering struggle, to accomplish

this momentous revolution; which, after all, had perhaps never been effected, if, in addition to a continued flow of success to the British arms abroad, the beef at the Fountain had not, during three quarters of a year, been, by the confession of all, too little corned.

The landlord of the successful sign, in a new coat of second cloth, with old silver buttons newly brightened, upon which was impressed the image which his sign professed to represent, had now twice announced that the greatest part of the dinner smoked upon the table, and that they only waited the approach of the chairman, to take up the fish; and this message was twice whispered to the chair, through their worships on the right hand of the court, (and in fact, had produced the instant departure of their said worships, in regular succession, to the no small annoyance of their worships on the left,) before the chairman thought proper publicly to announce the happy tidings.

This occasioned a considerable heart-burning; for the favoured ones on the right hand, who were first entrusted with the secret, and had thus obtained the best places at table, were almost all government men, who had naturally got together on the bench; while the unlucky party, who had as naturally adhered to one another on the other side, glorified themselves in the name of Reformers.

Now though the chairman was the most equi-

table of men, and had delayed promulgating the important secret disclosed to him from no other reason than that he was just at that moment in the act of finishing his charge to the jury, on which the imprisonment and whipping of John Hodges, for stealing turkies, materially depended,—yet, as he was shrewdly suspected of being less unfavourable to ministers than he *had* been, and the landlord who had brought the message, and the clerk of the peace who had forwarded it, were notorious Tories,—nothing could persuade the opposite party (whose profession, indeed, was systematic suspicion) that this was any other than a *foul* conspiracy, to use undue influence in favour of the friends of government, against the rights of the people.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE DINNER.

"I know a discontented gentleman,
"Whose humble means match not his haughty mind."
SHAKSPEARE.

AND so, in terms, and on his legs, it was represented to the noble chairman, by a gentleman known by the name of Counsellor Gloom.

This worthy gentleman was neither more nor less than a disappointed Barrister, who, having no business, but some fortune, had thought it better to look after the last than wait upon the first, and had for some time, therefore, retired upon his estate. Lord Bellenden, contrary to the wishes of many of the neighbouring gentlemen, had not thought it right to refuse his request to be placed in the commission, which he repaid by seeking all occasions of opposing his measures and opinions; and so great was his zeal, that his exertions seemed most agreeable to himself when the occasion was most personal to Lord B.

It was in vain that this nobleman, upon being thus attacked, instantly suspended the operation of carving, in which he was engaged, to the great annoyance of the reverend Dr. Juniper, the well endowed rector of Tremaine's parish at Woodington, who, though in nothing else, resembled in one point that celebrated character with whom all classical readers are acquainted, we mean Parson Supple. The resemblance consisted in being remarkable for silence at dinner; in all other points we confess there was little similitude, as the doctor was in possession of a fat living, and would never have consented to go to Basingstoke to fetch his patron's tobacco box, supposing so horrible a solecism, that Mr. Tremaine could have indulged in so filthy a thing.

This reverend gentleman had long waited for a

slice of smoaking turbot, which at last was actually on the chairman's *spatula*, and it was in vain that he gave an example of candour, by speaking to order, and observing that however he might agree with his honourable and learned friend, he thought his observations *ill timed.*

The learned counsel persisted, observing that for his part he could not conceive any thing like the time present for such a question, and adding, with a shake of the head, that he did not wonder at the universal corruption of the state, when many of his honourable friends themselves, with whom in general he was proud to act, had so far forgotten the spirit of their ancestors as on any consideration to delay the discussion of the rights of Englishmen.

This speech was cheered by half a dozen of the discontented side, particularly by a thin, jejeune looking young man, a physician, who had studied more of Price and Priestley, and the philosophers of the French Encyclopedia, than Boerhave or Sydenham, and who offered himself as seconder to any motion his honourable and learned friend might make upon the subject.

This little disturbance, which however had awakened Tremaine into observation, being composed, the business of dinner went on in good earnest.

As soon as it was over, however, and the health of the King was proposed, the disgusted counsellor, having marshalled a small but faithful band, began

the attack, by observing, " that though his Majesty had not a more loyal subject than himself, yet there were rights more dear to Englishmen than even the health of the King (a great groan from most, with, " hear ! hear !" from the physician) ; that privilege, and equality of treatment, were among them, and that therefore, though the toast ought certainly to be drunk, he expressly rose to urge its postponement, until the great affront that had been put upon his part of the table had been investigated, and its authors ascertained and properly censured." This was seconded by the physician, but a shew of hands deciding in the negative by a great majority, the standing toasts were all drank, and Sir Marmaduke Crabtree, who was in the House of Commons, rose to move that the accusation should be voted frivolous and vexatious. This produced a short debate, which might have been longer, had not Evelyn shewed the ridicule of the whole proceeding so forcibly, and at the same time so good humouredly, that it dropt. The conversation then subsided into a discussion of the cases that had occurred in court, mixed with excursions into the game and militia laws, sporting, and other topics of the same laudable nature.

Foreign politics were of course not forgotten, for there had been a partial discourse at the upper end of the table, in which the retreat of Buonaparte to Elba was discussed. Sir Marmaduke, who was staunch for government, said it was all over with

him; that he at first had been for putting him to death, but that it was better to let him live in disgrace, in a place where he might always be seized if necessary.

"That's just what my newspaper says," observed a Mr. Placid, who sat near him, and who was a gentleman remarkable for his great deference to all his superiors, particularly his wife.

Now Sir Marmaduke valued himself on his large estate, and not a little, when among his brother squires, upon his seat in parliament; and he besides looked down upon Placid, not merely because he had not half his number of acres, but because he was a timid, supple man, who lived almost entirely at home.

Not liking the observation, therefore, he rather roughly answered, "Sir, it is my own opinion. I think for myself, and don't gather my notions from newspapers."

"Nor I," said Placid, "only it is wonderful how all the newspaper says comes right."

"No newspaper knows any thing at all about the matter," observed Sir Marmaduke, in a tone of sovereign contempt, (but so as to make it uncertain whether he meant it for Placid or the newspaper), "that is, except as government chuses to tell them."

"So I suppose," ventured Placid, who seemed afraid, yet resolved to try his strength in a public conversation.

"I am sure I cannot pretend to know things as you do, Sir Marmaduke."

"Why no," continued the baronet, relaxing, "there you are right; I am what you may call at the fountain head, and see the minister every day in the house, and speak to him too whenever I wish it; and I told him the last time I saw him, that I thought the Emperor of Russia was a great deal too magnanimous, and courted popularity too much, like one of us members, I said, and that the French would soon presume upon it."

"Dear me," exclaimed Placid, "that's all in the newspapers too."

The baronet looked ferocious, and damned the newspapers; when Placid, in a humble tone, asked his opinion of the value of Elba; adding, that he heard it was remarkably strong.

"Why look you, sir," said the baronet, half angry half pleased with the conceit that had just struck him, "what signifies a strong island against an English ship of the line? and as for its fertility, I am a fox-hunter, though you, I believe, never saw a hound in your life—and I should be glad to know if there are any good fox whins in the whole island of Elba? and if there are not, do you see, pray what is its value? answer me that!"

Placid, drawing in, protested he knew nothing about the matter.

"So I thought," cried Sir Marmaduke, "and therefore I think we had better talk of something we all of us understand."

The tone in which this was uttered, was quite

hint enough for Placid to discover he had gone too far. He had satisfied his ambition in venturing to talk to Sir Marmaduke in public, and by no means wished to offend him. He was in fact one of those beings, sometimes to be met with, who have much awkward shyness but no real modesty; whose vanity is perpetually pushing them beyond their place, into which they are made to shrink in a moment, when the silly flattery by which they hope to succeed is refused or repelled.

Sir Marmaduke then turned to Tremaine, for whom he had some respect, on account of his large property, but chiefly as an old member of parliament, and very familiarly asked him why they had seen nothing of him that winter at St. Stephen's.

Tremaine was annoyed at the suddenness of a question, by no means agreeable in itself; he had set upon tenter hooks during the whole conversation, which gave him no liking for his overbearing neighbour, and he shrank from the interrogation with a disgust very little concealed.

Evelyn, however, interposed, and said,

"It is not every one, Sir Marmaduke, who has a constitution that can bear late nights, and hot houses, like you."

"Why true! I never miss a division," remarked the baronet, complacently.

"And what have you got by it?" asked Dr. Juniper, who had hitherto been silent.

"That's neither here nor there," answered Sir Marmaduke, nodding significantly.

"Mr. Tremaine has not had good health, and has lately been detained here, upon very particular business, in which he hopes you may, for you can, help him," said Dr. Evelyn.

"As how?" asked the baronet, with an air of dignity.

Evelyn then begged to change places with Tremaine, and detailed in a few words the interest Tremaine had in the inclosure, and the assistance which Sir Marmaduke's consent and support would give him.

"And why does not he ask it himself?" demanded the baronet, loud enough for the party to hear him.

"He is a reserved man," said Evelyn, "and is at present not in good health."

"He is on the wrong side," observed the baronet, "and calls himself a Whig—now I call myself a Whig too, but it is an old one, for I am for the King, and for Hanover, and you know at the beginning of the French revolution—"

Evelyn trembled, for he was in the jaws of a gulph from which he knew he should not soon escape, when luckily louder voices, and disputes growing warmer and warmer, close by them, for that time saved him.

The baronet, however, who really respected Evelyn, exclusive of his being on the same side in

politics, and all the country interests, (no small ingredient) finding that his own advantage or disadvantage, was not at all concerned in it, promised that consent to the doctor for his friend, which he certainly would have refused to his friend himself.

CHAP. XXVIII.

PRIVACY.

"But that your royalty holds idleness your subject,
"I should take you for idleness itself."

SHAKSPEARE.

If this is Evelyn's world, *in* which and *for* which we are born, said Tremaine to himself, the morning after he got home;—if these are the charms of society (and he sauntered up and down the great dining room, in a meditating, picktooth sort of manner), *I* at least have no wish to return to it.

No! he continued, taking up a Horace, where he bids adieu to the "*Fumum strepi tusque Romæ*," every one has his own maxims and pattern of life, and be thou mine, thou choice and refined spirit —thou knewest how to live with *men*, though not perhaps (and he paused, taking a stride or two be-

fore he finished the sentence) not with country justices.

At this moment Jenkins appeared.

"Not now, my good friend," said the refined master, "I am at present too much at my ease to interrupt it with trash."

"No!" persisted he (gently pushing the steward out of the room, and coming back to his chair, as if he had done a great feat), "such tranquillity, after such a storm, shall not be ruffled again but by my own fault."

The door, in closing upon Jenkins, seemed to close upon all that Tremaine could fear, and left him in possession of all he professed to wish for himself.

Now this is a possession of an extremely doubtful nature, and may, like many other possessions, be turned to good or bad account; or, like the talent in the parable, to no account at all, according to the skill, knowledge, and capital, the good or bad management of the owner. Sometimes a fortune is spent upon it, and yet the property is never the better, nor the master the richer; the recipient, indeed, is often like a quicksand, on which time, labour, and materials are all bestowed, without its being made capable of growing one single blade of grass, but all is sullen, and dry, and withered, so that a hungry goat or ass will scarcely browze upon it.

Sometimes it is a web, that may be wrought into a beautiful gossamer fineness, equal to receiv-

ing the most splendid dye, and fashioned into a thousand graceful folds, but, from its very texture, too flimsy for use, and tearing at a touch.

It is only when it is the growth of a sound and mellow soil, or by incredible pains in its cultivation, that this equivocal possession called self flourishes. Nature and art then seem to go hand in hand together, the former being always the principal, the latter only the subordinate agent, in bringing it to perfection.

To which of these three classes the self of Tremaine belonged, the reader may perhaps be able to determine as well as we could for him.

He was certainly not of the first,—as little, perhaps of the last;—and to have compared him to the middle one, would certainly have been to do him injustice. Be that as it may, he was at this moment not so much disappointed as usual, in the enjoyment of this possession; a fillip seemed to have been given to his spirits, and from the horrors he had just experienced, it was astonishing how happy he felt.

The truth is, he had been sufficiently uncomfortable abroad, to be glad that he was at home again; and this, I believe, goes to the bottom of the whole question.

"Souse him in cold water,"—said the sensible physician of a rich man, on whose case he was consulted; "or roll him in the mud, or overturn his post-chaise!"

"Throw but a stone, the giant dies," said another sage, who was a poet, or at least a verse-maker—"it is nothing but hyp—he has got the spleen."

"Then send him to Ireland," says a third; "or round the world," cries a fourth; "or get him on a committee of the House of Commons," suggests a fifth; "or fall in love," adds a sixth.*

Strange! that with so many remedies, this plaguy disease I just now mentioned should be suffered to remain a moment in this fair isle!

It is not the absence of a good we covet, that moves this devil within us; but sheer uneasiness, when all we covet is gained.

Yet who shall say, that this uneasiness is not forced upon us for wise purposes—that the will may be exercised, and liberty enjoyed?

If the reader will not take my word for this, he may find it in Mr. Locke's famous chapter upon power, liberty, and necessity, under the head of Volition.

"But who ever heard of introducing Locke to the readers of a novel?"

"A novel! I did not know I was writing one."

"May we venture to inquire, then, what you *are* writing?"

"As I hope for readers, I intended it as a treatise of moral philosophy."

* Dr. Falconer, in his little book on the Passions, has cited an account from medical reporters, that in the year of the rebellion there was no instance in England of an hysteric patient.

CHAP. XXIX.

QUIZZING.

"Thou are in a parlous state, shepherd.
"Not a whit, Touchstone; those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country, as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court."

SHAKSPEARE.

A FEW moments ago we left Tremaine strolling up and down his great dining room, with a Horace in his hand, which he read with more relish than he had ever done, since he had (what he called) shut himself up.

The sun blazed full upon the garden door, at which he stopt at almost every turn, alternately gazing at the glories it presented, and again communing with the agreeable heathen he was so fond of.

His nerves had never been so little irritated.

"I know not how, or why," said he aloud, and looking abroad, "but solitude seems to have peculiar charms for me this morning."

"What will you give me, and I'll tell you both

the how and the why," said Evelyn, stealing in behind him.

"I'm afraid it will baffle even your philosophy,' said his friend, shaking hands with him.

"No! it confirms it all," replied Evelyn, "for it proves my favourite tenet of the necessity of earning our tranquillity. You have *earned* it for a little while, by the two days' sacrifice you made to duty. It was a very painful one, I allow," continued he, perceiving that Tremaine looked dissentingly; "but, upon the whole, you behaved well, and for all your sour looks, 'my dukedom to a beggarly denier' but your present placidity is owing entirely to the interruption there has been to the sameness of an unoccupied life."

"I deny the unoccupied," answered Tremaine, glancing at his Horace, "and as to the sameness, I also deny that it can possibly flow the better for such an interruption."

"That babbling brook yonder," observed Evelyn, looking out, "contradicts you better than I can: you see its natural flow is like the placid Arar, which you, and I, and Cæsar before us, have noticed and admired."

"I know nothing of the Arar," said Tremaine.

"*Incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis, in utram partem fluit, judicari non possit.*" "How often ('*per fines Æduorum et Sequanorum*') both you and I have admired the justness of this description," continued Evelyn.

" Truce with your learning," exclaimed Tremaine; " for what has all this to do with solitude?"

" An illustration, merely," said the doctor, " the first that came to hand, but none the worse for that. You see the three or four little rocks, or rather mere stones, in the bottom of the brook, that impede its natural gentleness; and you also see how much the faster, how much more brisk, and lively, and petulant it flows; with what vivacity it sings, as it were, with joy, as it rattles from stone to stone, and how its increased rapidity continues for almost half a furlong, all in consequence of the little struggle to get free."

" You are quite poetic this morning," said Tremaine.

" Only a little oratorical," answered the doctor: " but in good truth it speaks a volume. The sessions are the rock"-

" On which I split," said Tremaine.

" Too common-place," observed Evelyn, " and not correct either, for instead of splitting, I am sadly out if they have not sent you more merrily on your voyage."

" You might as well duck me in the horse-pond, and say I was the happier," retorted Tremaine.

" Perhaps a better remedy than all," replied the doctor.

" But seriously, my old friend," pursued the fastidious recluse, " do you yourself think the scenes we went through agreeable?"

"That is not the point," answered Evelyn; "I do not think physic agreeable, but yet I'm forced sometimes to take it."

"Then you own a bench of justices are a dose of physic."

"It is for my purpose to do so," rejoined the practical moralist, "for physic makes me enjoy myself after it is over, and so do the sessions."

"Then you had no pleasure; and if your mind had been in health, you would not have visited them?"

"Not absolutely so."

"With your tastes, how could it be otherwise?"

"We did good," replied Evelyn, "and that was a palpable gain."

"This may be very true," said Tremaine, "but you must allow that most of the people whom we were compelled to associate with were quizzes; and I must laugh at a quiz wherever I find him."

"Have a care that he does not laugh at you," answered Evelyn; "and indeed I question very much whether a hale constitution, and hearty though boisterous cheerfulness, have not a thousand times more reason to laugh, than a splenetic mind in a body sick with refinement?"

"You are cruel," said Tremaine.

"Only a faithful friend," replied Evelyn; "besides, I'm jealous for the honour of the cloth, and my brother-magistrates; and as we slave without reward, to keep you in security, depend upon it

the world will give us our due, though a fine gentleman refuse it. We ask who this fine gentleman is? what right he has to despise us? and we find, perhaps, that it is founded upon his wearing boots with white tops instead of brown, and being perfectly idle while we work."

"My dear friend," said Tremaine, "you cannot suspect me of alluding to you!"—

"Perhaps not; but I am no better than those to whom you did allude—perhaps inferior to them; many of them are worthy, some of them wise, all with a certain cultivation of intellect; uncouthness (where they are uncouth) soon wears off; and depend upon it, real usefulness must in the end meet with its reward, in real respectability."

Tremaine felt pushed—but rallying, exclaimed, "what would you say to Dr. Juniper passing up St. James's Street, while White's or Boodle's were full of fashionable critics?"

"Why though fashion is arbitrary enough," answered Evelyn, "she yet binds those only who choose to acknowledge her laws; now what if these grave personages were to laugh at fashion, as much as fashion could for the life of her, laugh at *them*?"

"Impossible!" said Tremaine.

"Not only possible, but, I believe, very true: for, *not being one of the sect*, they may at least despise as much as they are despised."

Tremaine smiled contemptuously.

"And yet, for all that smile of contempt, it is the plain account," continued the Doctor; "and the honest sailor, who laughed at the Frenchman, for calling a hat a *chapeau*, was not more impotent in his criticism, than the critics you mention would be towards persons who are not their subjects. It is only the votaries of a particular deity, who can be hurt at having their incense refused; and a Protestant might as well be mortified at being refused holy water by the Pope, as that an unfashionable person, who thinks of higher, or even only of different things, should feel any thing from the sneer of a *petit-maître*."

"Very sententious, and very fine in theory," said Tremaine, "but always contradicted in practice: for however bold we all are in our closets and our gardens, (here the two disputants insensibly had strolled into the garden)—I say, however firm we may feel among our parishioners and our clowns, I fear the world resumes its hold upon us the moment we return to it: and though you have naturally the *maintien noble* belonging to your family, you yourself, my dear Doctor—"

"Would be quizzed," interrupted Evelyn, "in St. James's Street; and you yourself would be afraid to walk by White's with me;—is that what you would say?"

"Not exactly the last, at least not now, whatever I might have done ten years ago."

"But the first?" said Evelyn.

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"Why, if you did happen to be quizzed, I should like to know how, with all your wisdom, you would bear it," said Tremaine.

"I once was in that *most trying* situation," said Evelyn, drily.

Now, amongst Tremaine's weaknesses, we have not concealed his love of fashion, spite of ten thousand professions, which all went to level it at the feet of philosophy. Often had he been known to say, that a wise man was always independent of a thing so fleeting, so intrinsically insignificant; yet no man more accurately than himself exacted, and paid the full measure of consideration which it demanded.

Born a man of quality, though born also for something better, he gave a consequence in the world to a thousand things, which in his closet he said were of no consequence at all.

To be quizzed, much more to be what is called *cut* by any one, never, indeed, entered his contemplation; but had it so happened, though by a duke, or royalty itself, it would have been a crime *læsæ magistatis,* never to be forgiven.

With this disposition, he was not unobservant of that tyrannous power which certain sprigs of fashion, and certain men of wit, in the fashionable clubs, exercise over every body else, in all the points that are deemed legitimate objects of quizzing.

Their despotism is so great, that not even *he*

stopt to ascertain its real nature, or how it came to be acquired. It was enough that all bowed, or seemed to bow to it; and he had himself sat sufficiently often in the window at White's, to conceive almost as high an idea of its power, as a judge has of the dignity of the bench.

His detractors (for he had them) went, indeed, so far as to say, the only man for whom he ever shewed any real deference was a certain beau, who, spite of all his wants of birth, fortune, and connection, had, by the force of a masterly genius, acquired such an ascendancy over the dandies, as be called their sovereign.

It is certain this beau had not spared Tremaine, who, he said, with all his claims to reputation (which on the whole he was disposed to allow), had yet an original defect in his education, in having studied the law. It was observed that Tremaine not only forgave this piece of temerity, but conceived a high respect for the genius, abilities, and powers of him who was guilty of it, and there was a sort of fashionable alliance between them ever afterwards.

From all this, he was curious to hear the doctor's answer to his question, how he would bear quizzing at White's.

They had now reached the lawn, and had fallen into a sort of lounging pace.

"I think," said the Doctor, with dry gravity, looking at his boots, and switching them with his

whip, "I think I'm pretty well, even now, though an oldish sort of a person; and if I were this moment to pass through St. James's Street, I really don't see the right which my Lord A. or B. would have to laugh at me; at least I might, with some exertion of philosophy, bear it—perhaps even laugh at them."

"Oh! you are perfectly well," said Tremaine; "and with your dignitary's hat, might even command respect."

"I'm afraid you flatter; but give me leave to ask, what would be the effect if I were to appear in a grenadier's cap?"

"You would be—not quizzed, but hooted."

"And why more than Lord A. himself, who wears his in the same place every time he is on guard?"

"*He* is in his place," replied Tremaine; "*you* would be out of it."

"Exactly so; and you see, therefore, it is the being in and out of one's place, and not this or that appearance, that exposes one to be legitimately quizzed."

"Legitimately quizzed?" exclaimed Tremaine.

"Yes! you see I give the subject all scientific dignity; and, in truth, it is quite important enough to rank among the sciences."

"I'm afraid *you* are now quizzing *me*," said Tremaine.

"Far from it: I only wished to give due honour

to what seemed to you of such importance. To proceed, then, I hinted that, for quizzing to take effect, there must be two parties, the agent and patient, the quizzer and quizzee."

"Scientific indeed," said Tremaine.

"But," continued Evelyn, "there must also be yet something inherent in both parties for the success of the enterprize; something like wit, or at least some personal, or seemingly personal superiority in the quizzer, and some pre-disposition, or rather pre-adaption in the quizzee, to allow that he is quizzed."

"I admire your precision," said Tremaine.

"Well, then," proceeded Evelyn, "what if the quizzee (wrapt in his virtue and a good surtout) not only deny to himself the assumed superiority of the quizzer, but feel himself the superior of the two?"

"Give me an illustration," said Tremaine.

"The gay courtier in King Charles the First's time," answered Evelyn; "he who piqued himself so much upon his fine clothes; and because he had a better tailor, thought himself a better man than Oliver Cromwell."

"You mean Sir Philip Warwick," said Tremaine, "and I remember the passage: but what has it to do with quizzing?"

"A great deal," replied Evelyn; "for, in the place I allude to, he was the quizzer, and Oliver the quizzee. 'We courtiers,' he says, 'valued our-

selves much upon our good clothes; and when I first saw Oliver, he seemed a gentleman very ordinarily clad, in a plain suit, made, as it should seem, by an ill country tailor; his linen not very clean, his hat without a hatband, and his sword stuck on awkwardly.' Sir Philip says of himself, that he then vainly thought himself a courtly young gentleman, and was here evidently quizzing the man who afterwards became his master; for I remember he goes on to say, 'And yet I lived to see this very person (having had a better tailor), and when I was his prisoner at Whitehall, appear in my eyes of a very comely presence.' Notwithstanding this quiz of him, Oliver, according to the quizzer himself, was very much hearkened to, and, as I humbly conceive, did not care one pinch of snuff for the sneers of Sir Philip at his country tailor."

"You have a strange way of bringing in your reading!" said Tremaine. "But I should like to have something still more practical; you were going to tell me how you felt when you thought yourself quizzed. Come, let us have the time, place, and parties. As to the fairness of the account, *that* I think I can depend on."

"I have no interest in giving any other," said Evelyn. "As to time, then, it was twenty years ago—as to place, the very spot we have just been talking of; and the parties were the very people you quote as so redoubtable."

"Well! your feelings? for at five-and-twenty,

I do not apprehend they were the same as now."

"Certainly not.—

> "Lenit albesuus animos capillus,
> "Litium et vixæ cupidos protervæ,
> "Non ego hoc ferrem, callidus juventa,
> "Consule Planeo."—

To tell you the truth, my first impulse was to knock them down."

"Excellent!" said Tremaine; "you see *in* the world and out of it, are very different: and how did you get the better of this impulse?"

"Why, at first, by a very simple process. It occurred to me, as there were half-a-dozen of them, it was not improbable *I* should be knocked down myself. After this, I fortunately asked myself rather a necessary question:—namely, whether, in point of fact, they were really laughing at any body, much less at me?"

"That certainly was prudent; but I thought you had proof!"

"No other than that they were in the act of laughing, and that their eyes looked at me, as I past by."

"Rather slight," said Tremaine.

"So slight, that after I had swallowed my *impulse*, I began to laugh too, for being as great a fool as Scrub in the play; who said, I am sure they were talking of me 'for they laughed con-

sumedly.' My next question was, what I could have about my person, manner, or character, to be laughed at? and finding nothing, I laughed more at myself than I am sure they did, even supposing I had been their object."

"I'm afraid," said Tremaine, "this, after all, doesnot apply: but suppose you had really been quizzed?"

"Why had it been made manifest by rudeness, I should have been forced, in my own defence, on my first impulse."

"But suppose," continued Tremaine, "it had been a mere mental quizzing, not manifest enough to be resented, yet evidently existing: has that ever been your situation?"

"It has," returned Evelyn, "but it was put down at once."

"As how?" asked Tremaine.

"Why by the very simple act of passing themselves in review in my own mind, as they were doing by me in theirs; and finding some of them to be fools, some knaves, and all of them profligates, I became the quizzer in my turn."

"Surely," said Tremaine, "you do not treat the matter fairly; you cannot mean that all the young men of fashion are of this character?"

"Certainly not, and neither are all men of fashion quizzers; we are talking of *the few*, and I should say, the refuse of them, for such, in my day, were those who indulged in the license we are

discussing. All of them were gamblers, and therefore profligate, most of them silly, and therefore contemptible; and some of them guilty of crimes for which they ought to have been hanged."

"What can you mean?" said Tremaine.

"Adulteries, and seductions," answered Evelyn.

"Mere gallantry they would have phrased it," returned Tremaine.

"Gallantry!" exclaimed Evelyn; "how many crimes of the most fatal, as well as the most atrocious dye, are encouraged, and indeed permitted, under this horrible miscalling of names? But observe, I mean not simple gallantry, which is, however, bad enough in itself—I mean the most aggravated cases of deliberate destruction to the honour and peace of families; of ingratitude, cruelty, and even incest!—These are to be found daily among the *quizzers* whom you bid me fear. Rather paint them in truer colours, and say they are themselves objects of pity, even should the world they have injured be able to forgive and forget them."

There was an impressiveness in Evelyn's tone and manner as he said this, which inspired Tremaine with the truest veneration for his friend; and during the pause which ensued, they reached the bridge over the little river which divides Woodington from Evelyn Hall, and took leave of each other.

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CHAP. XXX.

JE NE SÇAIS QUOI.

"Ah me! how sweet is love itself possest,
"Where but love's shadows are so rich in joy."

SHAKSPEARE.

"It is extraordinary," said Tremaine to himself, as he parted from his friend; "it is very extraordinary, how the genius of this man seems to rebuke mine, on almost every subject."

This was a great concession, and Tremaine bit his lip as he made it. He was forced, however, to confess that there had been much good sense in Evelyn's last argument; and he began to believe that Dr. Juniper himself might possibly be able to walk up St. James's Street, and meet even Lord A—— with impunity.

He was evidently the better for the Doctor's visit, and his mind, being roused to action, felt a sort of dread at shrinking back upon itself. It seemed to crave for food; and none better offering, he even sent for Jenkins and his papers,—to the great delight of that respectable straight-forward

gentleman, whose whole happiness consisted in method, who eat, drank, slept, and even conversed with Mrs. Jenkins herself by rule, and was, in short, an entire contrast to his master.

The summons, therefore, to attend at the Hall, was most gladly obeyed. Indeed it released him from a situation almost as irksome as ever the master himself had known: for it was after his dinner, and though Mrs. Jenkins sat beside him, knitting a pair of white cotton hose, with which she meant to decorate her matron legs the very next Sunday at church, and observed three several times how comfortable it was to have Mr. Jenkins with her of an afternoon, the steward himself was much too profitable a servant, not to think it rather thrown away. Having nothing, therefore, particularly to do, he betook himself to sleep, after trying a problem in Wingate's Arithmetic, which had often baffled him before, and continued to puzzle him still.

In this situation he was when sent for to the Hall. Had old Froissart seen him, he certainly would not have blotted from his chronicle that celebrated passage "*Les Anglois selon leur coutume se divertirent moult tristement.*"

The accounts being called for, Jenkins was alive in a moment; and Tremaine being in a happy train, with a clear and active intellect, much business was done, to the satisfaction of both.

The undulations, however, occasioned by the

sessions, and Evelyn's conversation, soon subsided into the usual monotony and the usual indecision. The difficulties of the inclosure had been gradually smoothed away, principally through the industry and influence ot Evelyn—that Evelyn for whose company he began daily to wish, and whom, though but two miles off, he could not muster up exertion enough to seek.

His daughter too, the young, the fair, the animated, the accomplished—a country girl, yet full of cultivation,—a recluse, yet full of grace!

"They are not so kind as usual," said he one day, looking from his terrace at the grey pediments of Evelyn Hall; "they have not been here these ten days: and yet may they not say the same of me? I will go and call upon them," added he; "it is down right ill-breeding not to do it."

Once in his saddle, his exertion became so great that he even made a diversion towards some cottages, which he said offended the view from Woodington, and which he had thoughts of replacing by a temple such as he had erected at Belmont.

"I will consult my neighbours," said he, "about it, and Georgina shall give me a design."

He was soon at the house, and had pulled the old fashioned bell at the gate, whose loud echoes gave the signal of alarm to all the peaceful inhabitants within, whether biped or quadruped; to say nothing of all the dogs and all the children of the village without, who seemed more interested

in the visitors of the rector squire, than the rector squire himself.

A servant with a brace of Evelyn's pointers, to whom the guardianship of the fore court was generally assigned, greeted him at the outer gate, and he was saved all ceremonious inquiry by the sight of Georgina herself, who on the steps of the porch welcomed him with the grace of a nymph.

Among Tremaine's peculiar and lofty notions, might be ranked those respecting the ceremonies between the sexes. It was not, as may have been seen, that he was cold in his nature, nor even that he was of the *vieille cour*, though leaning perhaps a little that way; but as his general reserve shunned every kind of *familiarity*, he was disposed to view with very little approbation the perfect ease and *nonchalance* that mark the beaux and belles of the present day.

Miss Lyttleton, a northern unmarried lady, remarkable for skill in horsemanship and fondness for the chace, as well as for saying and doing every thing else more like a man than a woman (so as to be better known by the name of Jack Lyttleton), passed him one day in the field, and by way of bravado, laid her whip, with no gentle hand, across his shoulders.

It was observed that he never forgave it, and said at the time that he would almost as soon have been struck by a man; nor could he ever bear the name of the offender afterwards.

It was not that Tremaine was devoid of good nature, or could not bear a joke; nor was it that his dignity was of so stiff a kind as not to yield to the vivacity of a gay lady; but it was his feeling for the sex that was hurt, in whose *retenue*, he said, the delicacy and happiness of the men found their best safeguards. Every thing about this fair enemy, therefore, became disgusting; and as she was celebrated for giving very hearty shakes of the hand to all her male acquaintance, it was perhaps from this that a female stretching out her hand to a gentleman, became almost a crime in his notions of the decencies between the sexes.

This crime did Georgina now commit; but in a manner so modest, and yet so *naïve*, so gladsome and yet so feminine, that as he could not refuse her proffered hand, so he could scarcely blame if he did not even almost approve the act itself.

Miss Evelyn received him with reproaches as well as smiles.

"Do you know, Mr. Tremaine," said she, "my father thinks you are tired of your neighbours? and by his directions I had almost written you a note yesterday, to say that he thought you *cut* us, and that he was so mortified, and confused, that—"

She hesitated.

"Pray go on," said Tremaine; "what was to follow this just accusation?"

"Why that he should be forced to put his own rule into practice, and *cut* you in return."

"And you, my fair friend, if I may call you so?"

"Nay, not if we are to *cut* one another," said Georgina.

"Well, friend or enemy, what did you say, or think, at the meditation of such a note?"

"Why I supposed it grew out of some of your conversations; for my father said he had been having a battle, as usual, with you, and he was only more and more convinced that you cared more for the world than you believed; that was all!"

"And may I ask my friend's daughter what she thinks?"

"Oh! you know I always think with Papa, which is very convenient, for he is generally right, and it saves trouble."

"You think, then, that I care for the world, —that I wish to return to it?"

"I do not think you hate it, if only for a reason which I have just been reading here," said Georgina.

Tremaine did not perceive before that she had a book in her hand. It was Marmontel: her finger was on the misanthrope *corrigé*, and upon being asked the passage, she read with the prettiest voice and accent in the world, "*un misanthrope qui l'est par vertu, ne croit haïr les hommes que parcequ'il les aime.*"

"*Vous me croyez donc misanthrope?*" said Tremaine, not at all displeased with the application,

and with more alacrity than he had for a long time shewn.

"Not exactly," said Georgina; "but I agree with my father in that too, that you were made for better things than to shut yourself up either at Woodington or Belmont."

From that moment there was a something which cannot exactly be analyzed, but which played through the heart of Tremaine, and wrapped itself round the idea of Georgina, so as ever afterwards to accompany it. It was not love; it was not confirmed friendship, which is of a much slower growth; it was not altogether vanity, though compounded of it; nor gratitude, though the compliment was felt; but it was that complacency, always so sweet in the beginning of an attachment, which never fails to be thought of with delight, whatever becomes of the attachment itself: and from that complacency Tremaine never departed.

CHAP. XXXI.

PERHAPS TOO SENTIMENTAL.

"How fain would I have hated all mankind,
"And thou redeem'st thyself."

SHAKSPEARE.

"WELL, but," said Tremaine, following his young hostess as she moved from the hall into the morning room, "you do not surely brand a man with misanthropy, because he chuses not to live in a crowd?"

"Oh no!" she replied, "for many a misanthrope has fed his hatred in a crowd, and many a benevolent person lives alone."

"The justness of your sentiment charms me," exclaimed Tremaine.

"It might," said Georgina, "if I could recommend it in such language as I have lately been reading, (for the twentieth time I believe, between my father and myself; for we cannot tire of it)."

Her eye glanced on an open quarto as she spoke.

"I see at once what you mean," observed Tre-

maine, taking up Childe Harold, "and to be sure no poetry was ever so happy in its subject; no subject so ennobled by its poetry, as in these golden lines. I envy the man who can thus feel, and thus write."

"For his writing, yes! but as to his feeling," answered Georgina, "I cannot envy one who seems to take so false a view of mankind."

"Your age, and your happiness with your father, and, no doubt, your other friends (for many must you have)," said Tremaine, with a tenderness of look not unremarked by Georgina, "make that a very natural sentiment; but I grieve to think how very little time longer even you will remain in the world, before you find the solitude in a crowd which this writer so feelingly describes; how soon you will observe

> "Minions of splendour, shrinking from distress,
> "None that with kindred consciousness endued,
> "If we were not, would seem to smile the less;
> "Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued!"—

"I would rather," replied Georgina, "think the world what I am sure heaven designed it to be, and not what you would make it. Should we have this sun," continued she, looking at the open windows, "that gilds every thing with cheerfulness—and this concert of birds, which while it exhilarates the heart, is offered to us all, if we might not be happy if we pleased? I never behold such a day without being grateful, and think-

ing it a *fête*. Nay, I am disposed to be a votary to Mademoiselle St. Sillery's philosophy, and to believe that it requires almost an effort to be unhappy when the sun shines."*

"You prefer, then, the previous lines of this professed lover of solitude," said Tremaine, turning again to the passage.

"I do," said Georgina, "but should like to hear them all again."

Tremaine willingly obeyed her, and with great pathos recited the passage beginning "To sit on rocks, &c."

"My father says," observed Georgina, when Tremaine had ceased reading, "that there is not a word of these lovely lines that does not carry poetry to the heart."

"I'm glad there is any thing," said Tremaine, "in which your father and I can entirely agree; and is not he at least in rapture with the whole thought?"

"'Tis at best a melancholy one," answered Miss Evelyn, with a sort of sigh, "and I should pity the author, if I did not feel the force of what my father says (I agree with him there to), that in one so young it cannot be genuine."

* Mademoiselle St. Sillery was a gay and pleasing French girl, mentioned in Pinkney's tour through France. Sir William Temple also says (though more in the spirit of a philosopher than a sentimentalist), "The sun, in our climate at least, has something so reviving, that a fair day is a kind of sensual pleasure.

"Not genuine!" exclaimed Tremaine. "I should want no other proof than the glowing nature that breathes through every line of the description."

"And yet poetry is but fiction," said Georgina, smiling; "and if there are *fictitious* distresses in real life, what may there not be in poetry?"

She said this with an archness which Tremaine did not exactly relish; and apparently with a view to change the subject, he exclaimed, "But where is you father all this time?"

"You will find him, I dare say, among his friends there," replied Miss Evelyn, looking out.

"His friends? I did not know you had visitors."

"No! they are our fellow inhabitants, and daily companions," she added, turning her eyes to the rookery; "they are particularly busy and talkative just now, and though he went to Belford this morning, yet as I know his horses are come back, and he has escaped from me, I should not be surprised if he were among the only live people I believe he prefers to me, the rooks and crows."

"Rooks and crows!" returned Tremaine, with an expression very like contempt; "what can he possibly see in them to fill a mind like his, much less make up for such a daughter!"

"Thank you," said Miss Evelyn, "but I am almost as fond of them myself."

"I hope some reason can be given for it."

"Then, I think, you had better consult my

father in person," said she, "for see, he is now at the bottom of the walk."

They sallied out together, Tremaine observing drily, "that he supposed it market-day at Belford, which of course as a farmer, if not as a squire, the Doctor attended."

Georgina assured him he would have been right as to the attendance, had there been a market, but that this time, he had gone on a little private business; which, though he has pretended to be anxious about it for this week past, I dare say, after all, he has not accomplished.

"May I venture to ask what it is?" said Tremaine.

"Neither more nor less than the purchase of a bust, or a vase, for one of his book-cases," returned Georgina; "an assortment of which the crockery man at Belford sent him word he had just received."

"Astonishing!" thought Tremaine, but he was silent.

By this time they had joined the doctor, who was sitting on a bench, with his eyes following his black subjects through a thousand airy circles; and his ears seemingly delighted with what struck Tremaine as a horrible noise.

CHAP. XXXII.

> " The rural seat
> " Whose lofty elms and venerable oaks
> " Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs
> " Unceasing caws amusive." THOMSON.

After the first salutation, " Well, papa," said Georgina, smiling, " have you bought your bust?"

" No, my dear, I have not."

" I really thought so," returned she, and her smile turned into a laugh; " I even said to Mr. Tremaine, that although you went on purpose for it, you would come back empty-handed."

" You are at least a true prophetess; but why did you prophecy?"

" I guessed."

" Well, then, why guess?" quoted Evelyn good-humouredly.

" That you might have the pleasure of another ride for it to-morrow."

" My girl knows me well," said the delighted father. " If the weather is fine, and my mare carries me as well as to-day, I shall, I dare say, overcome my objection, and return for the bust to-morrow."

"And pray what was the objection?" said Tremaine, with curiosity.

"I thought it a shilling all too dear," answered Evelyn.

"A shilling! and with six or eight miles there and back, is it possible you can have hesitated for a shilling?"

"Even so," said Evelyn, coolly; "nay, what is more, upon second thoughts, I think the thing cheap."

"Then why not have bought it?"

"I did not think so at the moment, and it was but going again."

"Good heavens!" said Tremaine in a sort of triumph, "is this the value which you men of method put upon your time? To what must you practical people, after all, be reduced, when a trumpery piece of plaister, or perhaps a tea-cup, costs two journeys and a great deal of calculation, in a very wise head too, to get it."

"And very well bestowed," answered Evelyn, "for I assure you I have got already all I intended by it, and that was not a little."

"For heaven's sake, what?—"

"I got rid of the spleen."

"I told you so," observed Georgina.

"But I thought you never had the spleen?" retorted Tremaine.

"Not often—but I cannot help my constitution, which generates bile; and all I have for it, is to un-

derstand and cure its defects. I felt growing out of humour from a two-days laziness; and therefore endeavoured to *make a little business,* in order to be obliged to ride. The remedy has done wonders already; and to complete my cure, I came to my friends, the practical philosophers here."

Just at these words, the rooks, at a seeming signal from a distant centinel who was flying aloof, became particularly clamorous, till all flew off in several divisions to a neighbouring field, where they landed, and seemed (having first again planted centinels around them) engaged in busy conclave, which lasted several minutes.

"I would give something to make them out," said Evelyn.

"And I to make you out," observed Tremaine, "for in truth, such a compound of wisdom and trifling (excuse me), I never knew."

"Why, the trifling of a wise man is always respectable you know," said the Doctor; "I only wish you would make out your first proposition, and prove my wisdom. But suppose this a mere bagatelle; one of the most acute of understandings once relied for happiness upon his famous maxim of *vive la bagatelle.** Another, almost as shrewd, and full of wit and high breeding, spent at least an amused life, professedly in trifles.† It is at least as good as counting the waves, after the manner of Cicero, when he was out of humour,

* Swift. † Horace Walpole.

like other patriots, because the state would not do as he would have it."

Tremaine reddened.

"But, I deny," continued Evelyn, "that my study of these creatures is either trifling or uninteresting."

"It will require all your wisdom to prove it otherwise," said Tremaine.

"Why, as to the interest," answered Evelyn, "they and their ancestors seem to have belonged, or rather to have gone on as faithful companions to me and mine, for these two hundred years; and the heart must be a little obdurate which is not something touched even by that circumstance alone. They seem to be a colony of kind dependents, who settle in the very precincts of my habitation, confiding in the protection which they think they are to meet with. Can I sally out and refuse them what the mere smoke of my chimneys seemed to promise, when it indicated that it was the dwelling of a human being, and therefore of a friend?"

"Your ride has done wonders indeed," said Tremaine. "It must have restored to you all your good humour, when you can afford to bestow so much of it on a set of paltry birds."

"Some one has said," answered Evelyn, "(or if not, I will say it now for the first time), that the nature of good-humour is such as to make it matter little what the subject of it is, for it always brings

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its reward along with it. But my rooks, Sir, are not to be despised, for they shew more intelligence (I am certain it is above instinct) than most, if not all other animals, except human; and occasionally, I verily believe, more than many of *them*."

"The human animals are very much obliged to you," said Tremaine.

"But," gravely continued Evelyn, "is there in the whole range of zoology, next to our own great selves, any creatures who seem to possess so much design, such prescience in all they say and do?"

"Say!" exclaimed Tremaine.

"Yes, say! for we must not suppose, at this moment, they are not in the midst of a debate. Some motion has probably been made on the state of the nation; you see (looking at a line of them on the trees) the gallery is full, and the door keepers (pointing at the single birds) are all at their posts! were we nearer, I have no doubt, we could observe the ministers and opposition in full array, in the plain below."

"Were I not afraid of affronting you," said Tremaine, "I should say this was childish, even beyond your *vive la bagatelle*."

"I only wish I were an Indian dervise," said Evelyn, not minding him, "and could understand the debate."

Tremaine, notwithstanding Georgina had inti-

mated her opinion, was about to appeal to her, when she stopped him by saying—

"You will get nothing out of us on this subject, Mr. Tremaine; I side with papa, as usual, and *de bon cœur* too, for I have often felt and watched all he is pointing out. I am particularly fond of their noise, which seems to tell so much; more even than the song of other birds, sweet as it is; and though the *ramage* of a modern shrubbery is certainly delicious, I almost prefer our ancient grove, with these its noisy inhabitants, for such I suppose you will insist on calling them."

"But if you do," added Evelyn, "I shall continue, nevertheless, to respect these companions of our solitude, and must not have them insulted."

CHAP. XXXIII.

RETIREMENT.

"Will you sit down with me, and we two will rail against our
"mistress the world, and all our misery!"

SHAKSPEARE.

"You confess, then, you live in solitude," said Tremaine, catching at the word, "yet you had the choice of your life; why, therefore, blame me?"

"I live in the country," replied Evelyn, "but not in solitude."

"Yet you own you are driven to converse with these common creatures of the air, whom every farmer's boy hoots at all day long."

"I converse with Nature," said Evelyn, "whether in man or birds; you, it seems, only with man."

"I avow it," said Tremaine.

"And yet," replied Evelyn, "it is a comical way to converse with a gentleman, to run away from him."

"I think," said Tremaine, "if Miss Evelyn pleases, I would rather converse only with woman, at least to-day; for your ride has put you in such bantering spirits, there is no getting you to be serious. Miss Evelyn and I agreed much better just now in the house, when we were by ourselves."

"Mr. Tremaine was very agreeable," observed Georgina, "and read Lord Byron charmingly."

"I have no doubt of it," said Evelyn, looking at them both.

Strange! that a look should throw them both into a sort of consciousness incomprehensible to either.

"I know nothing," continued Evelyn, not perceiving it, "so much mistaken as that whole subject of solitude. Zimmerman ran mad about it first, and nothing would content him but making

all other people as mad as himself.* The Swiss (mountebank Rousseau) too, endeavoured to turn people's heads on it, though he never turned his own; for when the world let him alone, he never could bear it. Be quite assured of this, that solitude, merely *as such*, as it is not natural, so it cannot be agreeable."

"Yet where is virtue so well preserved?" asked Tremaine.

"Say, rather, vice avoided," answered Evelyn, "for it is but a negative advantage at best."

"Do you admit Robinson Crusoe to be a natural picture?" said Tremaine.

"Perfectly, as all Defoe's are remarkable for being."

"He tells you that his soul never seemed so innocent, or so enlightened."

"That was because Selkirk had no temptation to be otherwise, and had luckily been left with a Bible, which he had never before studied. But you will recollect that Selkirk was frightened at the animals about him, merely because they were not frightened at him; and when Robinson thought of none of his shipmates being saved, his perpetual cry was, 'Oh! that there had been but one.' Even his parrot repeating 'Poor Robin Crusoe,' was sweetness to his ear."

* He, however, corrected himself in a second volume, in which he shews the dangers of solitude sensibly enough.

"What do you think of Bates?"* said Tremaine.

"Much more sensible and practical than Zimmerman."

"Yet he has this passion!"

"No! he only advises a country life, which I should advise too. But even Bates requires that a man shall be properly qualified before he will allow him to retire, which I think the most sensible part of his whole book. 'There is no magical virtue,' says he, 'in fields and groves, no local inspiration which will elevate an *unprepared* mind from things natural to moral, from matter to spirit, and from the creature to the creator.''

"But," asked Georgina, "does Mr. Tremaine think solitude and a country life synonimous?"

"Nearly so," he said, "for what had boors about them to interest or amuse?"

"And yet," she observed—

"Some mute inglorious Milton"—

"Yes," he interrupted, "but he *is* 'mute, and inglorious,' and what am I therefore the better for him?"

"Was ever a man so despotically unreasonable?' exclaimed Evelyn; "you fly the Miltons you are angry with in town, and you are angry because you cannot find them in the country, yet even there you will not seek them. The heart is the same, however, every where, if you will but study

* Rural Philosophy.

it—seek, and you will find the study even in a country village."

"I suppose," said Tremaine drily, "that is the reason your worship attends Belford market; a thing I could not have believed, if my young friend here had not told it me."

"It only proves my sincerity in my creed," returned Evelyn, "and that I am not run away with by the cant about solitude because I live in the country. Human nature is there, as well as in a metropolis; and hence it is, I suppose, that a friend of yours and mine, who certainly never shuns the world, whenever he finds himself in a retired village, always asks, as the first question, which is the street?"*

"That is almost as bad," observed Tremaine, "as another friend of yours, of whom I have heard it related, 'that were he to chuse his life for amusement, he would keep a public-house by the way-side.'"

"If you mean the author of the Moral and Political Philosophy,† it is perfectly true," said Evelyn; "yet who had a more perfect knowledge of human nature?—who more shrewd in his observations upon it?—who so conversant with all its secret springs and windings? No, no, I want no apology for my supposed condescension in finding interest at a country market. In a word, my dear

* Related of Mr. Jekyl. † Paley.

friend, if you are not happy in the capital, and seek the country for a cure, you will never cure yourself by living in that country as if it were a desert."

CHAP. XXXIV.

TRUE USES OF RETIREMENT.

" I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom
" I know most faults."

SHAKSPEARE.

The party here rose from the bench, and bidding adieu to the loquacious busy creatures that had first prompted the conversation, proceeded up the avenue to the house.

All were silent for a few minutes, when Tremaine, full of his subject, broke out, though in an under voice,—

" And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
" Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
" Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—

"Ah!" said the doctor, "had the good duke found no other occupation or interest, no other tongues, books, or sermons, in short, no other *good*

than in the trees, brooks, and stones, he would soon have hung himself."

"Then what is it," said Tremaine, "that always makes those lovely scenes of the Forest of Ardennes so enchanting to every taste?"

"You, who are a poet, should be able to tell," replied Evelyn, "because it is lovely poetry. But I, who am a practical philosopher, demand something more for the duke, and in truth, find it in the beautiful contrasts that fill this sweetest pastoral in the world."

"Your meaning?" asked Tremaine.

"Why what, after all, is the *action* of the story?" replied Evelyn. "What but the fate of the usurpation of his brother, the daily falling off of the followers of the one, and the accession of those of the other, till the right was reclaimed. All this, to be sure, was

'Under the shade of melancholy boughs,'

and is only the more beautiful for it; but still here was enterprise, action, and interest, as well as trees, brooks, and stones, mingled together in the most agreeable alternation of light and shade."

"Yet there is not a line or a word about what you call the action, that can be remembered," said Tremaine, "and Shakspeare himself scarcely mentions it."

"That was his skill," returned Evelyn; "his immediate object was pastoral, and there he and his reader revel together: we quaff it with delight

but the event of the fable is always on our minds, though secretly, and perhaps insensibly. Had Shakspeare propounded to himself nothing more than mere and absolute solitude, with no hope beyond it, it would have been absolute vacuity."

"How comes it, then," pursued Tremaine, "that all, even of the most illustrious rank, all that are eminent for powers and talents, as well as the most beautiful poets and the soundest philosophers, have all and alike concurred in the praises of retirement?"

"Praises, if you will," answered Evelyn, "but who *really* practised what he recommended? Horace, with all his charming rhapsodies about Lucretilis and the Sabine farm, and his '*Oh! Rus, quando ego te aspiciam*' was always sneaking to town, and then wrote to his steward that he was a very absurd fellow for not liking to stay in the country. As for your 'illustrious,' by which I suppose you mean ministers of state—"

"I do," said Tremaine.

"To them, as a recess from application, while the fatigue of it is upon them, no doubt retirement is heaven. But let their minds recover their tone, and how eager are they to get back!"

"Nay, now surely you mistake," cried Tremaine, "for how many ministers have felt themselves most blest, nay, have thrown up their offices, to enjoy seclusion."

"Not one that I know of," said Evelyn, "though

many have affected a readiness to do so; none more than your hero Bolingbroke, who makes me laugh sometimes in his otherwise admirable correspondence, to see, in the midst of his anxieties about Europe, an equally *expressed* anxiety to preserve bay trees for his villa; not indeed that this was either unnatural or foolish, were it not for the gross affectation tagged to the end of it."

"I do not recollect what you mean," said Tremaine.

"I think it is in a letter to Drummond," pursued Evelyn, "where he thanks him for these trees, and adds, 'I cannot plunge myself so far into the thoughts of public business, as to forget the quiet of a country retreat, whither I will go *some time* or *other*, and *am always ready to go at an hour's warning*.' Now, out upon such half-faced professions!"

"Why question their sincerity?" asked Tremaine.

"He might believe himself sincere," replied Evelyn, "but he was all the time cankered with ambition to the heart's core."

"I must not allow this," cried Tremaine, "of a man whose mind was only too elegant and philosophic; although so astonishingly able, that we cannot wonder the world had claims upon him."

"That I should forgive," returned Evelyn, "if it was not for this affectation, which even Swift laughed at, as much as he dared."

"Swift laugh at Bolingbroke!"

"He at least tells Pope (whom my Lord had most charmingly gulled in more things than this), 'I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement, you have not gone through good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi.*' So much, then, for your retired poet; but the best is, Bolingbroke returns the charge, and says both to Swift and Pope, 'if you despised the world as much as you pretend, you would not be so angry with it.' Thus this grand triumvirate imposed upon one another; praised, and were unhappy in their retreat; growling at the world, yet not able to live out of it."

"Come, then," said Tremaine, "I will give you a minister, who, if any one did prefer philosophy in retirement to a silly ambition, was certainly the man."

"I long to know him," cried Evelyn.

"Sir William Temple!"

"He was most like it," observed Evelyn, "but I doubt whether even he comes up to your proof; for, from necessity, he was always called back before he had tried the experiment. As to the generality, a statesman flings up in a pet, and flies to solitude for relief; and for a little while he finds it."

"And why not for a great while?"

"Because it is relief, only so long as he is under the stings of resentment, or while he thinks he is

missed. When his disgust subsides, or he finds himself forgotten, he gets tired of venting reproaches to his trees on the ingratitude of the world, which reproaches the world does not care a farthing about."

"You are alluding to Walpole," said Tremaine.

"I am, and to his celebrated letter, supposed to prove a most philosophical love of retirement. 'My flatterers here,' says he, 'are all mutes. The oaks, the beeches, the chesnuts seem to contend which best shall please the Lord of the Manor. They cannot deceive, they will not lie.' I quite agree with his biographer, Coxe, that this indicates the very hankering after the world, which he wished himself and the world to believe he was without."*

"I will not be bound," cried Tremaine, "by the example of expelled placemen, who, fixing their happiness on the smile of human beings like themselves, deserve all the mortifications they get. D'Argenson, for example, who whined and sobbed in banishment, at Les Ormes,† or even Lord Cha-

* Upon this subject the reader will not fail to remember Horace Walpole's account of the retirement of that illustrious statesman, the Duke of Newcastle. His grace retired to Claremont, where, for about a fortnight, he played at being a country gentleman. Guns and green frocks were bought, and at past sixty he affected to turn sportsman: but getting wet in his feet, he hurried back to London in a fright, and his country was once more blessed with his assistance.

† To a philosopher, or even a courtier, there is not a more useful lesson, or more interesting picture than this poor man exhibits, as drawn by Marmontel, relating merely what he saw and heard. "Oh!

mes

ham, who, when he quarrelled with the King, or his brother politicians, used to fly to Hayes, in the mere hope of being brought back again. Such ministers as these have little to do with real philosophy, and I refuse your authority."

"Let me give you ministers more to your taste," cried Evelyn.

"If you can," said Tremaine.

mes enfans," says he, "quelle maladie incurable que celle de l'ambition! quelle tristesse que celle de la vie d'un ministre disgracié! "En me promenant avec lui dans ses jardins, j'apperçus de loin une statue de marbre; je lui demandai ce que c'étoit?"—"C'est, me dit-il, ce que je n'ai plus le courage de regarder;" et en nous détournant, "Ah! Marmontel, si vous saviez de quelle zèle je l'ai servi; si vous saviez combien de fois il m'avoit assuré que nous passerions notres vies ensemble, et que je n'avois pas un meilleur ami que lui! Voilà les promesses des rois! voilà leur amitié! et en disant ces mots ses yeux se remplirent de larmes." He then (sad employment for his wounded spirit!) shewed Marmontel the pictures of various battles, in which he had stood on the same spot with the king, and in one of which, when he had reason to fear his son was killed, Louis had shewn him great sympathy. But oh, wretched change! "Rien," continued d'Argenson, "rien de moi le touche plus!" After this he fell with his head upon the bosom of his daughter-in-law, which he watered with his tears.* Distressing and degrading picture of human weakness under the prostrations of ill regulated ambition; a slave to unworthy greatness! We blush for the Frenchman, and should for an Englishman under the same circumstances; only there is this difference between them, that the Englishman can only be displaced, not disgraced; for he can always fly to an opposition bench in parliament. I have been at Les Ormes, and saw these battle pieces, but did not then know what recollections they had prompted; more cruel to a disappointed *ambitieux* than the deaths they commemorated.

* Mém. Marmontel, tom III. p. 18.

"Sir William Wyndham, the great Pulteney, and lastly, the great Fox," replied the Doctor.

"Fox?" exclaimed Tremaine.

"Even so; for the *noctes cœnæque atticæ* would not have been sought at St. Anne's Hill, with such apparent gust, had he not thought to mark his resentment against the House of Commons, who would not be swayed by him into a secession. The measure had been tried some sixty years before, by Sir William Wyndham, and laughed at."

"You are prejudiced," said Tremaine, "and cannot seriously think Mr. Fox did not love his retreat."

"That I do not say,"* returned Evelyn, "I only meant to shew that a patriot and a minister, whatever they may be called, are pretty much the same thing, and that the patriot man may fly off in a pet to solitude as well as the minister man. Both Mr. Fox and Lord Bath came back when they

* He would have been wrong if he had said it, for those who knew Mr. Fox best, knew how sincere were his enjoyments at St. Anne's Hill. Those who did not know him, may read Trotter's amusing account of him there for the proof. He was particularly fond of his geraniums, and used to boast of them to Lord Sidmouth, when speaker, and could always return to the subject of them with soothed interest, amidst the most violent storms of party rage. He had never been more furious than one day in haranguing in Palace Yard, on what was called the gagging bills. Half an hour afterwards he came to the house, reeking from the mob, and went up to the speaker, who expected some violent motion, to tell him how sorry he was that his geraniums (some cuttings of which he had promised him) had been blighted at St. Anne's Hill.—Ed.

thought they should succeed, in the same manner as Lord Chathan and Lord Temple; nay, I question if Sir William Temple himself did not enjoy his Sheen and his Moor Park the more from the frequent calls that were made upon him to leave them. To pursue our subject," continued Evelyn, perceiving his friend was not disposed to reply, "one lover quarrels with his mistress, he flies to his country seat, and finds pleasure in abusing her to the winds; another is happy in her affection, but some cruel papa interposes difficulties; he flies, too, in order the better to plan, in solitude, how to overcome the said difficulties, and meantime carves her name on the bark, and makes verses under the boughs of all the trees in the neighbourhood. Both find relief for a time, because both are in fact engaged in their favourite occupation: but the *enragé* finds soon, that his sulkiness is no revenge; and the *bien aimé*, that being idle will not please papa; so the solitude becomes irksome to both, and is gladly abandoned."

"Papa understands the thing at least," said Georgina laughing; "I hope not by experience."

"Experience is the best mistress," replied Evelyn, "and I certainly recollect many a retirement to a house in a wood, in order to ascertain better than I thought I could from herself, whether your mother loved me or not. These solitudes were charming, but short; I had others of a longer duration, and perhaps from better motives."

"I did not know you were such a disciple," said Tremaine.

"Oh yes," returned the Doctor, "I have often shut myself up."

"The occasion?" asked Tremaine.

"Why wisdom's self, you know,

"Oft seeks a sweet retired solitude,
"Where, with her best nurse, contemplation,
"She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
"That in the various bustle of resort
"Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd."

"But seriously, it was to recover the bent of my mind—I may even say of my virtue—when I had been sadly dissipated, as I too often was, and when ease, seriousness, books, and retired devotion became absolutely necessary for my purpose."

Georgina took her father's hand.

"An anchoret, I protest!" cried Tremaine: "had you lived in the fifth century we should have had you in the desert."

"Indeed you would not," returned Evelyn, "for, having accomplished my purpose by restoring reflection, or by recovering the studies I was near upon losing, (in exchange, perhaps, for an Opera dance), I sighed again for a communication with my species; and, indeed, often felt thankful to join the supper conversation of the people with whom I lived."

"And who were they?" asked Tremaine.

"A mere woodman and his wife," said Evelyn,

"whose lodge was a mile distant from all other habitations, except of rabbits and tame pheasants, and whose cheerful children were not unfrequently an acceptable diversion to a man, who, with all his resources, was growing tired of himself."

"I have heard, indeed," said Tremaine, "of being 'as melancholy as a lodge in a warren,' but knew not how practically true the simile was. Yet you did this often?"

"I did, and may venture to say I was always the better for it. Many, at least, are the subjects I examined, both in literature and morals, in these temporary retreats, and the woodman's house was to me always—

"Mihi me reddentis agelli."

"Your picture is at least pretty," said Tremaine, "and I only wonder your secession from the world was not of longer continuance."

"There was no occasion for it," returned Evelyn, "for I was not under any great disgust, like Timon; nor had I had a disappointment to madness, like Camillo; nor was I under the influence of religious melancholy, like Jerome. I simply wished to think, and to examine myself at leisure, which I could not do in a crowd; and when I had done this, I returned to the world."

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CHAP. XXXV.

WILL WIMBLE.

"Win us with honest trifles."

SHAKSPEARE.

As the party returned to the house, the Doctor asked Georgina if Will Wimble was not to dine with them; which she answered in the affirmative.

"And who is Will Wimble?" inquired Tremaine.

"A sort of pet of mine," answered Evelyn, "whom you once well knew, though you have forgotten him now. Many's the time, he says, he has played at leap-frog with you at your first school."

"I have not the honour of making him out," replied Tremaine.

"Perhaps not," said the Doctor, "for Wimble is a name I have given him; his godfathers and godmothers christened him John, his friends call him Jack, and his surname is Careless. He descends from that Colonel Careless who passed those

pleasant hours with his prince in the oak, after the battle of Worcester; the only thing he's proud of in that way: though he piques himself on making the best fly for a trout, breaking the best pointer, and turning the best rosin box in all the county. 'Tis hence I call him Will Wimble."

"I suppose, too," said Tremaine sarcastically, "he is as polite as his namesake, and waits at every stile till you come up, for fear you should think there are no manners in the country."

"Not at all unlikely," answered the Doctor, "for he is not very quiescent under any supposed superiority of the town, in that, or indeed in any respect, and is, in fact, in most of his feelings, not only a John Bull, but complete Yorkshire to boot."

"I now recollect him," said Tremaine, "but I thought the breed of such worthy gentlemen was utterly extinct."

"Not altogether," replied Evelyn, "though I do not suppose our political philosophers of the present day would take any great pains to preserve it—seeing that he, as an individual of the species, certainly does not contribute much to the *wealth* of nations. And, in fact, I do not recommend the idleness of his life as an example to be followed. He is a man of nature, however, in his way, and so much of a philosopher, that his garden is of far greater consequence to him than his money. He once lost a hundred pounds (all

he had saved of his own in the world) by the failure of a neighbouring bank. That morning I received a letter from him beginning with how sorry I should be to hear of his misfortune. Both Georgy and I were indeed sincerely concerned at what we had before heard; but on reading farther, we found not a word about the hundred pounds, but a great many lamentations that a violent hail storm had broken down the finest shew of balsams he had ever had, which would have certainly won the prize at the next florists' feast. But he never could bear what are called worldly cares to interfere with him, and once sacrificed even his hopes of fortune to his love of liberty."

"I honour him for that, at least;" said Tremaine, "but what is this last story?"

"He had a cousin, a merchant at Liverpool, who offered to take him into partnership, provided he would apply to business. He gave a reluctant consent; his place was taken in the coach, and the hour of departure approached; when, going to take a last glimpse of a brook that ran at the bottom of his garden, in which he had caught many a trout, it looked so beautiful, and warbled so invitingly, that he could not stir. In short, he let the coach go without him, passed the whole day by the side of the stream, and wrote a civil letter to his cousin declining his offer."

"And did he not repent?" asked Tremaine.

"Sometimes," continued Evelyn, "when he

has wanted money, generally for some benevolent purpose or other, for his brother always supplies him with a good horse, the only great expense he has. In all other points of view, as an innocent and honourable character, always the most cheerful creature in the world, always carrying his cheerfulness into society, and ever on the watch to do a good turn, I know not a worthier man or more welcome guest."

Tremaine pondered these words, and observing the speaking countenance of Georgina approve every thing her father had said, certain thoughts darted into his mind.

After a pace or two, which brought them to the hall door,

"And how old may this worthy be?" asked Tremaine.

"I have told you about your standing," said the Doctor.

"If he looks much younger," observed Georgina, "it is Mr. Tremaine's own fault."

"Fair lady, why?" said Tremaine.

"Because of your strange fastidious notions; because you shut yourself up, and hate amusement, which he does not."

"The girl is quite right," said Evelyn, shutting the library door, "I question if Will is not older than you, but (and he here spoke a little drily) he has not met with such serious misfortunes."

"I am glad to find he is so flourishing," ob-

served Tremaine, not much liking his friends' raillery.

"Flourishing in health, good humour, and a good conscience," continued the Doctor, "and particularly when he thinks he has made a good joke; but as to any thing else, *suo pauper in Ære:* for I believe, as a younger brother, he never had above two hundred a year, and much of that he gives away."

"He is the best creature in the world," said Georgina.

"He is at least a happy one in such favour," observed Tremaine; "and if it were not for his age——"

"Oh! that is nothing," replied Georgina, understanding him, "for I've been married to him a long while already; ever since I was five years old."

This speech cut both ways, and it both pained and pleased Tremaine accordingly, though each almost without his knowing it, and certainly without his knowing why. At all events, he felt more grave than he had done during any previous part of the conversation, when the bell ringing loud, "I dare say that's he," she continued, "and like a good wife I ought to go to meet him."

"You forget," said her father, "that he never does me the honour of ringing the bell, but rides straight to the stable door, and puts his horse up himself."

"True," said Georgina, "who can it be?"

A servant announced a neighbouring nobleman, in the person of Lord St. Clair.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A VISCOUNT.

> "If all the year were playing holidays,
> "To sport would be as tedious as to work."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

Lord St. Clair was a viscount of considerable estate, and by the mother's side related to Evelyn. He was well enough disposed, but spoilt in the bringing up, to which the early loss of his father and a too indulgent mother had much contributed. He *had been* a traveller, a politician, a speaker, and a violent party-man; and on coming to his estate, he too had built him a house, and *had been* very happy; but, the house finished, he had fled back to London, which had exhausted its pleasures upon him, so that from mere satiety he felt miserable. He was not indeed one of those who philosophised on the general miseries of the world, from which he had not the least thought of retiring. But he was not the lowest in the rank of

listlessness: and though he had neither Tremaine's attainments, nor his fastidiousness, yet he was fully as great a burthen to himself; with this especial difference, that he was very willing to cast that burthen upon any one who would receive it.

He had sufficient sense to have a great respect for Evelyn, and susceptibility enough left to be struck with his daughter, to whom the neighbourhood had indeed sometimes assigned him, as they would any one else whose estates bordered so closely upon her father's.

As Tremaine knew him in the world, and was also his neighbour in the country, he could not exactly obey his first impulse, which was to take his leave; and the Viscount, yawning out a compliment, said he did not know he was in Yorkshire.

Evelyn (who was not sorry at an opportunity to play off one *ennuye* against the other, with the hope of benefiting both) observed, that it was no wonder, for Mr. Tremaine was so great a recluse that he scarcely condescended to visit his neighbours.

"You forget I have been ill," said Tremaine, not much liking the topics to which this might lead.

"That is the very reason," pursued the Viscount, "that you should visit every body. For my part, well or ill, I think to be by one's-self is the greatest bore in nature; and I therefore make a point of seeing all the world: had I known you were here, I should certainly have beat up your quarters."

" I am exceedingly obliged to you," said Tremaine."

" Not much," replied St. Clair, " for I assure you I am so intolerably dull at home, that I'm glad to bestow myself on any body."

Tremaine bowed his thanks again.

" I believe," continued Lord St. Clair, " I must take my mother's advice after all, and marry; if any lady will have pity upon me," added he, looking at Miss Evelyn.

" He wanted a wife to make him unaisy," said the Doctor laughing.

" Upon my soul I believe you've hit it," observed St. Clair, " for I am so plaguy easy from morning till night, that I absolutely dont't know what to do with myself; if I could but be a little *un*easy, there's no knowing how I might feel after it."

" The ladies are at least obliged to you," said Georgina.

" Have you no books, no studies ?" asked Tremaine.

" For books, thousands; but I'm glutted with them, and have resolved to leave them to wiser people, such as my good friend here, who is always so kind as to tell me all I want to know."

" Why don't you go to London ?" asked Tremaine.

" My good sir, why don't you ?"

Tremaine reddened at the equality in their situations which this seemed to imply.

"To tell you the truth," continued the Viscount, "I have been there these four months, but grew so sick of suppers, and fêtes, and heroes, and my eyes were so dazzled with dancing and diamonds, feathers and emperors, that I thought a little solitude might be a good thing."

"And did you not find it so?" asked Evelyn, with affected gravity.

"Why not exactly," answered St. Clair; "particularly as every thing was going on wrong at Mount St. Clair. I am ruined by my plantations, by which I had intended to make a fortune. By the way," continued he, looking out, "how do the cedars you planted two years ago come on?"

"Look!" said the Doctor, throwing up the sash, "they flourish now as I could wish; yet they have cost me much pains; and these two, the very best, as well as best placed among them, actually lost their leaders in the winter."

The Viscount, half excited, bent through the window to look at them, and observing they had acquired others, asked the meaning of a sort of bandage, which the top of each exhibited.

This was nothing but a very simple contrivance of a soft bit of wood, fashioned like a cradle, and bound with bass to the stem of the old leaders, so as gently to elevate a new shoot into the same perpendicular line. It had perfectly succeeded, and the new leader had already pushed at least a foot.

St. Clair, who *had been* fond of planting, actually went out to examine it, and returning, observed,

"I am surely very unfortunate, I have more hands than you, and my soil is at least as good, but though I'm known to be fond of this tree, and spare no expense in its cultivation, I have not one about the house equal to those of your's, notwithstanding their accident."

"Because you don't take the pains to attend to them with your own hands."

"Why, no," said St. Clair, "for a man of any fashion to be cutting sticks like a carpenter, of whom sixpence might have purchased the trouble, would be neither profitable, nor honourable."

"I beg your pardon," replied the Doctor, persevering, "it might be both.

"As to the latter, if you had *intended* the thing, (a mode of preserving a tree to posterity) I question if that would not have been honourable; and for the profit, you might have preserved your trees, which trees you have lost, and your good-humour at the same time."

"True," said St. Clair, yawning, "if such a trifle, so much in every one's power, can put one in good-humour!"

"You would at least," pursued Evelyn, "not have found, as you told us just now, that to be by one's-self was the greatest bore in nature. In truth, as Mr. Tremaine and I often agree, we are

all of us made for labour of some sort or other, and if we cannot meet it, we must make it."

"Tremaine say he would make labour ?" cried St. Clair, staring.

Tremaine bowed to the Doctor, but not in acquiescence: it was a bow not to be made out by every body, and certainly not by the young peer, yet it said almost as much as Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, if rightly understood; for it told Evelyn he was in his power, as he did not chuse to take the trouble to contradict him.

"To make labour is the last thing *I* should wish to do," continued the Viscount, "even for an hour."

"Perhaps so," replied Evelyn, "but give me leave to ask how that hour would have been otherwise employed ?"

"Probably in riding," said St. Clair, "or, if in bad weather, at billiards."

"Very good," said Evelyn, "riding is a fine exercise, especially if in a fine air, and in the early morning."

"Early morning!" exclaimed St. Clair, "at least our friend here is not with you in that."

"Oh! but he is," pursued Evelyn, and Georgina laughing, Tremaine gave visible signs of uneasiness, if not of impatience.

"Then as to billiards," continued Evelyn, "it is a pleasant relaxation after the mind has been particularly bent with study."

"I believe," said St. Clair, "you're quizzing me, for I own to you I'm tired both of the one and the other. I've seen all the rides in the neighbourhood till I'm sick of them; and as to billiards, unless with a new player, I've played so much, that they have no longer any charm."

"Confess then," replied Evelyn, "that to have employed yourself in protecting your trees, would have proved as agreeable an occupation as any of those that actually did employ you."

"All that, my dear sir, is very true," said the Viscount, looking at his watch, "but as I find the country has still less interest in it than London, it is a still greater bore, you know; so I shall return to the dull delights of the Park and St. James's Street, the day after to-morrow."

"And back again next month," said Evelyn, as he attended him to the hall, "*vous ennuyer à la campagne.*"*

"I am charmingly off for neighbours," continued the Doctor, re-entering the library; "one of my nearest, comes two hundred miles to a house he built himself, and stays a week; and my nearest of all, when he does chance to reside at the seat of his ancestors, shuts himself up as if he was one of the old family pictures."

"You scold us pretty well for it, however," said

* Evelyn probably had in his mind the conclusion of the *Scrupule* of Marmontel: "*Où allons nous, Madame?*"—

"*Nous ennuyer à la campagne.*"—

Tremaine; "not a stroke to my lord there, but I felt in every bone of my own skin."

"I'm glad what was so well meant, was so well taken," replied Evelyn; "but how do you like the Viscount?"

"It is ridiculous to think what a reputation he once had."

"Respect him, however," said Evelyn, "for he is one of the quizzers, one of the redoubtable corps of St. James's Street, whom all his Majesty's plain subjects are afraid of."

"I wonder why?" said Georgina.

"Ask Mr. Tremaine," replied the Doctor.

CHAP. XXXVII.

YORKSHIRE.

"I would I were as sure of a good dinner."

SHAKSPEARE.

TREMAINE's reply (if he had one) to the question propounded at the close of our last chapter, was spared, by the appearance of a man crossing the lawn, in a single breasted coat, and long

gaiters. He came from the stables, and was followed by all Evelyn's dogs, who seemed eager for his notice, and all of whom he did notice by their names.

"Hilloa ho!" cried Evelyn, putting his head out of window, while Tremaine was astonished both at his hilarity and familiarity with the stranger, whom however he rightly judged to be Careless, and who was about to return a sort of view halloo, when he was stopped by Georgina.

She had hastily gone out to meet him, and putting her arm within his, carried him immediately off into a walk at a short distance, where they seemed in earnest conversation. Something like jealousy actually struck Tremaine, on seeing this; and he could not help exclaiming, in a tone between surprise, envy, and disapprobation, "This Will Wimble is a happy man, Dr. Evelyn!"

"Why yes," observed the Doctor, "if being just the best-natured creature in the world can make a man happy, he is so."

"I mean," said Tremaine broodingly, "in the favour he seems to enjoy, and the influence he seems to be allowed in this family. It is not only the dogs that court him, and the master that loves him, but the master's daughter—"

"Loves him too," finished the Doctor; "and well she may, for I much question if he has not been a sixty miles ride to serve her in a point on which her heart was much set."

Tremaine looked surprised, and more than surprised.

"Her heart!" exclaimed he.

"Yes," answered the Doctor, "and he is now, I perceive, giving an account of his commission."

"Is it fair to ask what commission?" said Tremaine, with a strange sort of anxiety.

"Why neither more nor less than this," replied Evelyn: "an old widow, whom she loves very much, sent us word two days ago, that her only son had been pressed at Hull, though no seafaring man, and that she was fearful he might enter, which would break her heart. I was not at home, nor expected for some hours, and perhaps should have been too flinty myself to have gone so far to save an idle rogue. What does Miss Evelyn but send to Bachelor's Hall for her humble servant there, who came over in a trice, takes her instructions, rides to Hull, five and twenty miles, thence to the widow's, ten miles farther, with this cub of a son, whom he had got released; and having delivered him to his mother, is now come back to relate the result."

Tremaine's heart beat high—it filled both towards Careless and Georgina.—His jealousy, if an unintelligible sensation of interest can be called so, was by no means cured, yet he had the generosity to feel the greatest admiration for Careless's active kindness, and for the first time in his life, found there was an object whom he thought he might envy.

And yet he wondered at himself for doing so; for Careless, being now come back, and presented to him, the man of refinement, in his distant bow, and dignified air, could not help drawing a comparison between himself and the homely plainness of the little Squire, not at all to the advantage of the latter.

In truth the elegance of Tremaine's manner had always, from the first, struck Georgina herself; and the superiority of his *abord*, over even one she so highly valued as Careless, was now particularly conspicuous, to eyes, which were always alive to whatever was stampt with the mark of gentleman.

This discernment and sensibility to ease and grace, so natural to all bosoms of feeling, could not but make her properly appreciate whatever belonged to the *air noble;* and whenever she saw Tremaine, and thought of his acquirements of mind, set off by the ease of his conversation, and the polish of this advantageous manner, though a country girl, her own nature was responsive to it, and the disparity of their years did not prevent her from thinking him, not only the finest gentleman, but the most interesting person she had ever seen.

Careless, on the contrary, who had round shoulders, and a slouch in his air, contracted by being almost always in the saddle, had, in mere personal appearance, nothing but the jollity of his countenance to recommend him; and though this

latter spoke the highest good nature, it must be owned it was not remarkable for any particular intelligence.

"I find," said Tremaine, shaking hands with his new friend, "I had the pleasure of being at school with you before I went to Eton, and I now recollect the same good-natured features, which were once (we won't say how long ago) familiar to me."

"You fine town gentlemen," observed Careless, making him a country bow, "are ashamed of your ages sometimes; but us plain Yorkshires wear well enough not to need disguising them."

Tremaine reddened (which Careless not perceiving, he added kindly), "I'm sorry, however, to see you don't look in health, and fear this always comes of running away from home; I heard you had passed many years in foreign parts."

"Yet I have been home these four years," said Tremaine.

"But not in Yorkshire," observed Careless, looking significantly at Evelyn.

"Don't mind him," said the Doctor, "for, with his good will, no man would ever go beyond Bawtry, and scarcely into the Bishoprick."*

"Why," answered Careless, "I see no reason, when a man is well, that he should wish to be better, at the hazard (ten to one) of being a great

* The county of Durham, always called by the true indigenous neighbourhood, the Bishoprick.

deal worse. I have now lived, man and boy, seven and thirty years in Yorkshire, have been but twice in London in my life, and never across the salt seas as they say, and yet I believe I am as happy and content as any that have."

"Excellent philosophy," said Tremaine.

"No philosophy at all," replied Careless, "but mere taste, that was born with me,—like that for Dr. Evelyn's beef, which I perceive," added he (snuffing the air rather eagerly) "is putting upon the table."

A servant announcing it, a contest arose, which should give his arm to Georgina, and Careless, observing that though he knew it was not his place to go before Tremaine, yet when a lady was concerned he could never yield, Tremaine instantly drew back, not without a glance from the lady as she went out of the room.

Evelyn, who observed it, and loved a quotation (as the reader perhaps by this time has discovered), exclaimed, as he hurried Tremaine into the dining room,

"While a kind glance at her pursuer flies;
"How much at variance are her feet and eyes!"—

Tremaine seemed not ill pleased at the application, and drawing a chair, this small party of friends were soon seated at their repast.

"I fear," said Evelyn, as he was doing the honours, "I shall be like other half-wise people, who pursue half measures, and fail in their objects. Here we are, dining at past five."

"Nearer six," cried Careless with some eagerness, contemplating his plate, that was just filled.

"And yet," continued Evelyn, "I am too soon for Mr. Tremaine, by two or three hours at least; I know I am too late for my friend here, and certainly for myself; and thus I have pleased nobody."

Tremaine expressed his regret that the hour should be altered for him, observing with politeness, "he was sure he could dine at five as well as at eight."

"So am I too," said the Doctor, significantly, "if you would but try; and at best it is but a little agreeable violence."

"Eight!"—exclaimed Careless with surprise, "that beats all I ever heard; I thought we were getting wrong even in Yorkshire, when we got beyond four; but this comes of leaving the good old country, and training after outlandish customs."

"For once your patriotism is mistaken," said Tremaine, "for on the Continent, I believe to have got up to three is quite extraordinary, and they generally keep constant to two, if not to one."

"So much the worse for England," remarked Careless gravely, "and I almost wonder how we can have beaten the French as we have; I never thought they could be so much more natural than us."

"I dare say," said Evelyn consolingly, "Lord Wellington's army all dined at one."

"That alters the case," replied Careless.

"May I ask, in all humility," said Tremaine, who did not like his hours, any more than any thing else, to be criticised, "what time the good old county would allow us to dine?"

"If you had not told me of these Monseers' example," answered Careless, who abhorred France so sincerely, as to hate them more than even waiting for his dinner, "I should say one, or at most two."

"Plebeian enough," remarked Tremaine.

"Our fathers, who were better than us," observed Careless, "always did so."

"I doubt whether they were better," said Tremaine, "and for fathers, you should read great-grandfathers."

"I will appeal to my lady hostess there," said Careless, who always seemed sure of a friend when he addressed her; "let her decide."

"Should not Nature decide?" answered Georgina.

"Then I'm sure she would be for two or three," answered Careless.

"It should seem you are always hungry, Mr. Careless, about that time," said Tremaine.

"I am no lie-a-bed," returned Careless.

Tremaine was silent.

"And let me tell you," continued Careless, "when one has been after the dogs, or busy all day, a good sirloin (putting in his plate) is better at two or three o'clock, than all the kickshaws

in the world, though you waited till nine for them."

"A palpable hit," observed the Doctor, laughing.

Georgina too smiled; and though she had too much natural good breeding to apologise for her dinner, she could not help saying something about a wish for a French cook, for Mr. Tremaine's sake.

"And why so?" asked her father.

"Why indeed?" echoed Careless, "I'm sure you are not true Yorkshire, to wish for any such thing."

"Mr. Tremaine," answered Georgina, "has accustomed himself to particular things, which I am afraid he cannot do without."

"The lady is my best friend, I am glad to perceive," said Tremaine: "for, as for my two old school-fellows here, I begin to believe they are in a plot, and have invited me to dinner, merely to laugh at me."

"Like the fox and the stork in the fable," observed Careless, as if he had made another hit.

"I will have my revenge, however, like the stork;" continued Tremaine, good humouredly: "for when Mr. Careless does me the honour to dine with me at Woodington, he shall have nothing but kickshaws."

"That's not the way I have been used to be treated at Woodington," rejoined Careless; "nor did I ever see there, what I never thought I should

have lived to see at Lord Bellenden's, as I did t'other day."

This he uttered with a loud and long drawn sigh.

"Pray what?" asked Tremaine.

"A round of beef sent to the side-board," added Careless.

"Monstrous!" remarked the Doctor.

"It will lose his brother the county," said Careless, seriously.

Tremaine stared, and remarked "that the county must be little worth having, if it depended upon that."

"Why, what should it depend upon?" replied Careless.

"I should have thought," remarked Tremaine, drawing up, "upon integrity of character, sound principles of patriotism, and extensive connections."

"Why true," answered Careless; "but principles are best seen, I always think, in manners and customs; and if a person departs from the *customs* of his ancestors, how do I know that he has not lost their *principles* too?"

He said this with the air of a man confident in the strength of his position, so that it could not be answered. Indeed, to own the truth, it was not new; for he had made the same observation once or twice before, with considerable success, at the Hound-and-Horn club, a respectable and neigh-

bourly meeting, which was held once a month at the little market town of Belford, and which was sedulously attended by Careless, the vicar, and surgeon of the place, not to mention one or two squires of much larger fortune; and sometimes (perhaps once in each half year) by Evelyn himself.

Tremaine not a little confirmed him in the remark by only bowing a tribute, as it were, to its strength,—assuring him that he should never be so shocked at Woodington ; and the good-humour this occasioned on each side, was particularly pleasing to the Doctor and his daughter.

The dinner removed, a serious difficulty arose; for the good host vowed he had no claret in his cellar, and he knew Tremaine could not, or would not drink port. Tremaine observed, on being pushed upon it, that it was not his taste, but his constitution that felt the want of it.

"Suppose we try but this once," said the Doctor ; "it is only diminishing the quantity in proportion to the strength, and my port is excellent."

"The best in the county," quoth Careless, holding it to the light, with the air of a connoisseur."

Tremaine was obliged to comply ; when Careless added, "'twill keep the wind off your stomach, which I shrewdly suspect is the cause of all your complaints."

His refined school-fellow seemed a little hurt,

and perceiving that Georgina was rather amused than shocked, began to meditate internally, upon the impossibility, after all, of a country education sufficing to the finishing polish of female manners.

"At least, you will allow it is sound," said the Doctor.

"It is remarkably good of its kind," answered Tremaine.

"And the palate?"

"Rougher than claret," said the guest, "but not so unpleasant as might be expected."

"I will hope, then," added his friend, "my unlucky want of French wine may be borne with."

"My father," exclaimed Careless, "used to say that he was no honest man that did not like port."

"Your grandfather," replied Tremaine, "would have said the same by ale."

The port, however, was extremely good, and the weak stomach of Tremaine, having condescended to a very plain dinner, its master almost wondered at his own feelings of lightness and good humour. Pleased in himself, he was pleased with his companions; the worth which he had heard of in Careless always bore him up in his estimation, when his bluntness was ready to sink him down; and the good sense of Evelyn, together with the beauty and intelligence of his daughter, never were more conspicuous.

After coffee, Georgina gave them music, in

which she excelled; and the evening being delicious, the whole party strolled with Tremaine half the way home, his horses attending him till they took leave.

The moon shone bright when he mounted, and so unusually pleasing were his meditations, that though he moved at a foot's pace, he wished the way had been longer.

Reader! wast thou ever in love?

CHAP. XXXVIII.

A YOUNGER BROTHER.

> "Home keeping youths have ever homely wits."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

"An important question that, with which you concluded the last chapter!"—'tis therefore I concluded, for surely to answer it requires a chapter by itself.

And yet, much will depend upon the life, character, and education, to say nothing of the sex of the person, who may be at this moment honouring this essay——.

"Essay? surely, sir, it begins to be a novel!—"

"By no means!—and I will maintain it before

any bishop, professor, or critic in Christendom, that it still is that treatise of moral philosophy I intended when I set out. I am to relate facts, and if love be a subject of moral philosophy, how can I help it?"

I repeat then, (without disrobing myself,) Reader, wast thou ever in love? Because, if thou wast, thou wilt call up many a pleasing recollection when thou figurest to thyself Tremaine, *pensieroso*, returning home, now plunging into woods

"Of branching elm, star proof,"

now emerging into clear moon light, and now stopping his horse on the bank of the river that divided him from Evelyn Hall, and fixing a lingering look upon its distant pediments, for no other reason that this history has ever discovered, than because they contained an amiable young person, and a respectable friend, who had made the last few hours pleasant to him.

Dismounting, he delivered his horse to his groom, and saying he would walk the rest of the way, dismissed him.

"*Que diable signifie tout cela?*" said Monsieur Dupuis, when he rushed into the hall on the trampling of horses, and heard from the groom that his master was pacing home on foot.

"*Que c'est un drôle, ce galliard-là,*" continued Monsieur Dupuis.

The groom understood, and Monsieur Dupuis meant him to understand, nothing of his exclama-

tion, but betaking himself to the housekeeper's room, "My master no come home, he walk about to watch de moon-light," said the valet.

"Very extraordinary this," said Mrs. Watson, "what can possibly have happened?"

Except, however, in the pleasure, Tremaine did not think it extraordinary at all. There was a calm in the air agreeable to his senses, and an interest in his thoughts which he had not felt for years; and having spent the best part of an hour on the terrace, he retired to rest, with an equanimity surprising to himself, and particularly surprising to Mr. Dupuis.

What is more, though he rang early the next morning, it was because he had been sufficiently refreshed with sleep; which, without his being able to account for it, had been sweeter than he had for a long time known.

"I suppose I am recovering," said he, as he opened his windows earlier than usual: "this air is delicious, and I have none of that feverishness which used to hang upon me."

As soon as he was drest, it was observed that he went instantly to his library, where he culled out a volume of Marmontel's Memoirs, and actually, before breakfast, made the following extract with his own hand!

"Jusque là, le plaisir des sens avoit été le seul attrait qui m'eut conduit. Ici je me sentis enlevé hors de moi par de plus invincibles charmes;

c'étoient la candeur, l'innocence, la douce sensibilité, la chaste et timide pudeur, une honnêteté dont le voile ornoit la grâce et la beauté; c'étoit la vertu couronnée des fleurs de la jeunesse, qui ravissoit mon âme encore plus que mes yeux; sorte d'enchantement mille fois au-dessus de tous ceux des Armides que j'avois cru voir dans le monde."

The reader knows, or if not I am bound to tell him, that this beautiful description was of a young girl of eighteen, whom Marmontel married with all her bloom upon her, and with whom he was as happy as the day was long.

"And why should he not?" asks some young reader of the gentler sex: "merely, young lady, because the Frenchman was fifty-four years old." "That makes a sad difference," says the young lady! "Oh! but he was a Frenchman!"

To be sure that alters the case again. At the same time it led Tremaine into a profound calculation as to the true rule of proportion between the animal spirits, gaiety, and powers of pleasing, of persons born on this, or that side of the channel.

"As a Frenchman to an Englishman, in these respects," said Tremaine doubling down the book, while he took a stride along the room—"so, in inverse ratio, is thirty-eight to fifty-four. Nothing in the world could be clearer. And as Marmontel gained Mademoiselle de Montigny and was happy, so——

Did he finish the calculation?

Not exactly; for as he pondered upon it in one of the windows, his eye was arrested by a gentleman well mounted, who leaped a five-barred gate into a field that bounded the lawn, and seemed to be galloping up to the house.

It was Careless, who in a trice entered the room, and said he was come to breakfast with him.

Tremaine received him with more than politeness, and ordering breakfast, asked him what he preferred.

"I myself drink chocolate," said he, "and can recommend it to you as the right Spanish."

"I would rather it were English," cried Jack, "and think Sir Hans Sloane's no bad thing; however, I trust, whatever it be, that the proper staple of an old Yorkshire breakfast is to be the foundation."

Tremaine looked inquiringly.

"I am sorry you don't understand me," said Careless, "for I mean cold beef, or good pigeon pye."

Tremaine having given the necessary orders, asked if he usually hunted in July, and made flying leaps before breakfast?

"Why no!" he said, "but the ground was in such good order, and Lightfoot in such spirits, that I thought I would indulge him, poor brute! and besides, I like to keep him in practice."

Tremaine then inquired if he had come from home, but found he had slept at Evelyn Hall; a

thing he frequently did, particularly if bound to another part of the county: "As I am now," continued Jack, "for I have promised Lord Bellenden's youngest son to shew him how to make a May fly, as well as wire a pike, two things of which, with all his Greek and Latin, he is totally ignorant."

"It is fifteen miles to Lord Bellenden's," said Tremaine, "and you have come two already; you must be good-nature itself to go so far, to teach a young cub to throw his line."

"I have a great regard for his father and mother," replied Careless; "they wish him to be a little accomplished, and I don't mind my time for people I esteem."

"That is very good of you," replied Tremaine, sitting down with him to breakfast, "and as you have so much of it to dispose of, your neighbours must profit by your disposing of it so well. I think Dr. Evelyn said you were of no profession."

"That's my own fault," answered Careless, "my father wanted me to study the law, but after reading Tom Jones, and seeing old Piepoudre the attorney hanged for forging a will, I sickened of it."

"Good," said Tremaine, rather amused.

"My mother," continued his guest, "then proposed the church; a good pious woman she was, and I was not much averse, but ——"

"You saw no clergyman hanged, I hope," said Tremaine.

"No!" rejoined Careless, "but I had doubts and qualms about myself."

"I dare say," interrupted Tremaine in a pause which Jack made—"doubts which have puzzled many a wise man before us."

"I had no puzzle about it," answered Jack; "and perhaps you will laugh at me when I tell you what my doubts and qualms were."

Tremaine assured him he never could be so rude.

"Why then," suspending a piece of cold beef on his fork, and knitting his brow, as if he was still pondering the matter—"I did not think myself good enough," said Careless.

"Was that your reason?" asked Tremaine, with some surprise.

"No other I assure you," answered his companion, "for I found I was too light, not to say wicked; and I said, how can I preach if I don't practise? As to what I was to preach, I had no doubt, for it seems to me all a very plain thing."

"You are a happy man, Mr. Careless," said Tremaine gravely.

"If you mean for believing the Testament," returned Careless, "I see nothing but what is good in it, and I never could bear a man who made it a joke: but as I was afraid I never could come up to it, seeing I was hankering after a thousand other things, I gave up the matter, and so here I am."

The train of thought which this caused in Tre-

maine, together with the interruption it had given to Jack's breakfast, produced on both sides a silence of several minutes, which Tremaine broke by reverting to his first observation.

"Well, but this time of yours! I should like to get a lesson from you how to dispose of it, having a little of my own upon my hands now and then."

This was more than he had ever acknowledged, even to himself. Had Evelyn been his guest instead of Careless, he never would have made the concession. Forbid it pride! forbid it philosophy! forbid it romance! forbid it all and every flight of fancy that ever took possession of, and misled the brain and heart of poor human nature! But it was different with a man who seemed a mere piece of good natured simplicity, if not, as Tremaine then supposed, a mere Yorkshire Tike, with whom he and his philosophy could run no risk. He therefore hazarded the disclosure, assuring his own mind that he did it merely to draw Careless out into an account of himself.

Be this as it may, the observation was made.

"Why, to tell you the truth," answered Careless, rather abruptly, "from what I heard of your goings on, I thought this life of yours must be a damn'd dull un."

Tremaine was thunderstruck; though he has since declared, it was not the abruptness of the attack that hurt him, but the rank Yorkshire

twang in which the words were uttered, that grated his ear still more than his feelings!

Could he have suspected any body in the country of the liberty of quizzing, or suspected Careless any where, the offence had been unpardonable. And let me tell you, no wonder; for how would any one, who had for years been nursing himself in a favourite system, that was like Sancho's idea of sleep, to cover him all over like a cloak, in all weathers, and shield him from hail, rain, and snow, thunder and lightning, and all the storms that can burst upon the head of a poor mortal man,—how, sir, I say, would you yourself like to have such a comfortable warm and sheltering cloak stripped off your back in a thrice, and that without saying with your leave or by your leave, by a plain blunt man, who, without any cloak at all, rode bare-headed in all weathers, and therefore did not understand the use of one. Flésh and blood could not bear it. Had he been a mere mechanic, or hewer of wood, that had said it, our man of refinement might have passed it by, as unworthy notice: but it was his early acquaintance; one who had set out in life with him; was born in the same rank; had been at the same school; and was at that moment at the same table with him, eating his breakfast with as much appetite and *sang froid*, and looking as innocent, as if he had said nothing at all to offend him.

There was something about Tremaine's testiness,

however sudden and rash, which never made him forget any thing good that belonged to the agent that had caused it. He would scold a servant and think him a blockhead for not understanding him, when perhaps he scarcely understood himself; and he would, in fastidious mood, include the whole world in one vast censure, for the fault sometimes of an individual; yet his resentment was short lived, and generally yielded to the recollection of something favourable in the character of its object.

At that moment, although he drew up and reddened, and was really shocked at the *brusquerie* of his guest, yet seeing him perfectly unconscious, and therefore innocent, the recollection of his long ride to the widow's with her son, came across him, and swallowing with his chocolate some strong words that had got up to the top of his throat, he took a middle course, and observed, though with dryness,—

"You, Mr. Careless, are, I suppose, never dull; and to be sure, in the life you lead, must be continually amused. Nay! I think I heard you yesterday say something of *business*."

"Why yes!" returned Jack, "though I'm of no trade, I am somehow always employed, and no day's too long for me."

Tremaine, with a superior air, said, he should like to have the history of his day.

"Why, to begin, then," rejoined the guest, "I rise mostly with the sun."

"At four o'clock in the morning!" observed Tremaine.

"Not exactly, but at six, unless it's dark;—and if it doesn't rain cats and dogs, I generally, the first thing, go to see what sort of a morning it is out of doors."

"Your second?" asked Tremaine.

"See my horse rubbed down," returned Jack.

Tremaine's looks indicated a contempt, which his politeness alone restrained.

"I see very well what you mean," said Careless; "you think that beneath me. But I am only a younger brother, and have but a boy, who might, if I did not look to it, spoil the best horse in the world, and almost my only happiness. But if I had ever so many grooms, I should do the same, for I love my horse, as much——"

"As Sancho did his ass," interrupted Tremaine.

"And good reason he had," rejoined Careless, not at all disconcerted; "I have read that book many's the time, and I don't know any thing in it more pleasant than the friendship between Sancho and Dapple;—if it was so between human creatures, we should all be the better for it;—it seems so reasonable," continued Jack.

"One must be very much in want of a friend," said Tremaine, "to bestow so much affection on one's horse!"

"Where can you get a better?" asked Jack, warming in praise of his horse. "Give me leave

to ask where will you get one that is always ready at all calls, will lend you his back in all weathers, and for all burthens; will give you health and pleasure, do business for you, fight for you, and save your life for you?" said Careless.

"Save your life?" exclaimed Tremaine.

"Yes!" answered the orator of the horse; "I could shew you such brave things done by horses, in battle, and among the Tartars."

"Where?" cried Tremaine.

"In the Gentleman's Recreation," answered Careless.

"Pray go on," said the host, much amused.

"What wonder, then," continued Jack, "if I, who am a lone man to boot, and have few things to love me, as the beggar said of his dog—"

Tremaine gave a sort of sigh.

"What wonder, I say, if I myself delight in being good to a dumb creature who is so good to me?"

"Upon my word," said Tremaine, softening, "you have made an excellent defence, and shall be as good to your horse as ever you please. But pray go on; what next in your day?"

"Why I have a flock of hungry pensioners to satify, in my poultry."

"So has Miss Evelyn," said Tremaine thoughtfully.

"Georgy and I are rivals," continued Careless, not perceiving his thoughtfulness; "but though

she pretends a great deal, like a chit as she is, she knows little about it; besides, she is all for Darking, and does not care for Game. Would you believe it, the last time she was at Bachelor's Hall, she did not know a Birchen pile from a Shakebag."

"I protest nor I," observed Tremaine listlessly: "what do you do next?"

"I come in and breakfast," said Careless, "which I have well earned, and eat with a relish."

"A true pupil of Dr. Evelyn," cried Tremaine.

"And where will you find a better master?" answered Jack; "all his maxims deserve to be written in letters of gold."

"And his daughter?" said Tremaine, in a scrutinizing tone.

"What, my dear Georgy? why she's a chip of the old block, or rather, as the saying is, she's all block herself, for I don't know whether her sense or her beauty is the greatest."

"You speak feelingly," observed Tremaine.

"So I ought," said Jack, clinching it with a thump on the table as he said it, "for I love her as if she was my own flesh and blood."

"Indeed!" cried Tremaine, with a little earnestness; "but to be sure, man and wife are the same flesh and blood."

"Oh! as to that, I'm too poor, and too old by a dozen years at least," said Jack, in a tone as if he had settled the matter with himself.

MAHARAJA SERFO...

Tremaine became still more thoughtful, and the conversation languished.

"As to the Doctor," observed Careless, resuming it, "you are more obliged to him than you know of."

"As how?"

"Why his having no claret yesterday was all a fudge."

Tremaine looked surprised.

"Poz, I assure you," continued Careless; "he told me before dinner, that he knew it tore you to pieces, and desired me not to peach."

"It is a little extraordinary," remarked Tremaine, with some gravity, "that he should pretend to know me, better than I do myself."

"Most people have that way," replied Careless; "but he had better authority still, for your physician in Northamptonshire is an old college friend of his, with whom he corresponds, and he told him, that if he could keep you from sour wine, and to early hours, you would do very well."

"He did!" exclaimed Tremaine, in a splenetic tone; "upon my word, I am much obliged to these two worthy gentlemen, for the trouble they take about me."

"I think you ought," continued Careless, taking him *à la lettre*, "and Miss Evelyn too!"

"Miss Evelyn, what of her?"

"Why she was in the plot, and said it was a pity you were so spoilt."

"She did!" cried Tremaine, stiffly.

"Yes, for she added, you could be very delightful if you pleased."

"She is a very charming girl," exclaimed Tremaine, and milling the chocolate with rather increased fervour, asked his guest if he would not have some more.

It was declined, "and indeed," added Jack, "its well for me I have fifteen miles to ride, for it will require it all to carry off this good breakfast of yours."

"Why, what would you do if you were at home, and had no place to ride to?"

"That is a difficult supposition," retorted the guest; "but if I had not, I know a good enough remedy."

"Pray what?"

"To dig in my garden," said Jack.

"I have heard of such things, but never saw them," replied the host.

"Then come to Bachelor's Hall, and I'll shew you cauliflowers and cucumbers of my own raising, that beat even our friend's there," pointing towards Evelyn Hall; "indeed it's the only thing he is a little touchy about."

"But how if it rains?" remarked Tremaine.

"Oh! I have abundant employment, for I make fish and fruit nets, play the fiddle, and have the best turning lathe in the county."

"Bachelor's Hall must be a place worth seeing," observed Tremaine.

"I shall be proud to shew it you," answered Careless.

"I suppose you read, too."

"Oh yes, a great deal: indeed there is now so much reading in the papers, that they take a great deal of time to keep up with them. The landlord of the Hound and Horn, sends me an evening, three times a week, and I have myself the county papers, so that with all this, the Gentleman's Magazine, and the Annual Register, I have never been a week behind things since the French Revolution. But besides this, I have my brother's interest to manage at Belford, where there are a number of votes for his borough. I set up the club at the Hound and Horn on purpose, and this takes up a deal of time."

"And you are perfectly happy?"

"Perfectly."

"I really believe it," continued the host, and "if I might say such an ill-bred thing, if I were not Tremaine, I would be Careless."

"And if I were not Careless, I would be Tremaine," said Jack;—"that is"—after a pause, "provided you dined at four, and drank port."

"Oh! I dare say, when you began, you would have several other provisos."

"Why yes!" observed Jack, looking round, I "would not let this old hall be so thinly inhabited."

"Why what would you do?"

"I would marry Miss Evelyn," said Jack abruptly.

Tremaine was half choaked.

" Marry, and keep good fellowship," continued Jack.

" I am too old, by your own account," observed Tremaine with emotion.

" That was as a poor man; but with your fortune!"

Tremaine look grave, and a cloud shot across his brow. But he proceeded, " why even with my fortune, I fear—"

" Fear!" cried Careless, " pshaw! 'faint heart never won fair lady,' or as we used to say out of the Grammar, *fortuna favet fortibus.* But talking of fortune, my good friend, will you now allow me to tell you what made me beat up your quarters so soon this morning?"

" It is time, I think," said Tremaine; " I had hoped it was because you had the same pleasure in coming to see me, as I had in receiving you."

" Why yes! certainly that was one reason," answered Careless, " but I own I had another."

He then told him a story of distress, which as he himself was mixt up with it, in a manner very much to his own credit, he explained not very perspicuously; but the result, as Tremaine gathered was this:—That a neighbouring squire of immense estate, and very dissolute life, infamous withal for having ruined several young women, had let out to him his designs upon a tenant's daughter of great beauty and little prudence. That he (Care-

less) had warned the father of it, who, though deeply in debt to his landlord for rent, had forbidden him the house, and kept his daughter out of sight. That the squire had notwithstanding contrived to elope with the daughter on foot, who, before she had gone half a mile had repented, and while struggling to get free, was met by Careless: that much roughness, amounting to something very like blows, had passed between him and the spoiler, who however was forced to forego his prize, whom Careless restored to her father; and in revenge, the father had been ruined, by the seizure of every thing he had. A threatened duel awaited Careless, who at the same time, said he did not think the fellow had pluck enough to go through with it. He was only indignant, that an injured man should be ruined, merely because the injury was not so great as had been intended.

"Thank God, however," exclaimed Careless, rubbing his hands, "I have been lucky for these poor people: the debt is above one hundred pounds, but I have already got above fifty. Dr. Evelyn gave me ten guineas, and my dear Georgy three, and to tell you the truth this is one reason for my visit to Lord Bellenden, where I know I may count upon at least twenty more; and here I own," added he after a pause, and looking on the end of his whip, which he kept twirling on the ground, "I own all the folly of never, in my circumstances, having taken to any trade or profession. I have

by my idleness deprived myself of all power to help these poor devils, except by turning beggar for them myself."

He blushed as he spoke the words, but it was the blush of virtue, as well as of shame. Tremaine was penetrated; his heart was of kindred with the best, when called upon to act, and his indignation at an injury recited was ever ready to boil over.

All the eloquence in the world could not have produced a more instantaneous effect than the simple narration of Careless, to whom he warmed as to a brother.

Squeezing him therefore by the hand, he begged, if that were all, that he would give up his visit to Lord Bellenden, as he would himself cheerfully pay the balance of the farmer's debt; and if the oppressor put his threat into execution, I shall think myself honoured," added Tremaine, spreading his hand on his breast, "I shall think myself honoured in attending you to the field."

"Why as to the first, I will take twenty guineas, if you please," said Jack; "and as to the last, I am for ever bound to you, and it is spoke like true Yorkshire; but I fancy Squire Brown, (who, by the way, I am glad to find has nothing of Yorkshire in him, but springs from a stocking-maker at Nottingham,) will never court another meeting: the rascal has tasted a little crab-stick already, and as it is four days ago, I fancy he is in no humour to covet anything else."

"But my Lord Bellenden," said Tremaine.

"My dear friend," returned Jack, "the lad will never hook a pike as long as he lives, unless I go over to him: so thank you a thousand times, and pray give me leave to order Lightfoot."

The bell rang: the horse was brought; and Tremaine was left alone, thoughtful, occupied, and affected.—And let us add, less displeased than usual with himself, and with all the world.

CHAP. XXXIX.

SELF EXAMINATION.

> "Pacing the forest
> "Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

"It is certain," said he, as he walked through the garden door towards the terrace, "that useful lessons may be gathered from small things. Who would have thought that this uninformed, untravelled, rough diamond, would furnish food even for Socrates!"

It was not that Tremaine thought himself Socrates; but he wished that Socrates could have had a Careless for a subject, in his reasoning upon human nature.

"He would have given a rare lecture upon it," said Tremaine, pacing the terrace.

The meditation continued some time, when he began to be clouded, by asking himself the important question, whether, with all his attainments, riches, and personal consequence, Jack was not the happier being of the two.

"And yet," continued he, advancing quicker along the terrace, as he advanced with his soliloquy, "and yet, as happiness must be in the mind, and must therefore exist in proportion to the mind's cultivation, how is it possible? To dig in a garden, weave a net, or rub down a horse, is surely a very common affair, and not calculated to produce what all of us are courting with such eagerness, and none of us ever attain. He is indeed a benevolent, and kind-hearted creature," proceeded Tremaine, "and that does much;—but so are many:—I cannot tax myself with want of feeling in this respect."

"I will consult Dr. Evelyn about him," concluded Tremaine. "He will dogmatize a little, and we shall have a dispute. No matter—the truth may be struck out between us."

Now it may have occurred to the reader, that whatever good sense may have appeared in Evelyn, any thing but the truth had been infused by him into the mind of Tremaine. Yet that is not exactly so. Two rough stones of equal hardness, continually in collision, may leave it doubtful in

which the grain and solidity are firmest. Yet if one of them has a few incrustations or asperities not naturally belonging to it, ten to one, by continual rubbing against the other, they are insensibly softened down, without the real solid block knowing any thing about the matter.

Just so was it with Tremaine. To have yielded his theories to Evelyn, would never have entered his contemplation; but as truth is the fairest flower of history, our duty requires that we should confess, he was at least sometimes in the situation of that illustrious fellow-theorist, who, inculcating the sublime doctrine that pain was no evil, and seized with the gout in the midst of it, though he would not give up his theory, was forced to allow it an inconvenience.

Now, as seclusion to the one philosopher was as incontestibly an inconvenience as the pangs of the gout to the other, the pride of opinion had insensibly, and just so far yielded in Tremaine, that he thought Evelyn *seemed* the happier man of the two; and though it was still a problem in his mind, whether his happiness was on account, or in spite of his way of life, yet he was forced to own that the pursuits and tastes of such a man must at least be very bearable things.

The perpetual droppings, therefore, of Evelyn's maxims, began to be a little like the perpetual droppings of water upon marble; and obstinate as the mind of Tremaine may appear, it could not,

any more than the marble, be exposed to these unceasing efforts, without insensibly giving way.

"There must be more in my friend's notions of life, than I am aware of," said the man of refinement, canvassing the point;—and yet I think I have had as many occasions of judging as he. I will certainly probe the matter the first opportunity.

When that first opportunity happened does not appear, but the next meeting upon record will be found in the next chapter.

CHAP. XL.

A RIDE.

"Come woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and
"like enough to consent."

SHAKSPEARE.

"It is all owing to our departing from nature, or being what you call refined," said the Doctor.

As this was round a table covered with wine, and fruit, and biscuits, perhaps the reader will imagine, that Tremaine had again condescended to leave his own company and rich repast, for the society and plain but excellent board at Evelyn Hall; or, perhaps, that the chimnies of Wooding-

ton had begun to smoke for others as well as for their solitary master!

No, it was none of these; for the party were now all assembled under a large mulberry-tree in Jack Careless's garden. How they came there the Doctor can best explain. It is certain he was a bold man; for he proposed to Tremaine, one morning to accompany him to Belford on its market day.

Tremaine shuddered, but obeyed; though whether it was in obedience to the father, or the daughter, who looked uncommonly lovely that day, we have never exactly learned. It is certain that a ride with her through some green lanes—

"Green lanes! why then, sir, I absolutely give them both up. A sensible woman of my acquaintance, in lecturing her daughters, used often to tell them, if you are doubtful about encouraging a man, never ride or walk with him; but above all, never in a green lane!"

Now a thousand reasons might be given for this. The retirement and sweetness of a lane when green, that is, in the very season of love;—the harmony it sheds over the senses;—no distractions —no distant prospect—but all confined to the one pleading, and perhaps too interesting object:— not even the expectation of a passenger to interrupt or recal the yielding sense;—'tis too much!

"Well! but you forget, Tremaine was nearly twenty years older than the lady."

"True; but on that very account the lady was more off her guard: she could not suspect herself —so that there is more than even the usual advantage. Though a difference of twenty years is frightful in most places, it never is so little so, as where no pretty fellow, joyous in youth and youth's attractions, can intrude to disturb you. No, no! if a man has this terrible disparity, and yet ventures to court a young girl, ever while he lives let him get her into a green lane."

We do not mean to say that Tremaine cast all this before hand, or planned any design against Georgina of malice *prepense*. The probability is, that he was as innocent of it as the lady herself. Yet it is also certain, when with, a frankness which spoke all sorts of natural things from her eyes, with a play of the most ingenuous countenance, as well as in the sweetest voice in the world, she begged him to accompany them, because they would so enjoy the green lanes, he had nothing more to say. All fear of Belford vanished; and it is a question whether, if it had been even to London itself, he would not have ordered his horses as she desired.

What they said to one another is not known; for as three could not well ride a breast, the Doctor chose to proceed singly, in the manner of an advanced guard; the two grooms slunk far behind, being in effect absorbed, the one in giving, the other in listening to a description of the superiority

of London over country service, in which, from the dazzling account of wages, board wages, fees on buying and selling horses, and gratuities on tradesmen's bills, the latter was left to consider himself as a mighty inferior sort of a person.

Tremaine and the lady, therefore, were left nearly as much to themselves as if no human creature were near them. He was well mounted, rode well, and looked, as he always did, the gentleman; and when we add to this, that with no inconsiderable powers of conversation himself, he was all eye and all ear for his companion———

"And all this in a green lane! Let me tell you, sir, the twenty years difference sank to ten in a trice."

"I never had so pleasant a ride," said Georgina, "as they emerged into the high road leading to the little town of Belford, which now appeared in sight."

"I wonder if he is at home," said the Doctor, looking at an old fashioned house, close by the road side.

"Do let us stop and see," said Georgina.

"Voyons," rejoined Evelyn, dismounting, and giving his horse to his servant.

At this, he opened a little gate in a low wall, which on that side bounded a garden of hollyhocks, wall-flowers, and sweet marjorams, and proceeded to a large brown door with small pannels, and a huge projecting scollop shell pediment. It was

decorated with a brass knocker, and to this the Doctor most vigorously applied.

"For heaven's sake, where are we?" cried Tremaine.

"In Æbalia," answered the Doctor.

"Æbalia?"

"Yes, as I will prove any day in the year."

Tremaine looking puzzled, and fancying this some far-fetched whim of the Doctor, "we are at Bachelor's Hall," said Georgina.

"*Entrez, Messieurs et Mesdames,*" exclaimed Evelyn, after parleying with a woman who opened the door, and whom he called by the familiar name of Becky.

Georgina was off her horse in a moment, and, followed by Tremaine, entered the house.

CHAP. XLI.

BACHELOR'S HALL.

"He'll shew you where the Batchelors sit."

SHAKSPEARE.

Reader, hast thou never stopt thy horse at the corner of a village road, to view a peaceful dwel-

ling that courted thee to look at it; retired in a little court of flowers, with here and there a lilac or a vine gadding over a casement window? A pine, perchance, rears its head over all, and even far above the loftiest chimnies of the mansion itself.

Hast thou never done this, and while thou hast surveyed its well-kept grass plot, with gay geraniums, or its fresh painted porch twisted with honeysuckle, said to thyself, "this seems the abode of peace!" and cast many a look back upon thy perhaps stormy life, and wished for just such a port as this, even though thy then home might be a palace?

If thou hast done this, thou hast seen Bachelor's Hall.

While the gouvernante, Mrs. Rebecca, went to call her master, who was out of doors, Tremaine proceeded to examine the house, of which Evelyn and his daughter did the honours, seemingly as much at home as if they were the owners.

It had been always what is called in the country, a bettermost sort of farm-house, which Jack's eldest brother had fitted up for him, when he leased him the farm, at a low rent. That not answering, he had let the land, barns, and stables to an under tenant, who lived at the back of the house, and was therefore Jack's nearest neighbour.

A small hall with a brick floor, and well whitened walls, set round with old prints of the most famous race horses of their time, composed the entrance,

entrance, which, through Mrs. Rebecca's care, was always kept as clean as a daily washing could make it. To the right and left were parlours, one much larger than the other; and behind, the kitchen, the door of which, at the suggestion of Georgina, was skreened from sight by a large curtain of old tapestry.

"Let us repose ourselves in his comfortable room till he comes in," said Evelyn, leading the way into the left-hand parlour.

They entered into a neat, and for a bachelor, rather a large room, where the Doctor immediately seating himself in an arm-chair, took up the county paper, which seemed to have been Jack's last study.

A sort of bow window, darkened by a large gera nium trained into a fan, prevented much view at one end; but a glazed door leading into a cheerful garden, through which the sun was shining full, gave it much splendour at the other. On one side of the fire-place hung a large map of Yorkshire, with an accurate plan of the Ainsty and York minster, of which an ample print ornamented the chimney itself. On the other side a glazed bookcase, surmounting a scrutoir, immediately caught Tremaine's eye. The library consisted of a large bible, and Whiston's Josephus, which had been Jack's mother's; the Farmer's Dictionary, the Gentleman's Recreation, and an old Chambers, all in folio; two or three volumes of the Spectator, and some Annual Registers,

decorated the other shelves. But, to Tremaine's surprise, there lay upon the chairs, seemingly as if they were often used, Fergusson's Lectures on Natural Philosophy; the Complete Clock Maker, and a book on Surveying and Mensuration.

Tremaine expressing his wonder at this, as though he had not suspected Jack of a fondness for any science,—

"You are mistaken," said Evelyn, "for our friend has an excellent mechanical head, and the cuckoo clock in the hall, which Becky always tells me is truer than Belford church, was made with his own hands. But suppose," added he to Georgina, "you shew Mr. Tremaine our friend's study, while I finish this agricultural report of the West Riding; I have a full column still to read."

Georgina laughingly led the way into the other parlour, which was about twelve feet square, and dignified through all the house by the name of study; though Careless, with more modesty and correctness, called it his workshop.

In this, the first thing they saw was a carpenter's table, covered with the tools of that ingenious craft. A large lathe took up a considerable portion of the room, together with nets of different kinds, the work of Jack's own fingers. On a little table in the middle lay a letter in his own hand, addressed "to the Editor of the Farmer's Magazine," which proved to be an essay on the best mode of cultivating the hundred-headed cabbage.

The master of the house not appearing, they were summoned by the Doctor, who had finished his report, to go in quest of him themselves.

"We shall see Jack's garden," said he, "which is neatness itself; though I don't much like it, for the fellow bullies me with his cauliflowers."

The party then sallied forth, and found Evelyn had not overrated his friend's skill; for Tremaine discovered, to his utter astonishment, that a mere *potager*, which he had never condescended to rank in any class of what he called gardens, was in reality, not only an interesting, but a very pretty thing. A few borders of flowers, close to the door, yielded by degrees to compartments of the healthiest vegetables, in beautiful, because useful regularity. The espalier, and the honest gooseberry and currant, formed a green wall for each division, while at foot, the strawberry, and sometimes a row of daisies, kept every thing spruce and regular.

The garden wall, well clothed, but still very low, bounded a lane which led further into the village, and a green walk, parallel with it, ended in a large bench, close to the mulberry tree, of which mention has already been made. Tremaine expressed his wonder, that, with such a taste fer the useful in gardening, this wall should have been left so low.

"Why I have wondered too," said Evelyn, as they all paced the walk by its side, "but when I consider how much amusement, interest, and oc-

cupation Jack would be deprived of if it were higher, my wonder ceases."

Tremaine desiring explanation,—

"You must know," continued Evelyn, "this is Jack's exchange; his social walk; his world. Not a traveller on foot or horseback, not a post-chaise, farmer's or other waggon, but courses along this wall; and as he is universally known, and proportionably liked, whenever he is tired of himself, which indeed, is not often—"

"He is happy," interrupted Tremaine.

"He is so," said Evelyn, eyeing the interruptor significantly.

"Go on," said Tremaine.

"Well! whenever he is tired of himself, or is otherwise disposed to it, he has only to come into this walk, and something, whether of gossip or business, immediately engages his attention. He has been seen to lean over that corner, where the bricks are a little deranged, for an hour together, talking to passengers, high or low, known or unknown; so that, in the words of a neighbouring farmer, who talked to me about it, 'it is thought he would make a foin parliament man!'"

"An hour together, leaning over a wall!" said Tremaine, with an emphasis, as if he had set the thing down in his own mind.

"It all depends upon taste," remarked Evelyn; "but the taste once allowed, I see no reason why a wall should not do as well as a rail."

"Nor I," said Tremaine; "but I profess I don't understand the taste."

"Then you are different from all your fine companions, in the fine world," answered Evelyn.

Tremaine declaring he did not comprehend him; "perhaps," replied the Doctor, "I may have been misinformed; but judge for yourself. Some business took me last spring to town for a week. I left Georgy with her aunt, meaning to hurry home as fast as I could. Meantime, as I like to look at the world every now and then, for fear I should lose its manners, and be quizzed, you know," added he significantly—

Tremaine smiled and bade him go on.

"Well! I thought one way of examining customs was to go to what used to be called the Ring in Hyde-Park. But every thing changes.—"

"As how?" asked Tremaine.

"Why, I could scarcely believe it myself," continued Evelyn, "but I found the Ring had been turned into a straight line."

"I know of no such alteration," said Tremaine.

"It was the same thing," proceeded Evelyn, for "the Ring I found absolutely abandoned, though, as a ride, one of the prettiest in the kingdom; and all the world, at the hazard of crushing one another to pieces, were parading in triple rows, up and down one long dull line, between the two gates."

"That seems bad," observed Tremaine, "and is new since I was there."

"To our point," said the Doctor. "When I entered from Piccadilly, I observed Sir Giles ——, the Baronet, you know, with a vacant face, waiting on horseback behind the rails of Rotten Row, in seemingly immediate expectation of something he was waiting for."

"And did it not come?" asked Tremaine.

"I think not," replied Evelyn, "for having gone round the Ring, I found him precisely in the same spot and attitude, and precisely with the same vacancy of countenance, seemingly as much as ever at a loss for what he expected. I had, however, in the mean time made a similar remark on Sir Charles, Sir John, My Lord ——, and your friend the Quizzer himself, who all, on horseback or on foot, were taking their exercise in leaning over the rails, all along the road."

"There must have been some reason," said Tremaine.

"They were all 'foin parliament men,'" replied the Doctor.

"Psha!" said Tremaine, perceiving his drift, "what possible harm can there be in gentlemen talking together in the manner you describe?"

"None in the world," said Evelyn drily; "you will observe I am on my defence; I only said that a wall was as good as a rail."

Georgina rather laughing, Tremaine said gravely, "are we to understand, then, that there is no difference in persons or things? that this rough

neighbourhood supplies as good society as London? that this dirty lane is equal to Hyde Park? and that you or I could have the same pleasures here, as in the conversation we found there?"

"*Sçavoir*," answered the Doctor, who, from having been abroad, often interlarded his talk with foreign phrases, "*sçavoir* what the conversation is. That which I caught in my daily visit to the park, consisted, I will not say for the most part, but altogether of the scandal of the gaming-house, or *boudoir*; who lost the last thousand? how long it would be before Lady A—— ran away to Lord B——, whom she had always wished to marry instead of her husband. Or, at best, the empty speculations of people who knew nothing at all about the matter, upon a change of ministry."

"And this you call London conversation?" exclaimed Tremaine.

"Far from it," answered his friend; "I said it was London *rail* conversation, and as such not better, if not something worse than country-wall conversation. There is a great deal of good talk in London, which we can seldom command in the country: there is also a great deal of frivolity which *we* escape. Our bad and ridiculous passions may not indeed be eradicated, but they are not exercised."

"You allow then, at last," interrupted Tremaine, "that solitude is a good thing."

"Not a bit of it," replied the Doctor.

[library stamp]

CHAP. XLII.

" Will you dispatch us here, under this tree?"

SHAKSPEARE.

" Suppose we ask Mr. Careless what he thinks of it," said Georgina, " for there he is," and she pointed him out.

" He is in too filthy a place, and he must at least come to us first," observed Tremaine.

In effect, Jack was at that moment in the very middle of the farm yard, on the other side of the garden, giving a lecture to his tenant, who listened with great approbation, upon what both agreed was a *desideratum* in farming science, the best mode of baiting a mole-trap.

" I think I have made him understand it," said Jack, as he leapt the garden-wall, with the mole-trap in his hand.

" You deserve to be immortalized," observed Tremaine ; " your own invention, I suppose ?"

" An improvement," answered Careless, " and I hope a very good one ; it cost me a night's sleep, besides two or three consultations with the Squire Rector here, to say nothing of Georgy, who had a voice in it too ; had not you, Georgy ?"

"Upon my word," said Tremaine, bowing to them all, "the occupations of the country want no farther panegyric or comment, to prove their superiority. A doctor of divinity, an accomplished young lady, and a gentleman of high degree, all bending the force of their genius, and giving their time to mole-catching. I want no other proof of the value of time in the country."

"And why not?" said the Doctor, "as well as to fox-catching with squires, or paradox-catching with philosophers, or rat-catching with politicians?"

Tremaine did not very well like the reply; and the conversation, after pausing, took another turn, and fell upon subjects concerning which we do not think it expedient to trouble the reader with any detailed report; shortly after which the whole party proceeded to the little town of Belford.

Here, too, we are compelled to do another small violence to our historical feelings, and refrain from accompanying our friends in their ride. Suffice it that they went and returned without incurring any "moving accident" by either "flood or field;" not, however, without having previously arranged to dine in pic-nic under the mulberry tree in Careless's garden.

"Charming!" exclaimed Georgina, on the proposal to the above effect being made by her father, in consequence of a set of gypsies having passed up the lane just as they were starting; "charm-

ing!" and that word charming silenced an objection which had already reached the end of Mr. Tremaine's tongue, but which, from the moment Miss Evelyn expressed her opinion, never got beyond it.

Careless declaring that nothing would be so delightful to him as the proposed plan, but the utmost he could command was a leg of mutton, the Doctor sent off his servant with a *carte-blanche* to the housekeeper at Evelyn Hall; and Tremaine would have sent him on to Woodington with a like order to Monsieur Bertrand his cook, had not the whole party declared against French cookery under an English mulberry tree, and even carried it so far, that an equally firm protest was made against the claret and sauterne for which Tremaine very strongly pleaded.

"You say true, my good friend," said the arbitrary Doctor, arguing the point; "prejudice is prejudice, whether English or French: but the stomach is above all fashionable feeling, and will speak for itself; and if these fine wines are acrid poisons to you, instead of support, they will not destroy you the less, because you are prejudiced for, or I against them."

"But consider his reputation," said Georgina archly: "how would it sound at White's, if it were known that Mr. Tremaine were turned a mere Yorkshire squire, and had actually been detected dining in a cottage garden, and drinking port?"

" And at four o'clock," added Careless, " for by the Lord Harry that must be the hour, if you dine at all."

" And quite fashionable for a set of gypsies," said the Doctor.

Tremaine had nothing for it but to submit, and while he looked at the loveliest cheek in the world, damasked by the buxom air, tacitly asked himself whether natural hours, natural pleasures, and such a companion, were not, after all, the true enjoyments of life.

Having now accounted for bringing our party under the mulberry tree in Careless's garden, we will proceed to relate the conversation exactly as it went on after dinner, as was opened in all due form in the beginning of the thirty-ninth chapter of this instructive work.

CHAP. XLIII.

> " Oh God ! methinks it were a happy life
> " To be no better than a homely swain."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

"It is all owing to our departing from nature," said the Doctor, "or being what you are pleased to call refined."

"That is, being too much in buckram," added Jack, explaining.

"Aye," continued Evelyn, "I believe that is the true word; for a spoilt man of the world is no more at his ease in the ordinary course of society, or in every day occurrences, than a stiff German Cambellan, in a full suit of buckram."

"Do you mean," asked Tremaine, "that there is no difference between a man of education, and a ploughman?"

A ploughman was at that instant coming home from his day's work.

"God forbid!" said the Doctor; "at the same time it is a great question, so often is education abused; and when education itself destroys simplicity of heart, the difference I would make would be against it."

By this time the aforesaid ploughman had come abreast of the mulberry tree, and perceiving Jack, pulled off his hat to him with a smile and a bow, composed in such an exact proportion of respect and familiarity, that it was difficult to say which was uppermost.

"How are you, Dick?" said Careless.

"I envy," observed Tremaine, with an air of superiority, not at all concealed, "this happiness of Mr. Careless, who can thus draw pleasure from every one he meets."

"Why as to that," answered Careless, "I have not any great pleasure in Dick's company, but I believe he is a very honest fellow, and would do me a good turn if he could: more than we can say of many finer people; and it would be well for the world, educated or not, if there were more Dicks in it."

"Surely," said Tremaine, preserving all his superiority, "you are not going to fall into the common place notion, that people are more honest, or more kind, because they live in the country;—we are not in 'Arcady the blest,' because we are in a garden in Yorkshire."

"I should like to hear this discussed," said Georgina.

"Suppose, then," continued Tremaine smiling, and rubbing his hands, at this little encouragement, "that this Dick, instead of being a very honest, good-natured fellow, was a good-for-

nothing rascal; of which, with all deference, there may besome even in Yorkshire as well as elsewhere."

"And enough to spare," cried Jack, allowing it.

"A poacher, for instance," observed Tremaine, thinking to rivet the matter with his companion.

"I would not be a hare in his way," answered Careless.

"What becomes of simplicity of heart, then?" asked Tremaine, drily, and looking at Evelyn.

"Perhaps he would never have had it any where," said the Doctor, perceiving the fallacy.

"He is a good husband and father," remarked Careless, "and I'll answer for it, when he gets home to his supper, is as happy as any of we."

"There is no doubt," said the Doctor, taking up the question, "but there are rogues in grain all over the world; but at least country rogues are coarser and more easily detected than you fine town gentlemen."

"Thanking you for the compliment," answered Tremaine—"you forget Burke, who gave credit to the manners of France, which by depriving vice of all its grossness, robbed it of half its evil."

"He spoke relatively," replied the Doctor, "for abstractedly I am sure he would not have held that opinion. For my own part, I would rather see vice in all its vulgarity, and hideous-

ness, than disguised under its veils and refinements."

"Would you then revive the plays of Charles the Second, or the novels of Mrs. Behn?" asked Tremaine.

"Not revive them," rejoined Evelyn, "but I would not exchange the liberty of writing in that style, for the more dangerous, because more disguised mischief of French sentiment, and the German theatre."

"Are you fond of the stage, Miss Evelyn?" asked Tremaine.

"Delighted with it," cried Georgina, "though only at York."

"Did you ever see the Stranger?" pursued Tremaine.

"I have wept over it several times," answered Georgina.

"Judge then between us," continued Tremaine.

"I have judged as often as I have seen that play," returned Georgina: "for I own to you, while my heart wept, my mind condemned."

"And this without papa?"

"Certainly not; though as certainly, he never formed my opinion upon this particular tragedy."

"I don't understand," said Tremaine.

"Why I suppose he made her a good girl at first, and she has continued so ever since," cried Careless.

Georgina smiled, and went on to say that she

supposed no heart could withstand such personified misery as Kemble's acting exhibited, and that the tears he called forth, in the Stranger, were willing tears, but that she felt them to be very different indeed from those drawn by Mrs. Haller, for whose crime no excuse could be offered even by the poet."

"But would you not forgive?" inquired Tremaine.

"Certainly."

"And be reconciled?"

"Yes! as far as divesting myself of resentment, and a desire of punishment went;—but to restore to one's affection—to love again, as before love had been betrayed—to cherish a traitress as in the days of innocence!"—

"Pray go on, I am all ear," said Tremaine, delighted, and afraid of her pause.

"Why, my heart tells me it would be impossible."

"And your virtue too?" added Evelyn.

"I did not immediately advert to that," said Georgina, "I spoke only of my feelings;" and she blushed, as having seemed to have brought herself too forward.

"I will finish for you, dear girl," said her admiring father, "your judgment told you that to do what our refined friend here seemed to wish you to do, would be to make no distinction between guilt and innocence."

Tremaine hesitated for a while. He felt the force

of truth, recommended in a tenfold degree by issuing from the loveliest mouth in the world;—and during a moment seemed abstracted under the influence of conviction.

Rallying, however, he said, "then according to this, Dr. Evelyn, you would bear with the blasphemy of vulgar impiety, rather than read Voltaire or Bolingbroke."

"Not exactly that," replied Evelyn, "for there is something so dreadful in vulgar blasphemy, that my first feeling is always to knock the blasphemer down,—which, but for my cloth, I believe I should; but if you mean which really does the most mischief, he who shocks our ears by a burst of indecency, for which he is immediately execrated and punished, or he who silently approaches and undermines the heart, while it thinks no harm—I am decidedly for the blasphemer, in preference to the well bred ruffian."

"Voltaire a ruffian! Then I suppose Bolingbroke—"

"Still worse, because still more refined. But you shall not seduce me into an argument upon these gentry,—Hume, Shaftesbury, Collins, the King of Prussia, *et id genus omne*, while this lovely evening invites all nature to happy quiet, I care not whether of the senses or the understanding. Do you think I can be polemical under a haystack?"

"The perfume is indeed delicious," said Georgina, "let us gather flowers."

"Do so," cried Evelyn, "and afterwards we will have a syllabub in Jack's porch, and afterwards a walk; meantime I will go to the alehouse." So saying he quitted the garden, and to Tremaine's great surprise actually bent his steps up the village, to the little inn that stood at the top of its street.

CHAP. XLIV.

> "Thou, Nature, art my goddess, to thy law
> "My services are bound."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

To the alehouse! I see, reader, you are as much surprised as Tremaine himself was, when the Doctor bustled off; only I am not sure that the finer gentleman did not even begin to question the soundness of his friend's intellect.

"He at least carries the simplicity of nature as far as reasonable vulgarity can wish," thought Tremaine to himself.

To his daughter and Careless, however, this movement of Evelyn's seemed nothing extraordinary; and while Tremaine fell into a fit of musing, doubtful whether to set it down to the

mere rusticity which too familiar and mixing a disposition never failed, he said, to contract—or to wait for explanation of this and two or three other oddities, hereafter, his companions left him, to inspect, under the auspices of Mrs. Becky, the foaming repast which the Doctor had commanded.

Tremaine, wondering whether all this was happiness or not, found himself alone, or at least saw his companions at a distance, so occupied either with one another, or what they appeared to be preparing with their own hands, that he seemed to be neglected,—a situation he never liked,—and he immediately joined them.

"Can I not be useful?" asked Tremaine.

"Exceedingly so, if you like," answered Georgina.

"If you are not above it," said Careless.

"I can never be above a lady's commands, whatever the business," rejoined Tremaine, with an air of gallantry.

"Then carry this immense bench," proceeded Georgina, "to the door of the porch; and then this immense bowl to the cow, that is waiting for it under that elm.

"We may have hopes of him," cried Careless, perceiving that he prepared to obey.

The bench was placed, and the bowl carried, and to Evelyn's astonishment when he returned, he found Tremaine in the act of bringing it back,

and with his own hands placing it on the table within the porch.

It was a very pretty porch, composed of the trunks of some young trees, which Jack had cut in thinning his plantation, preserving all their nodosities, as stages for the honeysuckle and jessamine to climb, which they did most luxuriantly, to their very tops.

"You never did this at Belmont," exclaimed Evelyn, who had rejoined them.

"I never had the same motive," said he, looking at Georgina, who seemed far from displeased.

"He will do in time," observed Careless.

The party took their seats, waited upon by Mrs. Becky and her niece, a young girl full of freshness, curtesies, and civility, who had milked the cow into the bowl, and now, in the whitest of aprons and cleanest of pinners, seemed anxious and proud to be employed.

"Confess," said Evelyn, quaffing his syllabub, "that a pastoral is not merely an imaginary pleasure."

"I never thought so till now," replied Tremaine, "and own I never enjoyed it before."

"What, not at Belmont?" retorted Evelyn, with some archness.

"I had no companions," said Tremaine, "and could not therefore have such a feast as this."

"But solitude is above company, and disdains such mean helps," continued the Doctor drily.

"Even in solitude I could not have had this," replied Tremaine, "for I dined almost always by candle light."

"Another reason for leaving off so inconvenient a custom," returned Evelyn. "For, besides that an exhausted stomach does not easily recover its tone, you lose the enjoyment of that delightful calm which evening always brings with it."

"Yet evening is evening, whether before or after dinner," retorted Tremaine.

"By the clock I grant you," replied Evelyn, "but not by the mind. There is a soothing stillness at the closing in of day, which seems naturally to say things are at rest; a proposition which a hungry stomach is by no means disposed to admit."

"This is mere raillery," cried Tremaine.

"I never was more in earnest," answered the Doctor, "nor would I exchange, first the little occupations, and afterwards the mental treat that evening brings with it, for all the supposed advantages, as they are called, of finishing business before dinner. We get rid of business indeed but only by getting an indigestion; which, for one, I would rather be without."

"What could public men do?" asked Tremaine.

"What used they to do?" rejoined Evelyn, "What do they even now?—for I am misinformed if business is not now more agreeably done in the House of Commons, by its leaders' dining at three

o'clock, than when they exhausted themselves in debate, in order to have full leisure, after it was over, for a table which they could not enjoy."

"You mentioned occupations," continued Tremaine; "I should be glad to know, in the country, what occupations can press, so as to call for afternoon exertion?"

"If they do not," rebutted Evelyn, "your only reason for late dining fails, because you may then chuse your hour;—but I own there are a thousand little superintendencies of domestic economy, which I am not above, and should not if I were master of Woodington; and even if there were not, there are exercises, or reading, which, if it were only to *earn* our evening walk, and so make it more valuable, would employ me with pleasure both at home and abroad."

"Your superintendencies?" said Tremaine, pressingly.

"Why, as a country squire, I should not be afraid of offending, by a thing so orthodox as the stable. I love my horse, as I do any thing that seems by its docility and patience, to love me in doing me good."

"That's downright Yorkshire, aud quite right," cried Careless.

"It is a real treat, therefore, exclusive of the advantage, to see him as comfortable for the night as I am myself."

"But exclusive of this," continued the Doctor,

"as a philosopher, or even a *bon vivant*, I do not blush to say, that watering my own vegetables, or at least seeing it well done, is in summer, not only one of the most useful, but the pleasantest of occupations."

Tremaine looked at Georgina. "You will not get her of your side," added he, "for while the Diocletian cabbages we talked of the other day, employ all my care, she is not the less intent upon her roses and her mignionette."

"They seem so grateful!" said Georgina.

"But your exercises, Sir?"

"Oh! quoits, bowls, or even ninepins; these help the salutary process of digestion; after which the calm which the later hour brings on is perfect, whether in a walk lighted up by the moon, or a little social conversation on

'Work of day past, or morrow's next return.'

This sends me to rest, if I have no guilt on my conscience, with much more chance of the sweetest of all refreshment, sleep, than with the remorse that always attends idleness, and wine and coffee reeking in my throat."

A pause ensued, during which Georgina took her father's hand, with looks expressive of that approbation which is derived from the most perfect coincidence of sentiment. She then turned to Tremaine, as if expecting a counter system; but he held his peace, and the pause continued.

It was broken by Careless exclaiming, "I should be glad, Mr. Tremaine, to know what you have to say to all this?"

Luckily for Tremaine, (who in truth had but little to 'say to all this,' and, what is more, felt as much,) the servants brought the horses round by the spot where they were sitting, and the conversation and the party broke up together, Georgina anticipating the delicious moonlight ride they would have home, and Tremaine taking leave of his host with a heartier hand shake, and a feeling of more internal respect, than he had even yet been inclined to entertain for him.

CHAP. XLV.

REFINEMENT STILL ASSERTS ITSELF.

" The self-same sun that shines upon his court,
" Hides not his visage from our cottage, but
" Shines on all alike."——

SHAKSPEARE.

" And how do you like Jack's house, and Jack's life?" said Evelyn, breaking a pause after they had ridden about a quarter of a mile.

"It is quite enough that *he* should like them," replied Tremaine.

"He is the happiest creature in the world," added Georgina; "his wants are so few."

"That would apply to a savage," remarked Tremaine.

"True," said Georgina, submittingly.

But the Doctor never liked to submit. "Jack is no savage," said he; "he does not make so good a bow as you or I do," (the Doctor once piqued himself on his bow,) "nor perhaps has he as many ideas drawn from other men's heads; but what he has are genuine and sound, and his heart is in the right place."

"That might do for a savage too,"said Tremaine.

"Yes! I suppose when he cuts his prisoner in pieces, and eats him," returned Evelyn. "Jack's wants being few do not make him the more like a savage, though it may make him happier; for these wants are so moderate, yet so interesting, as to be just enough within his reach to prevent any great anxiety, and just enough out of it to give him occupation.

"But pray, may I ask what is Mr. Careless's ambition?" said Tremaine.

"You had better inquire of Georgy," replied Evelyn, "for I believe it is to please her."

Georgina laughed, and Tremaine felt a sort of curiosity, amounting even to uneasiness, which was to himself accountable.

"You will allow," continued Evelyn, "that in the indulgence of *one* of the great passions, love, we country and retired people have a right to take the lead; for who ever sighed for Amarillis in Pall Mall?"

"Am I to understand, then," said Tremaine, with some solemnity, "that Mr. Careless is Miss Evelyn's lover?"

"The thought never came into his head," said Georgina eagerly, "he has more sense."

This cut two ways, and did not diminish Tremaine's seriousness.

"He has then no ambition?" continued Tremaine, inquiringly.

"That I deny," said Evelyn, "for if his cucumbers are earlier than mine, or his butter better than Georgy's, there is no end to his crowing. But if his brother's party, under his leading at Belford, get the better of the Whig opposition there, I assure you no leader of party in the House of Commons feels a greater elevation of spirit."

"And you compare this to the ambition of a statesman, or a general, who saves his country?"

"I do not compare their ambition," replied Evelyn, "but I may compare their happiness. Were Jack a statesman or a general condemned to the life he leads, he would no longer be happy, nay, would die of disgust. But he is neither fit for the one nor the other, and luckily knows it. Shining, however, in what he is fit for, he is

happy. Not so tumultuously happy as the persons you mention, when, conquerors in arms or in eloquence, they reap the laurel; but neither so exposed to buffet with contending passions, to the uncertainties of fortune, or to heart-eating cares."

"Yet how much more powerful the interest of their pursuits! you will not deny this?" said Tremaine.

"I am not sure," replied Evelyn, "but, for argument's sake, at present I will not."

"How much greater, therefore, the happiness."

"That is what I question," remarked Evelyn; "for happiness is by no means always proportioned to interest."

"Give me an illustration," cried Tremaine.

"A gambler," answered his friend.

"And yet what happiness is like the gambler's, at the moment he is receiving his winnings? But are statesmen and warriors gamblers?"

"Yes! of the highest cast; for they play for kingdoms, and their stake is,—their fellow creatures."

"Yet if Jack's horse is lame; his dogs behave ill; his cabbages cankered; or his butter sour;" pursued Tremaine, almost contemptuously.

"The stake is not so high," returned the Doctor, "as where an army is beaten, and a country ruined. But it is not of gamblers, any more than of statesmen and warriors, that I particularly speak; it is to you I address myself; you, who sacrifice so

much to the polish of artificial life, that I fear you have lost your relish for a natural one, and then all I have said of the danger of too refined an interest will apply."

"Miss Evelyn, at least, is no enemy to elegance," said Tremaine.

"Oh no, nor papa either," answered Georgina, "but we both think there is as much, or more real elegance, in many of the simplest scenes of nature, than in all the wonders of art."

"My own girl," exclaimed Evelyn.

"In poetry I have found it so," replied Tremaine, with a sigh.

"In plain prose, I find it so every day," said Georgina.

"From you I should be glad to learn in what," cried Tremaine.

"A bed of flowers," answered Georgina, "particularly if I have reared them myself: these evening birds, which now so charm us; or this hay field, which so delights with its perfume."

"'Tis better than all Smith's shop can supply, though snuffed from a gold bottle," added the Doctor. "What a pity they are lost upon you!"

"Lost! nay, now I cannot understand you."

"Yet 'tis true," retorted his friend; "not in your theory indeed, but in your practice, in your life, in your hours."

"Have mercy, and explain," said Tremaine.

"Why, is it not near nine o'clock?" asked Evelyn.

"What then?"

"Why, being always at dinner at that hour, you never see, much less smell a hay-field, or hear an evening blackbird," replied Evelyn.

Tremaine felt pushed, and was not sorry to be relieved by their arrival at Evelyn Hall.

Tremaine was about to take leave, when the Doctor telling him, if he would come in, Georgina should give him a new opera of Mozart, which had only just arrived; and Georgina adding he might afterwards examine as he went home, whether the moon was not as beautiful in plain prose, as in the poetry of Milton, he helped her from her horse, and attended her into the house.

Perhaps he felt a little beaten by his friend in the argument, and wished to renew the attack: certainly he did not wish to part with his fair companion so soon. We shall not attempt to decide which was uppermost with him, when he found himself satisfied to be seated between them in the music room.

Mozart was now unfolded, and Georgina began to tune her harp and her father his bass; when, perceiving that the harp was of uncommon elegance, and the tapers wax, Tremaine wished for a parting blow.

"You are not such philosophers," cried he, pointing out these circumstances, "but you are content to allow your theories to shift for themselves, without the homely support of practice."

"Why, I confess I have a little more of Plato than Diogenes in me," answered Evelyn; "not but what the cynic was after my own heart, when he told Alexander to stand out of his sunshine, as the only good he could do him."

"It should seem, however," returned Tremaine, looking at the candles, in massive and very bright silver, "that you would not have emulated his dirty lamp and coarse oil, any more, probably, than his wooden bowl, or rather his hat, after the boy who drank out of his, had taught him he had yet something to retrench."

"Your most obedient," said the Doctor, giving the parting screw to his bass, and not at all displeased at his fellow disputant's perseverance; "but pray when did I wish all the world to turn cynics, or not to use the good things God has given them? Thanks to my grandfather, I am possessed of these handsome candlesticks, and wherewithal to do without the money into which they might melt: and as I happen to like wax better than tallow, and as the cynics were a pack of dirty fellows, I should doubt their happiness."

"You allow, then," said Tremaine, with some triumph, "that elegance may contribute to happiness!"

"I do," answered Evelyn; "but we may differ as to elegance, which to me is most attractive when most left to nature."

"Yet you admire the arts, the statues and temples of Phidias, the cunning of the ancients in the ivory and brass of Greece; and of the moderns, in the pictures and palaces of Italy?"

"They are charming, and excite me even to think of them," said Evelyn, "but a living landscape, a thatched roof, or honeysuckle porch, for example, a well ordered garden, even such as Jack's, are also elegant, and though they occasion not our wonder at the workmanship, at the statue, or the painting, or the palace, still they often create our admiration, and would always soothe us into a happy enjoyment of them, if the mind had not lost its powers to enjoy any thing simple, by a perpetual course of every thing luxurious."

Both Tremaine and Georgina smiled at the eagerness of Evelyn in uttering this, who went on to observe, "It is not that I quarrel in the least with a taste for the fine arts, but contend merely that we may be as happy without them."

"Then why pursue them?" asked Tremaine, with the confidence of a man who had finished all by his question.

"I suppose," answered Evelyn, "because those who do so find their happiness lies that way, and then they are to be pursued, as those other things are pursued which confer happiness in another way. You love painting and building; I, music and gardening; Jack, hunting and handicraft; while all are within our reach, all are happy."

"What equally so?"

"Yes! even though one of us is busied about the Apollo Belvidere, and another about a mole-trap."

"This is really too gothic," said Tremaine, "and I shall complain of you to Miss Evelyn."

Miss Evelyn rewarded him, by saying, she believed, but was not sure, she was of his side. "Indeed," said she, "I see not the advantage of a cultivated taste, if it do not tend to make us both better and happier."

Tremaine's heart danced within him, and he was about to express his pleasure, when Evelyn desired them to observe, that it was not whether taste would not make a given individual happier than he was before, all things properly concurring, but whether another, who had not that taste, might not be as happy with some other pursuit.

"If the taste," said he, "happen indeed to be for things out of one's reach, it may even be productive of uneasiness; and when this is so, a less refined taste, that is perpetually gratified, may enjoy a greater sum of pleasure in the end."

"But suppose equal facilities of gratification," said Tremaine; and Georgina, to his delight, echoed the question.

"Why, I allow," answered Evelyn, "the chances are on the side of taste, because the mind is not only more harmonized, but, from the pleasures being seated in the mind, we are more independent."

"Who can be alone," said Tremaine, with emphasis, "with Homer and Shakspeare for his companions? or, who see the Florentine gallery without feeling his soul elevated to rapture?"

"I own I never could," said Evelyn.

"No, papa," observed Georgina, "nor listen to Cimarosa, or Jomelli, or Handel. Come, I am for Mr. Tremaine, and you must confess the advantages are on the side of dear painting, dearer music, and dearest poetry.

"I confess nothing," said her father, though he eyed her animation and her playfulness with delight. "I have told you that those who have a taste for these things do well to cultivate them; for when the arts are acquired, they fully repay one."

"How fully!" said Tremaine, with something approaching to enthusiasm; "they soften the heart, and with it the manners; yet, at the same time, strengthen the mind and sharpen the understanding. I can compare their effects to nothing but the still sweeter influence of woman; for of the one as well as the other, Otway would certainly have said—

"We had been brutes without you."

In the eyes of Georgina, Tremaine never looked so well as when he said this.

"I believe you are in league together," cried Evelyn, resuming the subject, "to take me by my weak side. You know how I like all this lore;

and I, at least, can command a great deal of happiness out of it, therefore it is valuable to *me*. But I will produce you persons who would not understand me when I talked of them as treasures, who yet may have treasures of their own, and therefore may be as happy.

"We will take Archimedes for example. Do you think, when he continued busy in his problem, even as the savage who murdered him had lifted his sword, that he could be less happy than Orpheus with his lute, though that lute made trees and mountain tops 'to dance when he did sing?' No, no! pursue the fine arts by all means, if you have a taste for them, but despise not those who have not, under any notion that you monopolize the sources of interest. It is the *sufficiency* of the interest, in most lots, that makes most lots equally happy; and God Almighty be thanked for it, none need triumph over another. No! not even you" (perceiving Tremaine about to reply,) "over our simple, honest, and good Careless. He has not your fine mind; but there will be a blank in society, not easy to fill up when he dies; and as to his mole-trap, if he take an interest in it equal to that which you take in your Phidias, depend upon it he is equally happy."

"Can this be so?" asked Georgina.

"God forbid it should not," answered her father, "or that the happiness of man should depend upon such limited sources. The truth is, it is a com-

pound thing, and often a very wayward, and even whimsical one. All that we know for certain is, that the more extravagant and pampered the fancy, the less we are likely to grasp it; and while he, who from the mediocrity of his fortune, has enabled himself to be interested in the growth of a vegetable, may be perfectly happy; another, revelling in wealth, may become so jaundiced from want of regulation, that all the world may exclaim with Pococurante, '*Quel grand homme! Rien ne peut lui plaire!*'"

Georgina smiled, and even laughed at this sally, which by no means pleased Mr. Tremaine, who asked if he meant to *exclude* the rich from their chances of happiness?

"God forbid!" again replied the Doctor—"All I am stickling for is, in fact, what I do every Sunday in the pulpit—the equality of the chance for happiness among all human creatures, with proper regulation: which word, not being very grateful to the ears of the wealthy, ten to one but their chances are less than those of their inferiors. Who ever heard of *ennui* among threshers or dairy-maids?

"We are speaking of persons of leisure," said Tremaine, gravely.

"True," replied Evelyn, "and even among them, the secret is this, depart not from nature, and she will not depart from you. If luxury alone can satisfy the rich, they never will be satis-

fied; for the sense must be more and more provoked, or it is luxury no longer, and then the minion will envy the man of nature, and would pawn his wealth to be like him."

"Would you then have the rich not use their riches? not build, or plant, or collect? not engage in politics? not be ambitious? not embark in great and vast speculations, tending to their country's good?"

"By no means, I would have them do all this. They should build the castle, plant the wood, and fill the palace with wonders. I would have them do all but gamble, by which I mean, gamble with their pleasures as well as their fortunes. But though, in doing all this, they are greater benefactors to mankind, they are not happier than others; provided proportion be observed, the merit, and therefore the happy feeling, is the same."

"Oh! useless, useless elegance; and useless, despised genius (the genius of poetry), so to describe it, if this be true!" cried Tremaine.

"I know not your allusion," said the Doctor.

"I allude to a description which would 'take the prisoned soul and lap it in elysium,' " said Tremaine; "a description that would for ever shame the dull cold feelings for which you are an advocate."

He then with a very enthusiastic tone of voice, but with a precision of diction, which only made the beautiful passage more impressive, rapped out:

" The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
" Burnt on the water : the poop was beaten gold,
" Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
" The winds were love-sick with them. The oars were silver,
" Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
" The water which they beat, to follow faster,
" As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
" It beggar'd all description. She did lie
" In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue),
" O'er picturing that Venus, where we see
" The fancy outwork nature : on each side her
" Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
" With divers coloured fans, whose wind did seem
" To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
" And what they undid, did."

" What think you of this peerless description of the power of art ?" said Tremaine !

" I think more of Shakspeare in it," answered Evelyn, than the happiness of Cleopatra. She must have been much put to it, to have fonnd such refinement necessary ; and depend upon it, the woman who sweeps her own cottage, makes her own bed, and afterwards can afford to sit of an evening at her door inhaling the bean flower or may, beats her out and out, though she retire afterwards to a flock bed. It is not that these things are bad in themselves ; but I hold that they are utterly indifferent, and *may* be criminal. I will, however, give you passage for passage," continued Evelyn, not so rich or dazzling, but scarcely less pleasing, and certainly more philosophical.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
"To throw a perfume on the violet,
"To smooth the ice, or add another hue
"Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
"To seek the beauteous eye of Heav'n to garnish,
"Is wasteful and ridiculous to excess."

The subject here seemed to pause, and with it the speakers; while she who had been chiefly the listener, though listener most observant, was lost for some moments in pleasure, in reflecting upon the feeling, the cultivation, and balanced powers of mind with which the conversation had been carried on.

Recovering, however, from her reverie, in a few minutes she exclaimed, "all this is very charming, but it must not make us forget Mozart;" and she swept her harp like a muse.

Tremaine was at her side in an instant, and the Doctor, who loved music better than any thing except argument, began to tune his bass anew.

CHAP. XLVI.

> " For I can sing and speak to him
> " In many sorts of music.
>
> . . . .
>
> " He plays o'the viol de gamba."
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THE finger of Georgina had begun to be formed in Italy at the age of twelve; and a natural taste, aided both by instruction and practice ever since, might have ranked her with the best of modern amateur players.

The wildness, the imagination, the melody, and the learning of Mozart, could scarcely be better exemplified; and Tremaine, who was a real votary, began a thousand comparisons within himself, between her and Lady K. W., the Marchioness of D., and the Honourable Miss R., without being able to say to which he would give the palm.

" Strange!" said he, " that this should be the finger of a country parson's daughter!—"

Now the finger of the parson himself was a little slighted by this, for the steadiness of Evelyn's ear

and execution, was no small addition to the concert; and Tremaine, exclusive of enjoying a high treat in the abstract, collected at every moment strains that had often delighted him at the opera, at the ancient music, and the Argyll. The flowery mazes of Figaro recalled many a brilliant idea to his fancy, and boleros, fandangos, and the most sympathetic airs of all kinds, not only charmed his ears, but brought scenes before his eyes, which seemed to make the interval of the last eighteen months an absolute dream.

What were the associations that caused these revived recollections, we will not now inquire,—but Georgina's music closed the day he had passed with her and her father, in a manner so tumultuously pleasing, that if his horses had not known the way from Evelyn to Woodington much better than himself, it would have been difficult to say whether he would have got home without first crossing the little town of Belford, a circuit of at least ten miles out of the road, which common passengers, in their common senses, usually travel between the two houses.

Yet the moon shone bright on every pace he took, and the path through the wood, and over the little bridge, and up by his own park paling, into his own court yard, lay as plain before him, as, according to a vulgar simile, the nose in his face: which nose (be it said by the bye) was a very handsome nose, large and acquiline, and denoting (as

Georgina, who had studied Lavater, said to herself) a disposition to dignity and sensibility.

Be this as it may, he had more than once missed his way, spite of the sensible remonstrances of Bay Malton, and the scarcely less intelligible representations of Jonathan his groom. At length, however, about midnight he found himself in the act of retiring, with the ever faithful Monsieur Dupuis at his side, unfolding his night cap.

But the age of confidents is gone: at least, of male confidents; for observe, gentle reader, we will not swear that the sweet Seraphina, or Zephyrina, or the Lady Olivia, or Mary, or Ellen, or whatsoever else the name by which thou designatest the lady whom thou lovest, does not, for want of a better, confide to the supposed faithful bosom of Mrs. Betty, or Mrs. Sally, all that she thinks of him who gazed upon her so tenderly at the opera, or pressed her hand so gently as he led her through the mazes of the waltz.

Leaving the more learned to settle this point, 'tis certain that Tremaine went to bed, without vouchsafing one single word to Monsieur Dupuis, of what he thought of the Rector-squire's daughter, or of the Rector-squire himself.

And yet think of both of them he did, with interest, and even with tenderness, insomuch that he had turned oftener in his bed than that Sybarite who was so molested with the doubled rose leaf, before his eyes were visited with sleep.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

Yet was it not a feverish restlessness, for he had neither heat, nor thirst, nor pain. On the contrary, though his senses were watchful, they were not tormented, nor even displeased, particularly when he found that, in real beauty, Lady Gertrude Bellenden herself did not exceed Georgina, and that in natural grace, far more in *naïveté* and sense, she was not to be compared with her.

Two considerations alone made him a little restless: the recollection of all the unsettled collisions of thought which he had had with the father, and the uncertainty he was in as to the disposition towards him of the daughter; an interruption not a little heightened by another uncertainty, how far it was even possible for a girl of twenty to be in love with a man nearly twice her age.

Yet, to love a woman who could not love again revolted his mind, whatever might be the disparity, and however reasonable the objection of the lady. But, notwithstanding all this, the night of Tremaine, though indubitably not quiet, was yet as indubitably among the least unpleasant he had passed for a longer time than he would have chosen to confess.

CHAP. XLVII.

PRACTICAL VIRTUE.

"My master is of churlish disposition,
"And little recks to find the way to Heaven,
"By doing deeds of hospitality."

SHAKSPEARE.

In the morning when he awoke, a letter was put into his hands, which he desired Dupuis to open; the said letter being in fact in a very dirty state, and plaistered, moreover, with a more than reasonable quantity of red wafer, still wet from the thumbs of the writer. It was as follows:

"Honered Sir,

"This cums to tell you, that yure honered father was good to me when a boy—and wold be a frend to me now, if he knowd. And I marryd Mary of the Chekers, nere Squire Careless his hous, and my father in law, turnt us both out, becase we marryd, tho he givd consent before the same, and is diing, and is cut us of with nothing, tho Mary is his only child, and yure honer being his landlord might do

us a power of good, and yure Petishiners shall ever pray.

"JOHN and MARY CHRISMASS.

"P.S.—Doctor Evelin, he is our frend, and Mary's mother, she was Miss Georgi's mother's maid, and she is ded, and Miss Georgi she said she wold do all she cold, but cold not do much, seeing my father be so hard."

"And who is this Christmas?" said Tremaine. 'Twas more than Monsieur Dupuis could tell, though he observed "*apparemment*, from the manufacture of the letter, *quelqu'un de la canaille.*"

"Inquire; and order my horses immediately," said Tremaine, "I will ride out to breakfast."

Monsieur Dupuis with infinite wonder obeyed; calling out in the court yard, "holla! Monsieur Jonathan groom! you no longer lie abed—my master, he ride before breakfast;" then, as if struck with astonishment, he betook himself (as upon all these occasions he always did) to the housekeeper's room, exclaiming, "*il n'est plus philosophe, notre maître*;—he go to breakfast out of door;—*et il veut sçavoir*, who is one Chrismass; begar, he know how to fold de lettre ver vel, dat Monsieur Chrismass."

The good Watson, who, though accustomed to Dupuis, did not always make him out, on this occasion understood him perfectly, for Mary Christmas had been her *protégé* when a child, before she left the country, and Miss Evelyn had recommended her to her good offices after her return; and to

serve Miss Evelyn, gave an additional impulse to the good woman's naturally kind disposition.

In fact it was she who gave Christmas's homely epistle to Mr. Dupuis, to be delivered to his master when he awoke. For she knew that old Giles, the father, was not expected to live through the day, and that he had not only always threatened to leave the world without forgiving his daughter, which went to her heart, but had actually sent for an attorney to bequeath the whole of his property to a distant relation.

All these circumstances Watson desired Dupuis to communicate to his master; but the valet's powers to comprehend them, particularly in English, were not very capacious; and finding that the fortune of a young couple depended upon it, and being moreover not an ill-natured fellow at bottom, he very wisely told Watson she would do much more good by telling the story herself.

Watson thought so too, and desiring an audience of her master, while he was dressing, related the tale with great effect, particularly when she interlarded it, as she frequently did, with the fact of its giving so much pleasure to Miss Georgina, who she knew had been so fond of her mother, to whom she had made a promise always to be a friend to Mary.

Whether the good woman saw farther than others, by that kind of natural instinct which is independent of all education, and which is empha-

tically called mother wit—or whether mere chance, or, to speak more justly, the truth, produced this frequent allusion to Miss Georgina—certain it is, the topic was soon perceived to be not disagreeable, and Tremaine grew impatient with Dupuis to finish his dressing, in order that he might get in time to old Giles.

"And yet," said he, with dissatisfaction, "what can I do? I never saw the old man in my life; and my being his landlord is nothing, since it can only work on his expectations, which are now all in the grave."

As he rode briskly over to the village, this strain of thought accompanied him, and he began to reflect, more than he had yet done, how little even riches could effect in a life of absolute seclusion, and how much more useful a practical, plain, and neighbourly man might be, than all the most refined though richest speculists in the world.

"I wonder," said he, as he dismounted at the Checquers' door, "that Dr. Evelyn has not been able to soften this hard old man!"

Now it happened at that very moment the Doctor was descending the little stairs of the inn from the sick man's chamber, where he had passed nearly the last hour. Their mutual surprise may be supposed.

"What do I see," began the Rector, looking first at his friend, and then at the village dial, which was glittering in the sun; "the refined

Mr. Tremaine, in a low alehouse, and not ten o'clock!"

Tremaine never felt less refined than at that moment.

"I see you are before me as usual," he exclaimed, "for I apprehend we are both on the same errand."

"I am very glad to hear it, if we are," said the Doctor doubtingly. "I thought that to visit the dying had only belonged to my cloth."

"We will not dispute here," answered Tremaine, coming to the door; "I only hope you have succeeded in what will have been a good work."

"Why, I trust it is a good one, if I have given a poor sinner a chance the less of the displeasure of his Maker, who has summoned him."

The maid of the house, who was washing the steps, and the mistress of a little shop over the way, together with two or three other neighbours, had assembled at the door on seeing the rector, and knowing the danger of the old man; and at this speech, which was very solemnly uttered, all involuntarily, as it were, dropped a curtesy. A straggling traveller, who was drinking his pint on a stone bench in the street, pulled off his hat; and even the ostler, who was remarkable for being a very idle careless fellow, stopped whistling, and seemed impressed with respect.

We are greatly mistaken if here were not ex-

amples of that religion of the heart (as it may be emphatically called), the very existence of which the world, and particularly the refined world, are but little disposed to allow.

Be this as it may, the little audience collected round the rector looked their inquiries earnestly, though respectfully, as to the state, both of mind and body, in which he had left the dying man.

The character and circumstances of old Giles were in fact known to all his neighbours; and as his daughter Mary was very much beloved for her unoffending manners, rendered still more interesting by her having been an absolute slave to her father, there seemed to be a sympathy in all the inhabitants of the village as to her fate.

In truth, this old man was one of those capricious, selfish tyrants, to be found in all ranks of life, and only more noted in the higher, from their greater power of rendering people unhappy. He had married a meek and obsequious woman from the Doctor's family, who never ceased to lament the day when she left his protection, and the care of the "sweet Georgy," to bestow herself on a brute, who, having bruised her body with stripes, bruised her heart, at the same time, till it broke.

To her place, as a sufferer, succeeded the mild Mary, who, from a feeling of filial piety, bore with all his tyranny, and nursed him through many an illness, the consequence of the most crapulous indulgence.

Her the young Christmas addressed, and not only won, but won with her father's consent: for he was then heir to a neighbouring farmer, who was supposed to be rich. But the farmer broke, after the banns had been published, and the news reached Giles, at the moment when the parties (all but himself, who was confined to his chair) were assembled at the altar. He could therefore take no step to stop the ceremony; and the parties married, returned home to ask a blessing, and were instantly turned out of doors.

The tears, the intreaties of Mary, and the promised industry of John, had no effect. This wretched man was unappeasable in his revenge: he resolved to crush them for ever; yet was still so much impressed by character, that having no relation whom he personally knew, he sent for Evelyn, to whom he offered to bequeath his whole fortune, amounting to some hundreds of pounds. Evelyn not only refused the offer, but seriously reproved him for his savage injustice, and many a visit did he pay him, urging all that feeling, or morality, or religion could supply—but urging in vain.

Nevertheless, and with all his brutality, Giles had some sense of a life to come; and as his fits of illness were more or less critical, it was observed, he was more or less obstinate in his determination. On the day our party dined at Careless's, his pains having left him for an hour or two, he actually ordered an attorney to be sent for from Belford,

with a view to leave his fortune (as Evelyn had refused it) to the only relative he knew of, a tradesman at Leeds; and it was to obviate this that Evelyn visited the alehouse while the syllabub was preparing. He succeeded in getting a delay till the next day, and during the night Giles's disorder having returned, Evelyn, who had desired to be apprised of his state, went over to him early, in order to take advantage of it.

He found him indeed dying, and represented so forcibly to him the impossibility of *his* obtaining mercy who shewed none, that the will was given up, and Mary and her husband actually sent for. Such was the conduct, and such the reward of the practical Evelyn.

"I envy you," said Tremaine, as the servant, whom the Doctor had despatched for Mary and John, returned with them up the street. "I should never have accomplished this, though I came with that view."

"Perhaps not," returned Evelyn, "but you don't know unless you had tried, and at any rate the intention——"

"It was, unfortunately, but intention," interrupted Tremaine, with a strong emotion of self-blame, "for I was personally unknown."

"That's a fault that may mend, *if you please,*" returned Evelyn.

"Shall I own to you that even my good intentions were, I fear, not pure—not unmixed!"

"As how?" asked Evelyn, surprised.

"I had heard of Georgina's interest in these poor people, and I wished to please *her*, as well as relieve them."

"*Bon!*" said Evelyn; "but a good deed is not the less so, because it please a pretty girl as well as our consciences! You must at least shew these poor people how willing you were to have served them, and I apprehend your breakfast will not be eaten with the less appetite for this little exertion, even though it be at Bachelor's Hall, and not of the very best Spanish chocolate. Jack waits for us by this, for he must be returned from Belford, whither I sent him; so, as soon as I have carried Mary up to her father, I'll join you."

Tremaine just waited to make himself known to Christmas and his wife, to whom he promised every protection, and then proceeded to Jack's, whom he found occupied with Becky, himself placing part of a cold round of beef with his own hands on the table.

"This is what I never expected," said Careless, staring, yet shaking him by the hand; "you surely cannot be come to breakfast with me."

"Why not?" asked Tremaine, "as well as your coming to breakfast with me?"

"Deuced lucky, I can tell you, if you are; for it is past ten, and if the Doctor had not sent me over to Belford to old Qui Tam, whom I was engaged in pounding, I should have been breakfasted two hours ago."

"I'm the more fortunate," answered Tremaine; "but pray what do you mean by pounding, and who is Qui Tam?"

"Why who should it be but the attorney? His name, indeed, is Vellum, but I always call him Qui Tam. He is queer about it, but I don't care."

"But what do you mean by pounding him?" asked Tremaine.

"Oh! keeping him a little on the jaw about my brother's affairs, that he might not make that rogue Giles's will till the Rector had seen him again. The Doctor, I know, would have been angry if I had told him my design, so I did it of my own head, and you must not peach. Indeed, I believe it was neck or nothing."

Tremaine was struck with this new instance of Jack's activity in the cause of benevolence, and began to think of him with less comparative self-superiority.

"But come," said Jack, "you are as glum as if you were really hungry. I'll get you some eggs not half an hour old, for I have just took them myself; and the Doctor will be here in a moment. I hope he has succeeded for poor Molly though, and then he'll eat like a coach-horse."

Tremaine was informing him of the result, when Evelyn came in, and told them he had left Mary by the bed-side of her father, who was apparently more comfortable for being reconciled, though still very anxious to know if he might not yet live.

At that instant Vellum rode by, in a pair of knee-topt boots, such as are worn by dignitaries of the church; and his pockets were full of papers. Jack instantly darted out upon him, and from his wall told him how things were.

"You'll lose all your labour," cried Jack.

"I hope I am not too late," said the attorney, pulling up.

"Oh! but you are though," returned Jack; "and besides he has changed his mind."

"Impossible, Sir," replied Vellum; "it was but yesterday he sent me a note, which I have here in my breeches' pocket."

At this moment Evelyn and Tremaine appeared at the porch door, and beckoned him: a call which Vellum, great as he was in the market-place at Belford, could not disobey; for he was neither more nor less than steward, and held their courts baron and leet, for them both.

Upon being informed of the circumstances, the cautious Vellum observed it was quite impossible to doubt their honours, particularly Dr. Evelyn.

Tremaine looked disconcerted.

"That is," hastily proceeded the man of law, perceiving it, "as the Doctor has himself heard the party, as it were, *in articulo*; for without that, God forbid I should make a distinction between two such worthy gentlemen, and, for that matter, worshipful magistrates. By the way, give me leave, Squire Tremaine, to congratulate you on your appearance

at the last Quarter Sessions; long may you be the same ornament that your grandfather was to that great court."

Here he smiled with great self-complacency, and all the other gentlemen smiled too; which the attorney mistaking, he went on with assumed dignity, "but I crave your pardon, Doctor Evelyn, although I am as sure as I am here and you are there that the old man has changed his mind, if only because you say it, and Squire Tremaine, for that matter confirms it (bowing to both), yet you will excuse me," (bowing still lower)—

"What the devil! do you question it?" said Jack.

"Heaven forbid, I say," proceeded Vellum, "only as I received the positive instruction of the party himself, I should, I conceive, ill deserve the reputation, though I say it, of being principal solicitor in such a place as Belford, and being steward to so many great gentry" (bowing again) "if——" —but interrupting himself, "but I beg pardon, gentlemen; I must be minding my business, and go to the dying man."

Tremaine, glad to get rid of him, assured him they did not wish to detain him; and observed to Evelyn, as the lawyer remounted his horse, that he seemed such a fool, he thought his courts could not be safe in such hands: he felt inclined to take them from him.

"No! my dear friend, you never will, for you never can commit such injustice."

"But is he not a fool?" asked Tremaine.

"By no means, professionally," said Evelyn; "his caution at this moment, in not, as he says, legally believing us, demonstrates that; and if he is uncouth in general manners, it is because he has sacrificed them to professional knowledge, and has not mind enough for both. His integrity is unblemished—and depend upon it he will hold your courts as well as any, and better than most."

Tremaine said that might be, but asked the Doctor if he would sit down at table with him.

"I would have just now done it," replied Evelyn.

"Aye, but at dinner, in the social converse?—the symposium?"

"Why not if Plato were there,—but Plato comes not every day; which is lucky after all, for otherwise, (looking at Tremaine) I should be tempted to say with Beatrice, 'I must have another for working days, your grace is too costly for every day.'

"But I own," continued Evelyn, "what is called an odd fish is sometimes a passion of mine, especially when I am tired of being, like Master Stephen, melancholy and gentlemanlike."

He seemed to say this so significantly, that Tremaine felt the inuendo, and was about to retort, when looking at him, he beheld a countenance so placid, at the same time that it was all awake, so unconscious of having intended to give offence,

much more of having offended, that his purpose was defeated spite of himself; and when he recollected the benevolent errand that had brought them together that morning, had the sting he meditated been no sharper than the bite of a fly, with all his testiness he could not have inflicted it. Peace was restored, therefore, before the Doctor knew it had been broken; but it left Tremaine, as usual, thoughtful about himself, and not quite so sure that Vellum might not be even a respectable, as well as useful man in his line, though perfectly fair game for a humourist if he attempted to step out of it.

In about half an hour the man of law returned, and found the friends together, listening to an account Jack was giving of a political dispute at the Hound-and-Horn club.

"He is defunct," said the man of law.

"God bless me, and have mercy!" exclaimed the Rector,—"it is sudden after all;—and Mary?"

"I left the poor damsel wailing over him, as if——"

"He had been a better man," said Careless; "she was always a good girl."

"And the will?" questioned Tremaine.

"I shall have a right to charge the estate," observed Vellum.

"I don't understand," said Tremaine.

"For my time and trouble," returned the steward; "it was his own appointment, as I can

prove—nevertheless I won't," added he, "and so I told the poor girl."

"I dare say she never thought of it," said Evelyn; "but that does not diminish your kindness, Vellum."

"Your worship is always good," replied the lawyer. "We are indeed not always so rapacious as we are thought; and for my part, I should scorn to take advantage, merely because I had the power."

"Your name shall be chalked up, my old Vellum," cried Careless; "well! and the will was not made?"

"He was, as I said, *in articulo*," answered Vellum, "and could not have made even a nuncupative, when I was admitted;—besides which, he waved his hand when he saw me, as much as to say, get out of the room, which I thought very uncivil, after all my pains; however, I excused the ill-breeding at such a moment."

"Were you with Giles when he died?" asked Evelyn.

"Why no!" answered the man of business; "finding he was scarcely *compos*, and recollecting I had a couple of leases to get executed in the village, I thought I would just step out, and return again, in case the old man should resuscitate; but he was then quite gone."

"Mary Christmas, then, succeeds of course to all her father's property," said Tremaine.

"Your pardon, good sir, for you know she is a *femme couverte*," and he was going to explain, when Jack told him that was all unnecessary, "for you know," said he, "Mr. Tremaine was a limb once, as well as yourself;" an observation, as well as an association, with which Mr. Tremaine seemed to be by no means flattered.

Jack added (for he was fond of having what he called a wipe at the attorney), that his two leases were lucky, as, with the will that was not made, he would have a right to charge three journies to his different employers, instead of one; an accusation which Vellum was going into some length to disclaim, when Evelyn proposed they should walk up to the little inn, and see Mary and her husband put quietly in possession.

This was instantly done.

Mary's grief, which was in truth by no means deserved by the deceased, was consoled by many of her old companions coming over to her. Some told her not to take on so, for a father who had never been a father; a thing which she would never allow, such was the natural meekness of this good creature's heart. Her older neighbours reminded her too (though they scorned to speak ill of the dead), that the will had been made, if it had not been for the gentlemen, and that therefore, as they phrased it, she had no *right* to grieve for him. But all this, she said, could not excuse her, if she did not shew duty to his memory; a point

which, while we record merely her feelings upon it, we leave the village casuists to settle.

As for the rest, very little settlement was necessary; for there being no will, Christmas and his innocent wife were established at once in the inn. Tremaine arranged every thing with him as landlord, and added some fields which it was material for him to have; for all which good work he was more than rewarded, by the sight of Georgina walking arm in arm with Mary in the garden; or rather by hearing her: for that *was the sense most gratified* by the scenes which we are to record in the next chapter.

CHAP. XLVIII.

"Oh! the world hath not so sweet a creature!
"She might lie by an emp'ror's side
"And command him tasks."

SHAKSPEARE.

"No, my dear Mary," said Georgina, as they walked together in the little garden—while Tremaine was passing by the hedge that divided it from the field:—"no, I do not mean to say you should not grieve; for we must feel for a father,

although he may sometimes have been unkind. But you have a kind husband, and many friends, and me you know at their head, for I assure you I never shall forget my old playmate."

"You have always been goodness itself," returned Mary, and she almost laid her head upon the offered shoulder of Miss Evelyn; for the poor girl had been nearly sinking under her various emotions.

"If my poor mother was alive now," said Mary, with a sigh—

"You would make her very happy," replied Georgina.

"But," she continued, after a pause, "you have been very much obliged, I find, to Mr. Tremaine?"

"They say he is very good," answered Mary, "and has a deal in his power, as for that, and would have used it for us; but he is not like Dr. Evelyn to us poor folks, for all that," added Mary.

"He will, I dare say, when he has lived longer among you," returned Miss Evelyn.

Tremaine drew his breath shortly.

"People say he is too fine to care for us, or indeed for any body," continued Mary.

"That I am sure is a mistake," said her friend.

"If he was but younger," observed Mary, wiping away her tears, and almost smiling at the thought as she uttered it, "we have been thinking

how fine it would be if such a lady as you was at Woodington!"

"Nay, that is quite nonsense," replied Miss Evelyn.

"I suppose it is," said Mary, a little frightened, "but we wish it for all that, if——"

"If what?" asked Georgina, not discouragingly.

"If he was not so cold, and so solemn," answered Mary.

"You know I am married already—(Tremaine became painfully attentive)—to papa," said Georgina.

Tremaine was quiet again.

"And, therefore, my good girl, let us think only of establishing you for the rest of your life, now we have saved your little fortune for you."

Now whether Miss Evelyn said this because she did not like the conversation, or did not care for it, or because she had sense and dignity enough to feel that a little innkeeper's daughter, though she had been her own play-fellow till she was five years old, was not a proper confidante,—certain it is, the mild Mary felt she ought to drop the subject, which she did; only observing, with something like distress, "I hope I have not been too bold—I would rather die than you should think so!"

"Not in the least, my good Mary," said Miss Evelyn, with a smile of kindness, and patting her arm as she said it, "but I am really more in-

terested, just now, about your affairs, than any thing else in the world."

Mary kissed her hand, and said such a speech did more good to her heart than all the fortune in the land.

Tremaine, who had begun to accuse himself of being a listener, now hastened to the gate of the garden, in order to join them. Mary blushed when she saw him, and it is not quite certain that Georgina did not blush too.

It is only the air, said Tremaine to himself, perceiving it; for it is evident her heart is completely vacant.

"Mary is very much obliged to you, Mr. Tremaine," said Georgina, as Mary curtsied and moved off.

"For what I should have endeavoured to do, but could never have done," replied he.

"Your intentions were the same; and for one, I feel much impressed with them, for the sake of my *protégée*."

She said these last words rather falteringly, and as if she hesitated whether to add for any other sake.

In fact, Evelyn, on her first arrival in the village (for she was too much interested to stay by herself at home) had told her of Tremaine's piece of energy, and rallied her unmercifully upon the share, he said, she had in it.

"He told me in terms," said Evelyn, "it was all

to please you, and even took himself to task for it."

That did not do away his merit, thought Georgina, and she began to regard him with more softness than she had ever yet done; so that when he found her in the garden of the little inn, he at least found her in no bad humour with himself.

"I have had an extremely anxious morning," said she, "which you have kindly helped to comfort."

"That Dr. Evelyn's daughter should be anxious where good was to be done, is not surprising," answered Tremaine; "but I know not whether I am most surprised or pleased, to observe in her all her father's activity!"

"Being so active yourself!" remarked the lady with archness.

"Active or not," replied Tremaine, "depends upon the disposition of the moment, which we sticklers for the free liberty of will, assert should always decide."

"Then let us decide upon sitting down till my father comes," said Georgina; "he promised to find me here, when he had finished some village business, and I have had a hot ride."

They entered a little arbour at the end of a turf walk. It was no more than some osiers bent into arches, over which Christmas, in the days of his authorised courtship with Mary, had trained a

vine, and a scarlet bean, which had just begun to flower. A bench of a single plank composed all the rest. Some roses, which bloomed, and perfumed the air close by, attracted their senses, already not undelighted.

"Confess, Mr. Tremaine," said the lady, perhaps thinking of her father's discussion the evening before, "confess, that the simplest and most unadorned nature may sometimes be as attractive as the most polished efforts of art."

"Quite papa!" cried Tremaine.

"No! not quite, for I am too weak for argument."

Tremaine wished within himself that the Doctor sometimes had been so too.

"What I mean is," continued Georgina, "that the magnificent saloon and gilded palace of you men of refinement, could not perhaps supply any thing so soothing to sense, as this cheap and simple scene."

"More like still!" answered Tremaine; "I protest I shall be afraid of you."

"Are you then afraid of papa?"

"Oh no!—and yet—that is—I am afraid I sometimes shock his prejudices too much."

"I assure you that fear is reciprocal."

"I wish we could oftener convince one another," said Tremaine.

"Well, but we both think you improved," observed Georgina; "confess, you are not half so

listless as you were, and that you can even almost bear with ordinary scenes and ordinary people. An arbour of scarlet beans for example, instead of a magnificent conservatory."

"Agreed! in such company," answered Tremaine, with an air of gallantry, yet of sincerity, not at all displeasing to Georgina.

"That speech shall not let you off. No! I mean even if alone; if indeed," added she pausing, "to be with one's own mind is to be alone."

"You are then, after all, fond of being alone?"

"Till I grow tired of myself," replied Georgina, with simplicity.

"I should think that could not soon be."

"It all depends upon the humour one is in, you know. There are moments when I long to dance, or ride a race, if my father would ride one too, which he never will. There are others when I could sit still for hours, with almost no particular employment for my thoughts, and occupied solely in the soft soothing of a reverie. It is at these times the simplest sights and sounds in nature seem the most pleasant."

"I am afraid it is because you have never been introduced, or past a winter in town. I must refuse you for a judge till you have for months been twice a week regularly at the Opera," said Tremaine.

"That will not change me," rejoined Georgina, "though the confession may lower me in your esteem."

"Nothing can," said Tremaine.

"Shall I try your sincerity?"

"Willingly."

"Why then, much as I love music, I scarce know the sound that enlivens me more than the crowing of the cock we now hear; and I have seen my father pleased, in such moments as we were talking of, by listening without interruption to the mere rythm of the dairy maid's churn."

"No doubt he thinks them as beautiful as the tones of Viotti, or the pipe of Tramezzani," said Tremaine ironically.

"Not so," replied Georgina, "for the sounds are not to be compared, and as mere sounds, the one far exceed the other. But my father says it is the associations that make them so pleasing;—they are all cheerful, and indicate the habitation and business of a well ordered family."

"Why this again is papa in petticoats," cried Tremaine, apologizing at the same time for the liberty of the observation.

"I wish it were," said Miss Evelyn.

"Well! you are able advocates I admit," added Tremaine; "but I would wager you are the only advocates that can be found for such mediocrity, or rather such monotony in happiness."

"As for mediocrity, I am persuaded no drawing room could make me happier than at this moment;" (Tremaine looked pleased, but Georgina was thinking more of Mary than of him) "and

for monotony, your favourite Madame de Staël gave me a passage the other day, which seems too just not to be decisive on the two sides of the question."

"Do you remember it?" asked Tremaine.

"I think I do," said Georgina; "it is in her work De l'Allemagne, and is this: '*La monotone dans la retraite, tranquillise l'âme: La monotone dans le grand monde, fatigue l'esprit.*' Now I am *dans la retraite,* and you in the *grand monde;* and hence, I dare say, all the difference between us."

"Would to Heaven," said Tremaine, admiringly, but with an involuntary sigh, "that were really all."

Georgina looked surprised,—but not quite comprehending him, went on, "do you know there is more than one passage in Madame de Staël that we thought applicable to you? for my father and I talk of you often."

Tremaine was more and more pleased, and found himself almost taking her hand; it is certain he gazed upon her with eyes that were not "lack lustre," and that knew at times well how to speak. It almost distressed her, and she was going to break up the conference.

"I wonder where my father can be all this time," said she, "there must be some mistake; I must search for him."

Tremaine entreated, before she went, that she would favour him with the passage in which he

was so interested; and as his manner, though most impressive, was at the same time most respectful to woman, and never more so than at that moment, she found no difficulty in obliging him.

"The passage I particularly recollect," said Georgina, "is where she talks of the necessity for the solitary man's being also an active-minded man: "*L'Homme solitaire a besoin qu'une émotion intime lui tienne lieu du mouvement extérieur qui lui manque.*' Now in town, I apprehend," added Georgina, "the Opera, or, more probably, the House of Commons, may be your '*mouvement extérieur;*' but as I am neither a fine lady, nor a member, I am forced to content myself with an '*émotion intime,*' and find it where papa bids me look for it, in the *simplicity* of nature!"

"She is the loveliest-minded creature in the world," said Tremaine to himself, as he delivered her to her father, and took leave of them to return to Woodington.

END OF VOL. I.

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